

GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND AND WESTPHALIA,

WITH

VIEWS OF PEACE AND WAR

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

HUMANITY;

OR

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE.

A POEM,

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

BY MR. PRATT.

VOLUME II.

"See, content, the humble Gleaner
"Takes the scatter'd ears that fall."

Dublin

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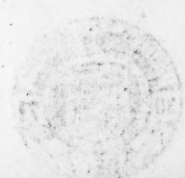




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GLEANINGS,



GLEANINGS, &c.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. B.

Rotterdam.

FROM what has been said in the last letter, you will conclude that the spirit of pleasure is by no means an inactive one in this country: the spirit of hospitality is, on the slightest recommendation, no less vigorous, or lively; although, in both cases, most other parts of the Continent have a more popular character for courtesy and urbanity: but, it should be considered, that such character is generally given *by themselves of themselves*, or by such *confederating* nations, as erect their own good name, on the ruins of their less imposing neighbours. An English stranger who visits Holland, from either curiosity, or misfortune, will find, even in the *motives* of his residence, as much courtesy and compassion, as he could meet with in any other part of the earth; in respect of the former, a single letter of introduction, to any respectable individual, will be a passport to the best families in that individual's line of connection; and in regard to the latter, distress, in whatever shape, or however brought about, is not less venerated or relieved by the Hollander than the Englishman. I was a witness to many illustrative instances. Take one.—A French gentleman, from being disappointed of all remittances was (after disposing of his necessities, for current expences) unable to pay his account

at his hotel, and so reduced as to throw himself on the generosity of his host, who not only requested him to feel at his ease, as to the past, but at his home as to the future, continuing to lodge and board at the hotel, as many weeks or months, as might suit his convenience: in addition to which liberality, the landlord begged he might supply him with pocket money, while he staid with him, and with such a sum, as might answer his purposes when he departed. All this was done on no possible idea of interest; for the gentleman thus kindly treated, thought he could not deal too candidly in return; therefore, laid before his host, previously to farther services, a true state of his affairs, which exhibited the near prospect rather of despair than hope. Since which discovery the bounty of the landlord did not alter its aspect, but rather wore a more benignant smile, accompanied by deportment, that mingled reverence with kindness. And believe me, this spirit of philanthropy is not confined to instances like those, selected with difficulty, or by the accuracy of *diligent* Gleaning, but is really, and truly, the liberal and genial growth of this country, in as fair an abundance as that of any other, of whom we speak more vauntingly.

The spirit of trade keeps pace then, but does not *outstrip* that of courtesy. It is inconceivable, to those who have not been eye witnesses, with what unabated energy men of business traverse this and other commercial parts of Europe. Our English riders, as they are called who travel over Great Britain, seem inert and dead, in comparison of those who cross the water as factors and agents. The unwearied assiduity, with which they attend to all the mysteries of trade, the ardour with which they cultivate correspondence, and enlarge the connection of their respective houses, the exactness and dispatch, with which they execute orders, the zeal with which they urge gainful enquiry, and the vigour with which they improve every profitable occurrence, every “golden opportunity” cannot but



but attract the notice of a traveller, the most disengaged from public affairs. Viewed only as objects of speculative curiosity, this is interesting, since, it is impossible to stroll into any of the public coffee-houses, walk along the canals, visit their exchange, or sit down at any of the table d'Hotes, of this busy town, in particular, without being exceedingly struck at the effect, and going into some enquiry of the cause.

Some sentiments on this subject are so apposite to this cause, and this effect, on general principles, that I cannot but apply them in this place, so far as my memory accommodates me, either with them or the language in which they were given to the British House of Parliament, in the course of the last session. But you should previously understand, that what the member offered as descriptive of the British empire, I consider as equally influencing *all* the trading parts of Europe, and in a more especial manner the United Provinces.

When we thus see the revenue, and the trade of every country increasing, it is natural to enquire into the causes. Of these the first is undoubtedly the industry and energy of a country, but there must be secondary causes to give to this its effect, said one, who is not in the habit, as many honourable members are, of sacrificing truth to declamation. The increase of skill in artizans and manufacturers, the great improvements in the application of machinery, and the various ways, by which labour is saved, subdivided, and expedited by ingenuity, have done much in all countries: the facility of credit arising from confidence in the public faith, give great advantage to manufactures *at home*, and, by enabling the merchant to extend his credit *abroad*, give no less advantage in the foreign market, and thus operate in a double ratio.

This is, certainly, first the sign, and then the cause, of national prosperity. The enterprize of commercial men, push adventure, and judicious speculations wherever a

market is to be found, or created, and the liberal policy of a more unrestrained commerce between nations, have greatly contributed: but more than all other causes have operated the accumulation of capital, the effects of which were never fully understood till a philosopher of our own country, the celebrated auther of the "wealth of nations," with a depth and clearness of investigation, fitted to enlighten, and direct, the internal policy of any state, discovered and pointed them out. This accumulation operates with all the effect of compound interest, every addition to it is the immediate cause of another, and its force increases in an accelerated ratio through its progress.

"Mobilitate viget, virefque acquirit eundo."

And these combining causes are, most indisputably, productive of those astonishing effects, which pour not only through our own country, but every other in the trading world, the graces, the riches of each other, in greater abundance, at this very hour, than at any former period of, at least modern, and, perhaps, of ancient times.

Of what *farther* it is susceptible, it is impossible to say: because the perfection of National commerce, that bound which it may reach, but may not pass, cannot easily be ascertained; but we may fairly ask, if such are the effects of such causes *already*, what, in the progress of industry, genius and emulation, may not be expected from them in future! In prosperity *no* limit can be set to national vigour; and in the hour of difficulty, distress or danger, as such vigour is the only mitigation of national evil, it will be exerted in proportion. Far, therefore, from having reached a point at which it is likely to stop, the national prosperity of a country flowing out of its commerce, admits yet of encrease, and though the causes must be permanent, the effects may be progressive; for, while human skill, in any branch of commodity, is *capable* of improvement, it is impossible

impossible to say to what a pitch of wealth and prosperity any trading nation may arrive, by its own energy of advancing.

Holland, it is true, has had at different periods of her history, very heavy drawbacks, as well from within as from without, from the enemy in her own bowels, as from a public invader. Often have the fruits of her genius and industry been swept away by rebellion and war: often has she been drenched in her own blood: but with all these depressions, her efforts resisted these calamities, and repaired them so well, that at this very hour she may stand, perhaps, foremost amongst nations, as an example of human industry producing human prosperity.

The description of Alexandria, by an ancient author, has been applied, and justly, to this Republic, particularly its capital. "Rich and opulent Provinces that abound with every thing, and where nobody *can* be idle. The very lame and blind have their exercises, and useful occupations, and even those who have the gout in their hands, are not suffered to be useless. This is so true of Amsterdam, that, in almost every corner of it amazing examples of industry are to be seen, even in those whose age, sickness, and bodily infirmities would obtain a dispensation from work, *any where else*. Those who think, therefore, that the Dutch have more of matter than spirit in their composition, may undeceive themselves. Other cities of Europe have had the models of most of their useful contrivances, and machines of various sorts from the towns of this Republic. Even those who arrogate all wit, and all art to themselves, have been obliged to borrow from hence several of their most ingenious utensils: and, upon the whole, Voltaire's character of the States is well merited. "La Hollande," says he, "merite d'autant plus d'attention, que c'est un etat d'une *Espece toute Nouvelle*, devenu "puissant sans posseder presque de terrain, riche et "n'ayant pas de son fonds de quoi nourrir la vingtieme

“ eme partie de ses habitans, & considerable en Europe
 “ par ses travaux au bout de l’Asie.”

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

IT has been amongst the objects of these Gleanings, to rescue the inhabitants of the different countries in which I sojourn from the undue measure of censure cast on them, and to settle them, without prejudice on the one hand, or partiality on the other, in every candid mind, just as they are,

“ Nothing extenuated,

“ Nor aught set down in malice.”

The Welch, being part of ourselves, suffer little from us on the score of prejudice; and therefore little was left for a liberal traveller to do away. But the Duch demanded a *sturdy* champion, and yet one, who in the zeal of administering justice, avoided flattery. In various instances, I am disposed to believe that the Gleaner has approved himself this even-handed advocate. I trust he has defended them, where they were defensible, and blamed them where they deserved reproach. In the spirit of this principle he began, and will have the honesty and the fortitude to maintain it unto the end.

Amongst other aspersions from which it has been his office to exonerate the people of this country, is their imputed *insensibility*; an aspersion which very generally prevails. You find the Gleaner has seen their hearts and minds in the operation of various events, as well happy as disastrous.

disastrous. He has had an eye on them, when a man less impressed with conviction of the importance of *little* things to ascertain the great ones of character and principles, would have *overlooked* their feelings. He has observed them too, when *great* occurrences called forth their strongest passions, or their most subtle hypocrisy. In both cases he has found their affections as powerful, as fervid, as expressive of upright principles, and of tender emotions, as any of our own.

There are, you know, certain occasions so absolutely demonstrative of real heart and soul, that the most profound dissembler would find it impossible to keep *on* his mask, however necessary it might be to his interest, his fame, or even his life. Of this omnipotent class of incidents is the *perusal of letters*, the contents of which, as to general sensation, whether of pain or pleasure, is as clearly read by the spectator as by the party concerned: I mean of course such letters as are read in company *immediately* on their being received. Something beyond the power of human resistance urges a man almost universally to open the letters that are brought him by the post; nay, we often break the seal insensibly; and the utmost forbearance which good breeding enjoins, scarce ever extends to the putting them *quietly* into our pocket, when, from a recognition of the hand-writing, we expect any thing of heart, or even when we are strangers to the characters of the superscription. Curiosity seizes us in the one case, and more than curiosity in the other. If therefore we *do* gain this degree of good manners, it is by a painful exertion, which often makes us wish our company were at home; though, induced by a sort of fellow-feeling, they often prevent this wish, by dispensing with etiquette, and enjoin the reading our letters. For the most part we apologise for the rudeness, *but are rude*.

Then it is, that finess, weakness, folly, stratagem, and even treasons BETRAY THEMSELVES. *Then it is*, that
we

we are perfidious to our trust, without any other accusers, any other language than what is furnished by consciousness of our being tricksters, fools, or traitors: so ingenuous is our *invisible*, *bosom* judge, so all-powerful is conscience; though guilt first fastened her with chains, that very guilt only waits for a fit opportunity to break them asunder, and forces the culprit to avow his crime, even to those who are sure to punish it. It is thus that in the act of reading any written mischief, done, or to be done, conscience flies into the face of the delinquent, seizes every limb of his body, and, by a strange power, renders that countenance *really* honest, which had before only *appeared* to be so. A young man, for instance, long lost to fame and fortune, suddenly recalls of his disinherittance when he expected a remittance—a broker, of a prosecution for usury when he looked for an invitation to meet the party to receive the premium—the libertine, of discovery by a parent or brother, who sends a challenge, when his heart beat high with

“ expectation of the coming joy.”

to be derived from his long-planned seduction.

But these examples are, you will say, so strong, that he who runs may read *them*. Believe me, the subordinate foibles, and vices are no less under the dominion of the letters, which, unawares, describe their causes and their effects: in like manner, the *better* parts of our nature are, also, developed with equal truth and accuracy by the same faithful reporters; and without being endowed with the sagacity of Lavater, a quiet observer must want that degree of common sense, in which few are deficient, not to ascertain the actual state and strength of those natural feelings, the vivacity of that fancy, the sensibility of that heart, which are exhibited by the perusal of letters. The passions and emotions are not simply called forth by their proper objects, they are, whether reluctantly or by assent,
placed

placed before our view, by that imperial, and, not feldom, imperious *law in our souls*, which is supreme, indispensable, and incorruptible. Hence it is that vice has, in despite of herself, and which she shews, perforce, to the innocence she would destroy, and to the Judge who will condemn, her disordered eye, her livid cheek, her shaking joints. And hence too, that virtue shews us her most affecting smile, her truest, tenderest tear, her most touching blush, and her noblest glow of courage, or of benevolence. All is genuine.

To exhibit an instance of the former—of *vice betrayed*—would be irksome to you, my friend, and to me: to present one of the latter, of *virtue discovered*—will be alike pleasing to us both.

I have fixed myself, for the sake of society, at the best inn here, to the intent that while I am shut in by the weather, I may beguile the time I must necessarily pass within doors, in the most pleasant manner, and be at least in the way of a glean-worthy occurrence. The house is, at present, filled by travellers nearly in my own situation, and glad to find, like myself, such resources as are within reach. Last night brought us the acquisition of a lady and gentleman, man and wife, from Amsterdam. They came, at all hazards, on a considerable emergence, by land. We breakfasted in the same party, and seeming to assimilate, with even less than the usual slight punctilios of a public room, were getting into a cordial conversation, before the forms of the world, in a more private apartment, would have warranted, so tyrannous is custom, the opening our lips. Our discourse had thawed the very idea of an hard frost, and of a bad fire, and was, in despite of the ice without doors, flowing in full vigour, when the servant entered from the post-house with *letters*, the very sight of which “checked the genial current” of our converse. The general packet which was addressed to the husband, contained several others, two of which were given immediately



ately to the wife, who, seeing they came from her children, whom she had left, by the bye, only the day before, opened them with an emotion that a man of the dullest mind must have pronounced it a domestick and maternal emotion. The gradations of that colouring which nature painted in her cheeks, as she read, and the eloquence of that silent felicity which illumined her countenance in the progress of the perusal of her papers, manifested that they came from parties very near, and dear to her heart; and to you, who love to look at the happy, would have furnished such a regale, that I wished then, and cannot help wishing still, you had partaken of our breakfast. The letters were from two daughters, the one written in prose, and the other in verse; but both expressed the same duty and affection, and both upon the same interesting subject—the gratulation of children on the anniversary of their mother's birth, a day which had usually been celebrated at home in presence of the whole family, but which these worthy parts of it were resolved should not pass without at least such marks of tributary honour as they could confer in absence. Happiness is communicative: in the overflow of the heart, the mother detailed, with a prolixity natural to parents, and even to felicity, the causes of her joy. She justified therein the effects; but after all, she could only give me the particulars of bliss, the general subject of which she had before so well discovered by a language unborrowed of the tongue.

Her story was a fresh proof of my position, viz. that the moments of receiving and reading a correspondence of the affections, *whether good or bad*, are the moments in which the characters of the soul are to be perused, and estimated. The lady entered upon her subject *con amore, et con spirito*, telling me, with all a mother's glow, that both her daughters were the best girls in the world, but that the author of the anniversary address had the sense of an angel: and she wished, with all her heart, I understood

stood sufficiently the Dutch language to read the verses—
“ and the other dear creature, though no poet, is no less
“ clever, no less good ; here now, sir, is a letter written
“ with the solidity and correctness that would do honour
“ to my eldest son, whom, every body says, is a wonder
“ for his age.”

The husband's looks corroborated the eulogy of the wife; and the breakfast, which had been impeded by this letter-reading scene, now went on. Before the postman appeared, they seemed to have a relish for the repast ; but sudden emotions, purely of the mind, whether of pain or of pleasure, are, for the moment, no way favourable to the common bodily appetites. The toast which I had made for them *in the English fashion*—a rarity here—and which was thought delicious, had now lost its charm, or, rather, had given place to a much more potent enchantment ; the free will offering of the dutiful daughter had introduced a much more agreeable banquet. “ I have (said this
“ fond mother) been in many respects, and I am still in
“ some, a most fortunate parent ; but, in one instance, O
“ my God, how miserable ! That rapacious tyrant, the
“ small-pox, snatched from me a girl who—parental tendernesses apart, or allowed for in its fullest extent—was
“ not only the pride, the glory of our fond bosoms—(*here the husband began to cough*)—but the delight of all who
“ knew her: full of goodness, of talents, and of beauty,
“ she was the very boast of our whole city ; yet we were
“ bereaved of her in less than a fortnight after we had celebrated, in an assembly of all her little friends, the
“ day at which she gained her fifteenth year.”

“ Our only consolation,” said the husband, (filling up a pause, which sorrow made in the account of his wife—yet filling it up with a voice that faltered) “ our only consolation is, that the last moments of her unsullied life
“ were employed in act of filial love. Her death, sir,
“ which it almost kills me to think on, her death happen-
“ ed

“ ed in the middle of the night. The chamber had been
 “ darkened at her request some time before; but she now
 “ felt the fast approaches of her dissolution, and desired
 “ the light might be brought into the room. When it
 “ came—pray bring it nearer, said the poor thing—near-
 “ er still—my eyes grow more dim every instant, and ere
 “ they quite fail me, I would wish their last office might
 “ be to shew me their ever-dearest objects, my parents and
 “ sisters; I grieve that absence prevents them from once
 “ more beholding my brother.”

Here the husband lost his voice in softness; and the wife took up the sorrow-moving tale, by exclaiming, “ O
 “ dreadful, yet dear, moment! when my dying Anna
 “ found that she still wanted light to distinguish us, she
 “ begged the candle might be put into her own trembling
 “ hand, and after she had looked a little while most ear-
 “ nestly in our faces, wiping away the tears that were run-
 “ ning along her poor father’s cheeks, and then kissing us
 “ all several times, she returned the candle, saying—I am
 “ now satisfied, and am on the edge of the everlasting
 “ mansions of my Father which is in heaven—the only
 “ parent whom I *could* go to with gain, after the loss of
 “ those I am now leaving.”

“ Do you remember her look while she uttered this?”
 “ said the wife to the husband.—Remember it! O God!”
 exclaimed the latter, in a burst of anguish that attested the
 too-faithful integrity of his recollection—“ Were not her
 “ hands her eyes lifted up towards heaven?—the doors
 “ of which were opened, she assured us, to receive her?
 “ Seraphs, cried the *almost* cherubim, are thronging to
 “ give me welcome, and Almighty God himself invites
 “ me to enter.”

“ It was at this awful crisis,” said the mother in great
 agitation, “ that my departed Anna, conflicted with
 “ the powers of death, to raise herself on her knees, in
 “ the attempt of which she fell, and under our sup-
 “ port,

“ port, invoked a blessing on us both ! In our very arms
 “ she expired, and we thought the spot where she yielded
 “ up her innocent being, would have been the general
 “ death-bed of the family !”

The husband covered his face with his hands ; the wife, after looking steadfastly at the fire, without, perhaps, seeing it—ejaculated at length “ God’s will be done !” and left the room.

When alone, I repeated aloud a verse which I had often felt, in reading that part of our Night Thoughts which mourns Narcissa, but had never before seen occasion so forcibly to apply it :—

“ Ye, that e’er lost an angel, pity *them* !”

Never did hearts, in the warmest country, under the most unclouded sky, beat higher—never did eyes more copiously stream in token of that grief which “ passeth “ shew.” Away with distinctions ! with appropriations ! and all the offspring of self-love !—Education, custom, example, may do much—climate may have its power—the sun may animate—the ice may chill—but there are, in *all* countries, moments and events, which render *all* good beings the same, and prove us, through all the zones, allied closely to one another !

With respect, however, to the *countenances* of the Dutch, they are certainly not, generally, lively indexes of those affections which they frequently cover. Those affections are, in their still life, often extremely hid from observation, and you will see fifty or an hundred men, with pipes in their mouths, and as many women stewing over their stoves, pass hours away in one another’s company, with scarce the utterance of a syllable, change of a posture, or variation of a feature ; yet, in a series of remarks, I have followed several of these very persons into their domestic circles, and have *there* seen, as in the case above cited, the kindest and strongest emotions, of which the human heart

is

is capable, fly out, according to circumstances and occurrences, with an energy, a vivacity, an eloquence, of which, from general appearances and speculations, not even the pervading eye of Lavater could have any prescience.

We will now advert to a few more of the necessaries of life, amongst which must be reckoned the travelling *expences*, especially those of the table d'hotes.

These have been very erroneously stated. The most diligent inspection has enabled me to offer you the following table of charges, which, with a variation not worth noticing in a few houses, may be depended upon as your *general directory* in the tour of the Provinces.

	Stivers.
1 Breakfast	8—equal to 8d.
2 Dinner	20—being a Florin 1s. 8d. Engl.
3 Table wine	20 claret.
4 The half-bottle	10
5 Supper	16

The bed is according to the goodness of the room, from one florin to three.

The house-messenger, two stivers an errand.

Surgeon-barber, three or four stivers.

Hair-dresser the same.

Except the shoe-boy, who commonly includes the office of messenger, nobody pays the servants except the master of the inn; so that you have no saucy fellows crouding about your horse and carriage in the parting moments as in England: none of the domestics even *expecting* a stiver, were you to make a month's sojourn in the house. This is a very comfortable circumstance; and it is, surely, very unreasonable the traveller should pay the landlord's bill, which usually takes care of contingencies, and then be detained

tained till the servants are paid for doing the said landlord's business: and if you do not pay *up* to the said servant's *idea*, to be abused into the bargain! Now really that *is* an hardship! As I shall have occasion to bring forward the subject of expenditure in another place, (in a comparative view of the charges of Holland, with Prussia, &c.) we will close it for the present; and with it this letter, the postman warning me, that "his hour is come." In haste, then, adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

STILL under double lock, as it were, of frost and snow, I see not how I can so usefully employ the leisure which these impediments have thrown into my hands, as offering you a summary account of the provinces that constitute these celebrated States, in which summary, I trust, you will gain a distinct idea of the divisions, privileges, and respective powers of the Republic; the connection of the parts, with the whole; and whatever else it befits a traveller, who has any laudable curiosity, to know.

We have already seen, by sketches of their ancient and modern history, in the course of our first sheaf, that the industry and labours of the inhabitants of the States have been united and incessant; that if, upon the whole, they breathe a more heavy air, or tread, and dress, a more difficult soil—if their exterior is more rude, less brilliant, less gay, than that of their neighbours farther south, nature has endowed them with the more solid, and, perhaps,
more

more defirable, certainly more useful, powers of constancy and application.—If they have been, at all times, slow in taking their best and wisest measures, they have the faculty of holding to them, when taken, more resolutely than quicker minds; and to this unrelaxing perseverance, this characteristic steadiness, we owe the almost miracles they have performed in agriculture, arms, and arts, without any assistance, from those sprightly talents which have been so much relied upon in other countries.

With respect to agriculture, without question, the most necessary art of human life, they have arrived at a wonderful degree of perfection; in which praise we are to include, not only the seven provinces, and their appendages, but the ten others which constitute the whole of the Netherlands, whose farmers and husbandmen, of every description, may vie with those of any country in the world. In various other parts of Europe, the soil is more genial, and in every respect more highly favoured by nature, but in none is it better cultivated by art: indeed, it may be observed, that in every part of the earth where the least labour is required, the natives, either from that very reason, or from the influence of softer air, and intenser suns, are less inclined to, and, perhaps, less capable of toil: whereas, those who are the growth, of a land to which nature has denied these indulgencies, are endowed with a good constitution, and a good will to supply the deficiencies, by dint of that labour which contributes at once to their prosperity, and the strength by which it is gained. In Gleaning the lands belonging to the Dutch, I have often passed over places now blooming with culture, or gay with the magnificence of palaces; so indeed may whole streets in some of the great towns be called, I have trod on ground, at *this* time waving in plenty, which nature herself seemed to consider unworthy to be the residence of her least valued productions, having sunk whole leagues either in bogs or quicksands, a dark and sterile tract, where the very
weeds

weeds refused to grow—nay, their first and most important city, which may now be called one of the grand store-houses of the universe. Amsterdam itself was once a mere quagmire, the abode only of the most loathsome animals.—In a word, there never was, perhaps, a soil so barren, so ungrateful, as that which hath been subdued by the Hollander, wherever he has laid his indefatigable and patient hand.

Of their prowess in *arms* every country is conscious. Their *literature* is not contemptible, and their *commerce*—another proof of their inflexible diligence—surpasses that of Venice, or any Republic on the face of the globe. What sea hath not been, and is not still, covered with their sails? Into what country have they not penetrated? Where is it, that they have not established a factory, or a connexion? What sort of trade is unknown, or untried by them? Is there a climate, or a corner of the universe, which, in some sort, is not, or has not been, obliged to pay tribute to their industry? What a countless number of vessels touch at, or are a part of, the property of their ports? Have they not interests, and intercourse, with nations who affect to despise them? and who yet take refuge in their industry, to be furnished with what their own idleness and effeminacy denies?

And with respect to the sacred love of freedom, is there, has there ever been, a people on earth, in whom the passion for liberty was more conspicuous? It is with reason that they have been accused of having often carried the *amor patriæ* too far, and not seldom of having mistaken it: but, even their misfortunes and mistakes, proceeding from their many public or private wars, could never vanquish the unconquerable spirit of industry. In common with their Flemish neighbours, their little speck of watery land, has, for ages been fought for; and whenever the ravages of usurpation, treason, or other causes, have laid their cities low, and their country waste, they have rebuilt

the one, and replenished the other, with a degree of resolute determination not to be surpassed in the arts of industry, whatever they may be in the arts of destruction.—In a word, my dear-loved correspondent, since my residence in, and rambles about, this curious country, so little indebted to nature, and so unspeakably obliged to art, I have, times beyond numbering, reflected on those delightful lines of our delicious Thomson, where the effects of that very power (by which no less in our own country, than in these provinces, such wonders have been achieved) are traced with so masterly a hand. Let me beg of you to accept them, not only with a view to their exact application to the people we have been treating of, but to give you that pleasure which a man of your just taste must derive from every fresh view of exquisite painting. I by no means wish to rob England of its original right to the description; but, whoever visits Holland, will have reason to confess that every line has its force, its beauty, and its truth, as applied to what will there be met with.

" These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power,
 " Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain,
 " Yet the kind source of ev'ry gentle art,
 " And all the soft civility of life.
 " The days roll'd dark, and unenjoy'd along,
 " Till Industry approach'd, and men led on,
 " His faculties unfolded, pointed out
 " On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 " On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;
 " Shew'd him how to raise
 " His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 " To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 " Gave the tall, ancient, forest to his axe,
 " Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,
 " And wrapt them in the woolly vestments warm,
 " Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity,
 " But, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 " Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 " And bade him be the Lord of all below."

" Hence

" Hence every form of cultivated life,
 " In order set, protected and inspir'd,
 " Into perfection wrought."
 " Then commerce brought into the public walk
 " The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
 " Rais'd the strong crane, choak'd up the loaded street
 " With foreign plenty."

I must tear myself from the magic of this author, or I shall transcribe the whole passage, and I know you are not, any more than myself, a friend to long quotations.

The United States, you know, consist of seven provinces or countries, *viz.* Holland, Utrecht, Zealand, Friesland, Overysfel, Drenthe, and Guilderland, with the surrounding counties of Groninguen, and that part of Flanders, known by the name of Dutch Brabant. These provinces contribute in different proportions to the service of the public. For example, if their High Mightinesses wanted to raise one hundred florins (Guilders) the proportion would be as follows:

	Florins.	Stivers.	Boits.
Holland - - - - -	58	6	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Utrecht - - - - -	5	16	$7\frac{3}{4}$
Zealand - - - - -	9	3	8
Friesland - - - - -	11	13	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Overysfel - - - - -	3	15	8
Drenthe - - - - -	1		
Guilderland - - - -	5	12	3
Groninguen, &c. - -	5	16	7
Florins 100.			

Of the seven counties, that of Holland is the most powerful and flourishing; and accordingly the single city of Amsterdam contributes for the support of the States more than sixteen millions of florins yearly. Notwithstanding which, it holds only the fifth rank in the As-

fembly of their High Mightinesses, distinguished only by the privilege of sending two deputies more than any of the other towns. So much has been said of this particular province in my general Gleanings, of what related to the Stadtholder and States General, that we may pass on to the next in order, after we have noticed two points that were omitted in our former descriptions—the taxes and the state of religion.

As to the first, it is certain there is *not a country in the world* more heavily charged with imposts than that of the Dutch, especially in the province of Holland. Bread, wine, beer, fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, vegetables, fire, and in short almost every necessary of life, are all onerated, and with a rigour as if they were so many luxuries. These taxes amount to a third of the value of the commodity, to be paid by those who sell, and consequently by those who buy, as the seller raises the price of each article in proportion. If amongst the cavils which were made against Old England, we are to reckon those which proceed from taxations, it may afford the murmurers some consolation to understand that their near neighbours are burthened yet more severely than themselves, and that it would be difficult to mention a single article which has escaped—salt, soap, TOBACCO, one of *their* absolute necessities,—tea, coffee, chocolate, masters, servants, carts, coaches, horses, asses, house, and land, all go to the maintenance of the Republic, on a principle of literally, *State necessity*. The tax on houses augments, or diminishes, according to their situation, their magnificence, and the date of their erection.

In any great emergency, their High Mightinesses levy the hundredth, or the two hundredth, part on the whole property of the inhabitants given on the oath of each individual. The duty on all stamps is, in itself, a very great revenue, and so strictly guarded, that neither favour nor finess can find a loop-hole to creep out, and all contracts,
public

public or private, not made upon stamp paper, are not only void, but the offenders punished with all the rigours of the law, which rigours, by the bye, are frequently put in force.

The duties on Holland, as the most opulent province, constitutes the half of what is produced to government by the whole of the Republic: and after Holland, the most burthened is Friezeland, then Zealand. We have been told, that during the war with England, in 1665, they raised double the ordinary revenue, which is allowed to be near two millions sterling; and it has been said, that on the occasion of the last general war, which began in 1702, and ended in 1713, they raised near five millions sterling every year, which the financiers of the country assert is the utmost sum of which the States are capable. The proportion between this Republic, and England, is calculated as five to seven; that is, supposing the subject equally burthened.

But they have favoured their great source of trade as much as possible, raising rather by excises than customs, for fear, says Carter, of driving so unstable a traveller into other countries. This indulgence shewn to what may, properly, be called their staple commodity, (commerce) is according to a maxim of two of their most illustrious Republicans. "In Hollandia et Zelandia, etiam nuptiis tributum impositum; sed ne mori quidem ibi licet impune," says BYNHERSHOECK.

Some articles, such as salt, is taxed *whether consumed or not*. All sales of moveables, comprehending grain, cattle and all produce of land, pay the 80th penny; horses the 12th; immoveables the 40th.

A very ingenious writer, by way *also* of consoling the English reader, has detailed, and with great accuracy, some of the taxes I have not hitherto noticed.

For instance. The land-tax is two florins sixteen stivers

vers per acre; the dykes two florins three stivers; and rent about 20s. per acre.

Houses pay as far as 40l. sterling.

One of their most singular imposts is what they call a *collateral tax*, which is a levy on inheritants out of the direct line, laid in the province where the *property*, not the *person*, of the deceased was lodged. This is supposed to bring, in the course of a few generations, all private property into the coffers of the public.

There is a tax of 2l. per cent *on every man's income*, stated on oath. Wine pays an excise of 3l. per hogthead. Small beer 50 per cent, another of 2 per cent. on the revenue of all offices, excepting those in the army. This is called *Acempt Geldt*; that on income, *Famille Geldt*.

Every man, appointed to an office, must buy stocks to a certain amount, and tear the bonds, which render offices a kind of annuity, yielding to the purchaser about 12 or 14l. per cent. This tax is named *Acempt Obligaties*, or recognitions.

All manufactures, used in the country, pay exorbitant charges, to spare those levied by the several admiralties; and the Dutch East-India Company pays, as a compensation for its charter, about 36,000l. sterling annually: but, in addition, each share of 6000 florins pays 480 florins annually, whether there is a dividend or not.

The revenues, therefore, if we include what is paid to the several towns and corporations, may be estimated at about 24 millions of florins, levied on a population of about 800,000 souls: so that on an average, each person contributes about thirty florins, or two guineas and an half English, when exchange is most in our favour. An immense sum, if we consider place and people; yet the Republic not only subsists, and moves, but *flourishes*—not, however, without heavy * murmuring, as we shall see presently.

* Its murmurings appeared to arise from the want of a revolution—
They

sently. The losses, we are told, sustained by their East India Company, since the year 1780, in consequence of the rupture with England, amounted to about six millions, one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, reckoning the florin at its usual rate.

Amongst the different reports that are made of the religion of the States, whether established or permitted, I find the following account to be the best, because the truest.

The prevailing religion, is, you know, that of Calvin, though every other sect is tolerated. Jews, Lutherans, Anabaptists, &c. hold their assemblies, without any interruption from the Dutch government. Those of the Catholic religion are the least favoured, not that they are disturbed in the exercise of their particular faith, but that they have few privileges, and those few at the option, sometimes at the caprice of the magistrates, who, more than seldom, exercise their authority with tyranny. In the little province of Drenthe, for instance, if a Catholic priest stays longer than one night at any one place, it is at the risque of his life, so that he is obliged to hurry over his religious duties, and administer the sacramental elements with more haste than is consistent with the nature of such pious ceremonies. Even in Amsterdam, where the Roman Catholics are in prodigious numbers, they are obliged to perform their religious exercises in private houses, having no public churches or chapels appropriated to their use in that great city, although, when they die, it is permitted for them to have burial in the ground appertaining to the reformed churches. It either is, or looks rigorous in a Republic, avowing universal toleration, that, in some towns, the people of different persuasions are obliged to pay a *very heavy tax* for the free confession of their faith, and

They have got a revolution—but do their murmurs cease? Inveterately fixed in general habits and opinions; in politicks they are capricious and changeable.

and even in the provinces, where they are treated with the least asperity, the Dutch have an eye upon them as persons rather suffered than desired. The Catholic priests are constrained, moreover, to wear a secular dress. In spiritual affairs they have been a long while governed by an apostolic vicar, sent by the Pope, with permission, or rather as you may gather from what has been said, with the toleration, and *endurance* of the States-General. The last of these vicars, was John Van Bylvelt, appointed by Pope Clement the XI. but since his decease, which happened in 1727, they have been under the jurisdiction of a Cardinal, or an Inter-Nuncio, who is not a little put to it frequently, to settle the differences which subsist either against themselves, or the Dutch priests.

With respect to the Protestant clergy of the Provinces, they are without any sort of authority in the Republic. All the ministers amongst them are equal, and wholly independent on each other. Neither at their Ecclesiastical meetings, is there any sort of precedence, except that of seniority; in which case, young divines settled in the great towns, however popular they may be in other respects, are obliged to give place to the poorest curate of the poorest village, who is of longer standing in the church. They know nothing of the titular distinctions of bishop, superintendant, or director-general, in usage amongst other Protestant countries. Their appointments are fixed at small salaries, the greatest not exceeding two thousand florins, but they are paid with scrupulous exactness.

In the United Provinces are admitted four Ecclesiastical courts, the names of which are, the Consistory, the Classes, the Provincial Synod, and the National Synod. The three first constitute the Ordinary Assembly, and the fourth is the Extraordinary; which is, therefore, never held but on great occasions and emergencies. But even in the direction of all these, the magistrates of each town have very considerable influence, whenever they think fit

to assert it. This, of course, as magistrates have always the passions, and sometimes the weaknesses of common men, is considered as another grievance, inconsistent with that freedom of conscience, of which every wholesome state, particularly one founded on Republican principles, ought to be jealous; lest, therefore, you should suppose from the intermeddling, or usurpation, or authority, of these powerful civil magistrates, more despotism than is practised; I will set down the character given them, by Saint Evremond; because, after very diligently watching their conduct, I can assure you, it is not more candid than just. I have, in a former letter, observed to you, that this writer took refuge, and became residuary in Holland, to avoid the Bastile, with whose pains and penalties he was threatened.

“After having lived, says he, in the constraint of courts, I feel pleased at the thought of ending my days in the liberty of a Republic; where, if I have nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear. The magistrates here, deserve what I shall say of them. You do not see amongst them those hateful distinctions which are so wounding to an honest mind, conscious of its own dignity; no useless pomps and vanities of exterior which are disadvantageous to the true ideas of liberty without advancing fortune. The magistrates here, secure to us the repose of a wise police, without expecting that miserable prostration, which sullies the benefits we receive from many other governments, which, indeed, sullies our own nature. We pay even too dearly for liberty, at least for security, when we purchase it at the price of our manly principles. This is rarely the case with the people in power here. In the internal legislation they are strict even to severity, they are proud, in their treaties with other countries; but it is a pride founded on the basis of Republican dignity; but they do business with each other, and enter into the vari-

ous interests of their fellow citizens, without any absurd parade, or idle expectations of superfluous homage."

It hence appears, that they maintain the very difficult art of blending power with equality; an art by which, thus managed, authority may be asserted without insolence, and the prerogative of magistracy supported without trenching on the honest privileges of the people. Every thing beyond this is confusion, tyranny, and fraud, whether exercised by people, or magistrate. The world is filled with instances, which, are, indeed, co-eval almost with the world itself; and yet, my friend, notwithstanding them all, the dreadful times before us, shew, that neither the magistrates, nor the people of Holland, or of France, have profited so much as they might have done from such multitude of examples: or, at least, have been able to prevent those excesses which certain daring spirits, mixing with a mob, are daily introducing. The truth is, there is not such a monster in created Nature, as he who *mistakes the true* and adopts the *false* ideas of liberty; nor one so capable of doing mischief to others and to himself. Of this hereafter. Zealand now commands our attention. Its extent is only sixty miles, yet, within that narrow space, are contained eight capital towns, and above an hundred villages, without counting the many, which, at different times, were destroyed, and swallowed by inundations. The government is on the footing with that of Holland. The States of Zealand assemble at Middlebourg, the capital. Those States are composed of the deputies of six principal towns: but, though one would think they were competent to try civil causes belonging to their own Province, all such are judged at the Hague; yet they have what is called the Council of Flanders, composed of nine Counsellors, a President, a Fiscal, a Collector, and a Gref-fier, or Secretary of the Province, residing at Middlebourg. In times past, the Zealanders distinguished themselves in the wars with Spain, and in various naval engagements. They

They are, now, no less remarkable for their maritime commerce, and are a very industrious, as well as brave people. In the isles of this province, flood, formerly, the town of Rommerswael the very traces of which have been buried, long since, in a watery grave. Between the years 1551, and 1563, it was six times laid under water by the furious inroads of the sea, whose waves have been known to rise twelve feet above the highest ground, whereon the church was built. The town house was, by these repeated inundations, wholly undermined. In 1634, the States of Zealand, which had, from time to time, advanced large sums, by way of loan, to this unfortunate town, (against which the ocean had so often declared war) considered it as in a state of bankruptcy; and, however ridiculous it may seem, took out a bill of insolvency against its miserable wreck; for they converted the very stones of the streets, and a few scattered ruins into a sum of money, which they appropriated as creditors; although it amounted only to 540 florins, 18 stivers, about eight and forty pounds; a slender dividend among so many rapacious claimants!

The celebrated little port of *Flushing* is situated in this county. A beautiful arm of the sea flows through the whole town, which is, therefore, rich and agreeable; for ships of burthen sail with their freights to the very door of the merchant. The history of its revolution having little more than what has been the fate of almost every other place worth quarrelling for, I shall pass over, but that you may be no loser, shall dwell with sonder delay, on what will more interest you than a meagre account of victory and defeat.

Flushing is the birth place of Admiral de Ruyter, of whom I have already had occasion to make honourable mention. Have you ever met with the following epigram written soon after his death, which happened at Syracuse, in consequence of the wounds he received in an engagement

ment with the French, under command of the famous Abraham du Quesne, before the town of Aouste in Sicily?

TERRUI in Oceano jam folo nomine classes :

TER nunc in Siculo TERRITUS ipse RUI:

Si vera inversum quondam dedit omnia nomen,

Nunc RUI-TER nomen verius omen habet.

Of Abraham du Quesne, who had the honour of conquering De Ruyter, there is a curious anecdote that deserves mention. He was a Norman gentleman, and a Protestant, but had, nevertheless, greater claims on Louis the Fourteenth, whom he served, than most of the Catholic Admirals of France. The number and magnitude of his services justly *entitled* him to the patronage of his king, of whom he solicited the dignity of Marechal of France. Your religion, said Louis, stands in the way of your appointment to that office. What! Sire, answered the Admiral, I find then, that though my religion did not hinder me from giving your majesty my services, yours prevents you from *rewarding* them.

As a *salvo*, the king presented him with a very fine estate in one of the fairest parts of this kingdom, and which was raised soon after to a marquisate, bearing the name of Du Quesne.

The remains of the house where De Ruyter was born, are preserved with care, and shewn to the traveller with triumph.

There is some very pretty scenery in Zealand, that might furnish the poets, or the painters, with good landscapes,

“ Live in description, and look green in song.”

There are, also, some very fine churches and town halls, the best of which are those of Middleburg, Trevor, and Flushing.

The

The next Province in rank is Utrecht, and though one of the smallest, was, formerly, of such consequence, as to raise, and maintain, an army of forty thousand able men. In that puissant period of its history, the Bishops of Utrecht had it in dominion, and called themselves the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. This sovereignty was given to the Ecclesiastics, by Charlemagne, the Emperor, as a reward for their having laboured the conversion of the Infidels. The rapacious, or if you will, the victorious, Louis XIV. at the head of an hundred thousand men, made himself master of the whole of this Province, and of the greater part of Overijssel, Guelderland, and Holland, in 1672, in less than a month; which gave rise to the following couplet.

“ Una dies Lotharos, Burgundos hebdomas una,

“ Una domat Batavos luna; quid annus erit ?

This has been imitated in French thus.

“ Il prend en un jour la Lorraine ;

“ La Bourgoyne en un Semaine :

“ La Hollande en un Mois,

“ S'il fait la Guerre un An, quels seront ses exploits ?

A poetical gasconade, which I shall not aid and abet by an English version, which to you would be unnecessary; and to unlearned readers of no use. I offer it to you only to shew how the poets of France, as well as those of our own country, can prostitute their art at the shrine of greatness; and furthermore, to observe, how delighted greatness sometimes is with little things! It is said the flattered monarch appointed the author of these adulatory lines to a place in his household, worth three thousand livres a-year! The verses are not worth three sols.

But, what yet more strongly exhibits the vanity of conquest, and the ambitious avarice of conquerors, all these
places

places so rapidly subdued, were as rapidly given up, after the sovereign had done all the mischief he could by demolishing the fortifications and impoverishing the people! Thus it is, that the rage of plunder succeeds to that of blood, and that which is begun by ambition, continued by avarice, and closed in robbery, forms an hero, and obtains immortal honour, in *military* affairs, although in *civil* ones, any one of them would conduct a man to the gallows; and gibbet his name and memory, to after times, as an assassin and a thief!

With respect to the capital of this Province, (which is in the beaten road of almost *all* travellers, and which has been written about by so many) you have, doubtless, often read, and heard, that, though it has not one remarkable structure, except the steeple of the Cathedral, of which I send you an engraving; it has the reputation, and, perhaps deservedly, of being one of the most beautiful cities of modern Europe; that it is larger than the Hague, and disputes with it the palm of fashion and elegance; that it commands, from some of its eminences, fifty-one walled towns, all being within a day's journey, that it has to boast an university, out of which have been given to the world some of its most useful and ornamental members; that it was the residence of the learned, pious, and humble Pope Adrian, who has, justly, been called the worthiest Pontiff that ever graced the See of Rome; and who was deemed by the emperor Maximilian, the only fit person to be trusted with the education of his grandson, Charles the Fifth. Nor can you be ignorant, that this city will for ever be execrated by Britons, on account of the *Barrier Treaty*; and no less revered by, at least, *one* party of Dutchmen for the celebrated *union*.

Of the first, our English histories are too full for any thing to be added, and perhaps it is amongst the *IMPOLICIES* of government, which it would be as well to forget since it is not without reason, politicians, of all countries, have

have attributed to this treaty many of the disgraceful difficulties Great Britain has since groaned under, and many which are probably in advance.

Of the latter, though not less known with respect to its *existence*, I shall refresh your memory with a few of the most important *particulars*, because they may be necessary to illustrate some of those causes of the famous revolution which was attempted at this time, and whose grand object was to subvert every principle on which the union had been established, with the view "to diminish, as much as possible the power of the States General, to attach the privileges of the Stadtholder, to assert, on all occasions, the independence of the States of Holland, and to disregard the opposition of such Members of the Union as they should be unable to draw over to their interests."

In One Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy-nine, the Seven Provinces, harraffed, galled, and worn out with perpetual tyrannies, put an end to the deliberations of this far-famed treaty, which contained the fundamental laws of the Republic, and may be considered as the origin of the Constitution.

By one of the articles it was stipulated, that no truce shall be accorded, no peace made, no war entered upon, nor any tax, or impost of any kind levied, without the unanimous consent of the Provinces.

By another, that no Province, or City shall be empowered to enter into any confederation, nor form any alliance with the neighbouring nations, or their sovereigns, without the like universal assent of all the States of the Republic.

They were, moreover, to aid, and assist one another in all cases against a foreign invader or enemy; they were to be allowed the freedom of a difference in their religious ceremonies, conformably to the pacification of Ghent; equal administration of impartial justice to strangers, as to natives of the country; to pay equal taxes according to the
the

the powers of each Province at that time settled, on fair equipoise of division, and not to alter any of the articles of the said treaty without the solemn concurrence of *all* the States assembled.

The friends to the House of Orange consider the treaty, out of which I have taken these prominent features, as the sacred portrait of the public wealth and happiness: as that blessed heptarchy, which, so far from degenerating into anarchy, orders and strengthens the links in the well-compacted chain of the Republic.

The Dutch patriots, nevertheless, frequently dissatisfied, at last projected,* and had very nearly carried into execution, their *favourite* alterations—the most important of which were “That the *forms* of the present Government should continue to subsist, but that the States should become, in every respect, completely independent of the Stadtholder, and that for this purpose, he should no longer enjoy a seat in any of the colleges of the Republic. That the *Reglemens* should be abolished. That the Stadtholder’s right of recommending candidates for the vacant magistracies in the towns of Holland, should cease. That the charges of the Stadtholder, and Captain-General, should, if possible, be separated, and conferred on different persons; or that, at least, the titles only should be reserved to the Prince of Orange; and the offices be executed as in the time of the De Witts, by Deputies chosen for the purpose. In general, that the Stadtholder should possess such powers *only* as might enable him to execute the *orders of the state*—a sort of upper servant of the Republic! That the hereditary Stadtholderate should continue in the Prince of Orange, *on his acceptance of these terms*, but that, in case of his refusal, the different States should be at liberty to elect another Stadtholder.”

Of what this plan was productive at the time it was formed, and what it mediated yet more recently we shall see in their places.

Ah !

Ah ! my friend, how difficult it is to prescribe proper bounds to freedom ! or rather, how easy it is to prescribe, and how difficult to follow the rules, where men are determined to exact more, or submit to less, than their natural rights ! Reason, religion, and justice, ought certainly to be the active agents of all human government—“ their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace ;” nor does any thing more seem requisite to obtain all the blessings of their gentle and benevolent sway than to draw the true line of distinction betwixt liberty and licentiousness. It would be well for all persons disposed to cavil with their Governors, or with Government, to consider what an able politician has submitted to their consideration. “ As war, (says he) is one of the heaviest of evils, a calamity which involves every species of misery ; as it sets the general safety to hazard ; as it suspends commerce, and desolates the country ; as it exposes great numbers to hardships, captivity, and death ; no man, who desires public prosperity, will inflame general resentment by aggravating minute injuries, or enforcing disputable rights of little importance :” and with respect to *Liberty*, it is not, as my learned and excellent friend, Mr. Potter, observes, “ a sickly exotic, raised in a foreign hotbed of sedition, and watered with human blood ; but like our oak, a native of our island, rooted in its soil, raised to its magnificent growth by the genial air of the climate, and preserved in everlasting vigour by our free constitution.” Nor can I, in this place, refuse to join the virtuous sentiments of the great and good man from whom I have gleaned this beautiful image ; and most heartily rejoice with him that the public spirit is now roused, not only to defend these blessings at home, but to restore them abroad. The public faith is now engaged to protect, not only our allies, but our enemies (even those who bear us an almost hereditary hate) against the insidious artifices, and hostile attacks of atheistical, ferocious, and

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sanguinary ruffians, who have violated every law human and divine, and declared war against all mankind ;

“ Havock, and spoil, and ruin are their gain.”

But happily the “ scientific principle,” which hath been held out as the “ polar star,” by which the vessel of the State was to be guided in a bolder navigation, to discover, in unexplored regions, the treasures of public felicity, is found to be a meteor whose baleful glare has led these wretched pilots to dash it against a rock in a tempestuous sea, where it must inevitably perish, without God himself delivers it from the danger—the God of armies, whose red right arm this unhappy people seem particularly to have called forth. What other atrocious deeds are destined to fill up the measure of their guilt, we must leave to that Almighty Power, who, as in the dreadful example before us, “ ariseth to shake terribly the earth ;” and whether it is by pestilence, by earthquakes, by storm and tempest, or by the sword and fierceness of man, we must adopt the creed of this degraded nation, ere we can cease to believe all these are delegated by an offended God : but how far the commission to destroy extends, we cannot know. The French appear almost to have exhausted the wide and capacious powers of human invention to do evil.

But all this is anticipation. How have I been led into it ? Against my own purposed intent too—of reserving what I have to offer on these subjects to a more convenient season, after I have done with themes of peace. It is, indeed, difficult to do this in the midst of continual alarms, which threaten not only the infatuated people to whom these observations are more immediately applicable, but every other government, and all those well-ordered establishments amongst men, which the wisdom, labour, and patriotism of ages have instituted. Return with me to the Province of Utrecht ; there, at the tombs of the learned and wise, the great and good, let us get knowledge and understanding.

The

The town of Utrecht, you know, was either the birth or burial place of many illustrious men, particularly the two Burmans, Grævius and Grænovius; of all whom strangers are here shewn the seats, where "nobly pensive they sat and thought;" the places where they lived, and where they now sleep the sleep of death. Grævius, of whom the real name was Græw, taught politicks, eloquence, and history, in this university upwards of forty years. His great work (the "Treasures of Ancient Rome, its Antiquities, &c.") is an immense collection of different pieces upon the laws, customs, and manners of the Romans, in thirteen volumes folio, and written in conjunction with Grænovius, Professor of Belles Lettres and Geography. Of these great men, as well as of their friend and scholar Peter Burman, our Literary Atlas, Samuel Johnson, has spoken in high terms. One of the qualities, says the Doctor, which contributed eminently to qualify Grævius for an instructor of youth was the sagacity by which he readily discovered the predominant faculty of each pupil, and the peculiar designation by which nature had allotted him to any species of literature, and by which he was soon able to determine that Peter Burman was remarkably adapted to classical studies, and to predict the great advances he would make by industriously pursuing the direction of his genius. On the other hand, animated by the encouragement of a tutor, so celebrated as Grævius, Peter Burman, by continuing the vigour of his application, fulfilled his master's prophecy; and it has been asserted that he had passed honourably and fairly through the classes, and was admitted into the university, at the age of thirteen. His biographer allows this to be so stupendous a progress as to surpass the limits of all probability; of which, indeed, every man must be sensible, who considers that it is not uncommon for the highest genius in our country to be entangled for ten years in those thorny paths of literature which Burman is represented to have

passed in less than two. But this prodigy has been cleared up very satisfactorily by the following observation. In the universities of foreign countries, they have professors of philology or humanity, whose employment is to instruct the younger classes in grammar, rhetoric, and languages; nor do they engage in the study of philosophy, till they have passed through a course of philological lectures and exercises, to which, in some places, two years are commonly allotted. Whereas the English scheme of education, which, with regard to academical studies, is more vigorous, and sets literary honours at a higher price than that of any other country, exacts from the youth, who are initiated in our colleges, a degree of philological knowledge, sufficient to qualify them for lectures in philosophy, which are read to them in Latin, and to enable them to proceed in other studies without assistance; so that it may be conjectured that Burman, at his entrance into the university of Leyden, had no such skill in languages, nor such ability of composition as are frequently to be met with in the higher classes of an English school; nor was, perhaps, at that time, more than moderately skilled in Latin, and taught the first rudiments of Greek.

The next object is Friezeland, which has always maintained a kind of rivalry with the province last considered. It is a seigneurie, containing a circuit of five-and-forty leagues. The inhabitants have been, at all times, warlike and jealous of their liberties. Originally they had a Roman education, which may account for this ardent *amor patriæ*, having served under the emperors Tiberius and Nero, both of whom looked on them as the best and bravest soldiers of Germany.

It must be confessed, however, that their earlier history, like that of most other nations, is involved in fables; and they trace their princes in pretended and pompous succession, from the time of Alexander the Great.

Their

Their name is derived from their first prince, Frifon, who came from Asia three hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Saviour.

This province was afterwards erected into a monarchy, and then under the sway of governors. It afterwards came, by right of conquest, to a brother of a Prince of Orange; and two years after the famous pacification of Ghent, in 1572, it was annexed, by a kind of union resembling that of England and Scotland, to the States of Holland. The first Stadtholder of this province was a brother of William, the celebrated founder of the Republic.

Friezeland is out of the beaten and popular track of travellers, although there is not any of the seven provinces, my friend, which has more claim to their curiosity. An Englishman in particular will here find himself at home. The face of the country, the general manners of the people, their modes of living, and their very language assimilate to Great Britain.

The meadow grounds, and pretty inclosures, perpetually remind an English traveller of his native grounds; and the arable land is so favourable to the gifts of Ceres, that what, in these iron days, seems a poetical figure, is a literal truth in Friezeland,

“Where ev’ry rood of ground maintains his man.”

The soil is so grateful to the labour of the husbandman, that it returns his corn, especially his wheat, an hundred fold; and it is not more remarkable for quantity than quality. The oats are also admirable; to which may, perhaps, be imputed the peculiar growth and strength of the horses that are bred and nourished here.

I was gleaning in this province, when warlike preparations were making for the present dispute, betwixt France and the rest of the universe; and an order of the States for five hundred horse was executed, to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, in eight-and-forty hours. The Friezelanders live in the most perfect good fellowship with
each

each other, and having good houses, good horses, good property, and good-nature, are at once healthy, happy, and social; and what in a province of Holland, or, now-a-days in any country, is not less remarkable, they are wholly exempt from tythes.

When you visit this province, let me direct your steps to *Staverin*, the most ancient town of Friesland, and said to be built a year after the birth of Christ. It is indebted for its name to the idol *Stavon*, and is very curiously situated upon a point of the gulph of the *Zuydersea*, opposite to Holland. Innumerable sand-banks invest the coast, inasmuch, that when the sea is at ebb, many of them are visible; especially one, concerning which there is an anecdote, that I shall commit to your credulity. This bank is called *Vrouwenland* (widow's land) because the superstition goes that a rich widow threw into this place a great quantity of corn which she had avariciously forestalled, and heaped up in a time of general scarcity, and which she wanted the generosity to give, or even the justice to sell to her starving neighbours. Now, although the grain thus squandered away was destroyed, it was not, it seems, suffered to be dissipated, even by the devouring waves; but was ordered by the Power, who "rules old Ocean, and directs the storm," to remain a monument of his wrath, and embarrass the haven, where this guilty action was committed; serving, at the same time, as a lesson to the hard-hearted!

About three miles from *Staveren* is *Molquern*, where they speak a jargon scarce intelligible to the most expert linguists of Friesland, and where the houses are separated from each other in a manner so truly whimsical, that a stranger finds himself more in want of a clue, than if he were threading the mazes of *Rosamond's* bower. On your entrance into the town, you will be visited by a guide, who will conduct you through the windings of this meandering town. The dress of the people, and the architecture

architecture of the place, leads one to suppose they are of Saxon origin.

The province of Over-yffel, follows, in order, that of Friezeland. There is a tradition that the Salique law was first instituted in that part of Over-yffel called Zallant,—agreeable to which pretension, one of the most important articles of that law, respecting fiefs and land-tenures, is still so religiously observed, that estates of the above description are always entailed upon heirs male, to the exclusion of females.

I cannot recommend to you many things in this province, either curious or beautiful; but if you pay it a passing visit, you will not fail to make the town of Zwol amongst your excursions, because near it the virtuous Thomas à Kempis lived and died. I was assured that he there wrote his justly valued Imitation of Christ.

In the beginning of the year 1718, was conducted into Zwol a wild girl, who was found in the woods of Cranenbourg. She was about eighteen years of age, and, except a truss of straw round her waist, was entirely naked. She spoke a jargon, which neither the learned men of the province, nor the peasants understood. Her nourishment, even after civilization, was herbs, roots, and leaves of trees. She was discovered by the country people many months before she was caught, as she ran with incredible speed, and took refuge, in the recesses of the forest, the moment she was pursued, and was at last taken only by stratagem. Nets and traps were laid and set for her, and in one of these she was entangled. When caught, she manifested a gentle and docile disposition, and recommended herself so much to the persons who had her in charge, that the magistrates of Zwol became interested for her; and in the hope of throwing some light on her history, advertised her shape, features, &c. with such exactness, that it came out a widow woman of Antwerp had lost her only child, a daughter, whose person and
age

age answered to that of the wild girl of the woods. Struck with the similitude, the widow hastened to Zwol, and at the first glance recognized her offspring, who testified, on her part, no less natural affection towards her mother, to whose protection she was delivered, and with whom she passed many years in filial piety, the wonder and pity of innumerable witnesses to her singular fate, and as singular good qualities—the growth only of simple nature.

The Seigneurie of Groninguen was anciently a part of Friezeland, from which it is now divided, both with respect to government and laws. Considered as a separate province, it is of no great extent, comprehending in its territory only the land lying between the rivers Een and Lawer. This is sufficiently fertile, and the chief town, which gives a name to the whole country, is rich, large, and flourishing; in which description, indeed, may be comprised the general character of the towns of Frieze-land, to which may very truly be added, the beauty of the women, it being difficult to meet a Frieze-lander female, who has not some claim to admiration on the score of her personal attractions, which perhaps derive some advantages from a picturesque manner of head-dress, calculated to give an effect to an innocent and delicate countenance.

We come now to a very distinguished part of the United States—namely, the beautiful and valuable province of Guelderland.

Geographers insist that this is the country formerly inhabited by the people whom Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, has mentioned, under the names of the Menapii, Usipetes, Gugerni, and Sicambri. Besides the county of Zutphen, Guelderland consists of twenty-two considerable towns, and more than three hundred villages. It has already been under the government of Signiors, Counts, Dukes, and Chancellors.

In

In point of air, water, and elevation of country, it lifts itself pre-eminently above any of the United Provinces; and a traveller, after residing at the rest, will regale himself in Guelderland, and gratulate himself on the exchange. I have trod and re-trod, at different times, every part of it with pleasure, and am again preparing to pay it a visit; the particulars of which shall be in due place imparted to you.

The dutchy of Guelderland is connected with the county of Luphen, as dependencies of the States General. Although, as I have before observed, the province of Guelderland is considered as deserving to take the lead, as to elegance, health, and fertility, or rather imagery of country. The capital towns are Arnheim and Nimeguen, of both which my promised future accounts will include a description.

At present the weather relents, the world of ice yields to a genial thaw that has been gently unbinding the frost for some days; the sluices once more open a passage for the Trechscuyts, in one of which I shall to-morrow morning set off for Leyden, but not before I have expressed my hopes, that my stay at Rotterdam has been productive of some amusement and information. The post awaits my packet, and I must say adieu.

L E T T E R XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AFTER being so long weather-bound in a town, I found a trip by water quite a relief, which was, perhaps, not a little assisted by the companions of my voyage; for the schuyt was fertile of characters, amongst which was a Dutch lady, who, having at least twice doubled the matrimonial Cape of Good Hope, and just escaped the rocks of desperate virginity, was going to bestow her hand on a person who still thought either it, or the weight of *gelt* (money) it brought, an object of espousal. She resided in a village in the way to Leyden, and had been at Rotterdam to purchase finery for her bridals. The company were soon amused with a sight of the articles, which she displayed with an ostentation that shewed her vanity both as to property and person; and it is often lucky for the possessors, that vanity, like love, is blind, otherwise this good lady would have seen, that neither her person or property were just objects of critical observation; the one being coarse, and the other paltry. It would have highly delighted you, who have a correct taste, to have been an eye-witness of this splendid vulgarity. The immense bracelets, the ponderous ear-rings, the seven-fold necklaces, bestudded with huge shining stones of many colours, indeed of *all* hues but the gentle, modest, and retiring ones. But far above the rest, "superior and alone," on a head made into a thick paste, with powder and pomatum, shone forth a massy hair-pin, of rose diamonds, which, instead of being airily fastened, seemed nailed to her forehead, on each side of which stuck a couple of new coquet-temple-patches, "round as a shield,"

a shield," of the size of an English half-crown, and spreading to the very eye-brow.

When you have sufficiently admired these, I will call your attention to four tawdry rings, ornamenting four ugly brown fingers, which the amiable owner of them displayed as if they had been shaped by the goddess of symmetry. It is not easily possible to see a worse assorted suite of decorations upon a more inelegant form; and still more difficult would it be for any body to have a better opinion of either that form, or of those decorations, than the fair object to whom they belonged. How fortunately it is ordered, that our very awkwardnesses are thus converted into objects of happiness, by our self-love, and that nothing more seems necessary to the felicity of the inelegant, than that (whatever may be another's idea of their taste or attractions) they should be upon the best terms with themselves. Hence what you may condemn as vulgar, and regret as unfit for the fashion of the hour, is appreciated by conceit, and thought to be both beautiful and becoming. A well-bred person, on the contrary, is, for the sake of his associates, often obliged to sacrifice even his vanity; at least his vanity depends more on others than on himself, and cannot be gratified without the approbation of the refined part of the world; concerning which honest ill-bred vulgarity is altogether careless, unless the applauses of the world happen to concur with the estimate it forms of itself.

Our Dutch virgin, however, in her own adornment, did not forget to accommodate her intended bridegroom, whose taste, she assured us, she had consulted no less, than her own (a lucky similarity you will say) in the choice of her decorations. But to demonstrate in a more particular manner, her loving kindness towards him, she now shewed her fellow-passengers a curious tobacco-pipe, of the finest porcelain, on which was repainted, in glaring colours, a dowdy Venus, and a squabby pair of Cupids, the
one

one taking snuff, and the others sending their whiffs at one another. Of this instrument the stopper was silver, and the chain, to which it was attached, of the same metal: and that the gift might be complete, our ancient maiden had bought a china spitting bason, on which also were depicted certain emblems of her delicate passion. How few of our English maidens would have thus administered to the accomplishments of their lovers! A tobacco-pipe and spitting-box as a nuptial gift! Profit, ye votaries of the belle passion, by the example.

A droll fellow, who sat on the opposite side, malignly assured me, that about a twelvemonth ago, he had, under the favour of Providence, got rid of the halter with which the fair Hollander was about to hang herself. All this time, two Dutchmen, who embraced each other at their first entrance into the boat, and, in token of good fellowship, lighted their pipes by joining the bowls, and whiffing at each other, set in for serious smoking, while two elderly women regaled their nostrils with a no less solid and solemn snuffing match. I do not believe a dozen words were spoken amongst the four during the whole voyage.

Resolved, if possible, to draw these mutes into conversation, I tried them on every subject I thought most likely to lead them into discourse; but, as if it were a pre-determined thing neither to speak to each other, nor any body else, all I said to the two smokers only produced a more than ordinary whiff in my face; and in return for my courtesy to the females, I received only the effluvia of a fresh pinch of snuff, which set me a sneezing. I was therefore glad to let them take their own way, and indeed found their mute state more supportable than their conversation and its accompaniments. We reached Leyden at the stated hour, and took different ways, perhaps, mutually dissatisfied.

Respecting

Respecting this town, it is so much amongst the common objects of description, that I shall refer you to any one of the many books which have treated of it for the *brick and mortar particulars*, as I shall those of the still greater city of Amsterdam. The literary and itinerant shewmen of our own country have, however, left behind them rather carelessly some things which the foreign travellers have *gleaned*, and which, deeming them worth the pains, I shall borrow for our sheaf. My rule has all along been to present you with as much of my own wheat as I could gather; but whenever I have been able to enrich my little harvest-home, by a few good grains, I have made no scruple of transporting them to my native soil.

Leyden, which is certainly a very elegant city, (and, I think, a striking resemblance of Oxford, but wanting its life and motion) has been rendered famous in history by the courage of its citizens, who, in 1574, sustained a most obstinate siege, attended with all the evils of war, famine, and disease, and purely to preserve their liberties. It is astonishing none of the British travellers have given their countrymen the detail of this memorable transaction. Had it happened in their own country, or in any other but Holland, which has, as I have frequently observed, been very unjustly slighted, an hundred biographers would have emblazoned every day's prowess during the five months that the siege continued.

The Spaniards having been obliged to raise the siege of Alcmaer, turned their arms against Leyden, from which they were driven by Count Louis, of Nassau, brother to the then Prince of Orange. Some time afterwards, however, they returned, under a strong reinforcement, to the attack. The Spanish general (Francis Valdey) finding it impossible to take the town by force, resolved to attempt the more powerful means of famine. No pen can describe what the citizens suffered from this blockade. Reduced to the most dreadful extremity, they retained

tained their heroism, even when there was scarce any thing left to sustain it. They drew lots for each other, which should become the victim of the day, to give sustenance to the rest; and many thinking it a more glorious act of patriotism, voluntarily offered themselves up, and supplicated for the preference of death, to nourish with their bodies their fellow-soldiers or citizens. Even the women, as well those of distinction as others, mounted the ramparts, fired the cannon, and exposed themselves to all the dangers and drudgery of military life, in imitation of a second Boadicea, named Kennava, who led them on. The besiegers were struck with the regular, not riotous, intrepidity of this troop of female warriors. Even they too, as if jealous of the bravery of the men, petitioned that they might be accepted as sacrifices to feed the now almost famished garrison and citizens, many thousands of whom perished for want, notwithstanding these supplies of human flesh. The Spaniards having learned their situation, once more summoned them to surrender, and granted the truce of an hour to consider of it. They employed this short cessation of hostilities to gather the general sense of the people, as well soldiers as inhabitants, and this was their reply. "Tell your haughty general, we can never be said to want the means of life, or of continuing the siege, while a *left arm* remains upon any of our shoulders: our *right* we shall reserve to fight for our liberties."

To the dire necessity of living upon each other, they had, indeed, been long reduced; and the moment after the herald had departed, four of the burghers, after a short conversation with each other, presented themselves at the garrison; and after fighting vigorously, on the ramparts, for several hours, turned their bayonets upon themselves, and piercing their own bosoms, exclaimed, as the life-blood flowed from them—"Behold, my valiant friends, your provision for the rest of the day."

The

The famine, however, hourly increasing, some of the burghers voted for a surrender of the place. It was on this occasion that Adrian Van Werf, the chief magistrate of the city, set an example of constancy and courage, which would have merited a first place in the records of human magnanimity, had it not been for the above-mentioned heroism of the four citizens.—“My friends,” cried he, “I deem it infinitely more satisfying to die for you, than for the enemy. Let me then be your, “next victim. Cut this body in pieces, and in sharing “it amongst you, remember it is to give you strength “to continue the siege :—the many wounds I have received make me no longer able to take an active part. “Let me not become waste by lingering in those wounds. “While I can yet be of service, take me to yourselves, “and may Leyden be victorious and immortal.” Amidst these fore disasters of battle, the news of their speedy relief was brought by some pigeons, to whose feet were tied stalks of corn and hemp, in the tubes of which were letters. I must not omit to tell you, that these pigeons are still preserved, embalmed, and to be seen in the town-house.”

On the 3d of October, the banks of the Meuse, and the Yffel, being cut, Louis Brissot, Admiral of Zealand, poured in to the relief of the besieged a great number of flat-bottomed boats, armed from helm to stern. The Spaniards, panic-struck by this unexpected reinforcement, abandoned their works, and made the best of their way into their own frontiers.

The anniversary of this memorable day is still celebrated at Leyden. The clergy are obliged to recapitulate the story of the siege, and the almost miracle of the deliverance of the town. It is, perhaps, to be wished, that the memory of similar events were revived by similar ceremonies, since every epoch, which commemorates the well-directed fortitude of men, or the interposition of Providence, cannot be too extensively known :

in

in which, indeed, both religion and policy are alike concerned. We faithfully keep alive the darkest transactions—such as the gunpowder plot, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and various other incidents that stain the annals of history, and which it is for the credit of human nature to obliivate, while we neglect those happy events, and blessed sudden revolutions, which manifest a divine power, assisting mortal endeavours. Methinks, such memorials are calculated to inspire a noble emulation in the citizens to imitate their ancestors: for virtue, like vice, is certainly epidemic. William, Prince of Orange, although, at the time, labouring under a dangerous malady, ordered himself to be carried, in a litter, to Leyden, to return thanks, in person, to the citizens, for their generous assistance. By way of recompence, he granted to the town many privileges and immunities, and laid, with his own hand, the foundation of its celebrated university.

This famous seminary may properly be said to be erected by Gratitude, and dedicated to the courage and intrepidity of the sons of freedom. Many truly valuable members of society have been sent into the world from hence. Amongst others, the celebrated Herman Boerhaave, of whom I made honourable mention in a former letter. His reputation, as a physician, was so great, that a letter sent to him from Turkey, in Asia, was addressed to Dr. Boerhaave in Europe; his family have lately erected a monument, which I yesterday visited. It is in the spacious and beautiful church of St. Peter, where he was buried. The monument itself is a simple pedestal of black marble, on the surface of which is engraved, immediately under a bust of the Doctor, these words: "*Simplex sigillum veri.*" On the reverse side is this emphatic expression: "*Salutifero Boerhavii genio sacrum.*"

Leyden has to boast also the birth of Rembrandt, with whose life, as an artist, we are sufficiently acquainted by history:

history: but I do not remember to have seen the following anecdotes of his private life and character. His avarice (rarely the vice of genius) was so excessive, that it led him frequently to sell his own paintings, in an underhand manner, several times over: nay, he sometimes made his own son dispose of them, and by way of excusing his deception, when found out, pretended his son had stolen them.

It is reported of this painter, that, being one day employed upon a family piece, in which every individual was to be exhibited, news being brought to him that his favourite monkey was dead, he insisted upon the animal being immediately laid before him, and drew him as a principal figure of the groupe: refusing at the same time, to expunge the monkey, although he lost the sale of the picture, and although he loved money better than any thing but the monkey and his own caprices. That money was in the next degree precious to him, may likewise be evinced from a trick that was played on him by one of his scholars, who, knowing the disposition of his master, painted an apparently large sum of money, in different coins, upon a pack of cards, cut into suitable pieces. These the disciple distributed on the painter's table, when Rembrandt was from home. On his return, he no sooner saw the counterfeits, than supposing it the price of some pictures sold in his absence, he ran to pick it up, and when he found himself disappointed, forgave the stratagem for the sake of the ingenuity of the imitation: for though he loved gold immoderately, he could not but be attached to genius.

But the most extraordinary personage, which the town of Leyden has produced, is the celebrated fanatic, commonly called John of Leyden, the true name of whom is *Bucold*, whose story is really curious. From the lowest extraction he aspired to the highest honours; and though born of the humblest parents, and intended, by his fa-

ther, for a taylor, gave out very early amongst his young companions, that so far from succeeding to his father's contemptible occupation, he was resolved to live, and die, a king. Let us see in what manner he contrived to keep his word. He soon broke from the shop-board, uncrossed his legs, and, associating with some itinerant comedians, commenced actor, and, determined on royalty, made his first appearance in a princely character. His next connection was with a man as lowly born, and as highly minded as himself, namely with a baker of Amsterdam, who declared that he was an ambassador of God, to enlighten the darkness of his fellow-creatures, and erect a new Jerusalem. This daring spirit assumed the name of the town in which he received his birth, viz. Thomas Munster, who had infected a great number of Germans with his contagious doctrines, in opposition to the efforts of Luther, previous to his acquaintance with John of Leyden; and as religious seditions are always the most violent, it was, at length, found necessary to take up arms against this fanatic faction, every hour gaining strength. Of all epidemics, that of a wild, but new sectary, is the most rapid and fatal. The Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Duke of Brunswick, entered into a confederacy, to quell these insurgents, whom they often routed, but whom they found a great difficulty wholly to subdue. Munster was himself taken prisoner, and instantly beheaded. But this tragic event, so far from dispiriting the party, appeared only to animate it with a more inveterate zeal and opposition. John of Leyden, commanding a troop of ferocious zealots, made himself master of the town of Munster; where after he had exercised the most horrible cruelties, he caused himself to be chosen and proclaimed King.

His prediction, as to mock-majesty, was now fulfilled; but not the measure, either of his ambition or his crimes. No sooner had he established himself in his new government,

government, than he issued edicts, and enacted laws. He permitted polygamy, and set the example, by taking unto himself twenty wives. Some authors limit the number to fourteen. He pulled down all the churches, and totally changed the administration. He next instituted a regular court, and insisted on receiving all the homage of royalty. A faithful historian of his times, assures us, that he had all the abilities essential to wise and just legislation; but that his headlong passions, and natural barbarity, hurried him into all the practices of a lawless and unprincipled usurper. Covering his sacrilege with a veil of piety, he denominated his pretended monarchy the new kingdom of Israel, and himself not only the political sovereign, but the religious high-priest and chief minister of justice, in the new temple of the living God. One of his wives had, by her evil communication, imbibed so much of his impious spirit, as to think herself inspired; and deeming it necessary to establish her character by something worthy of such a husband, intimated her design of following the example of Judith by assassinating the Bishop of Waldeck. She was, however, seized in the attempt, by the good prelate himself, who wrenched the sword from her hand, just as she was about to strike, and was punished on the spot with the same weapon. Another of John's wives was slain by his own hand, for a slight hesitation to obey his orders. His coronation, of which the ceremony was performed in the midst of his enormities, was accompanied by all the pomps of the eastern world. He always wore a crown on his head, when he passed the streets on horseback. An hundred youths prepared the way, out of which was driven every living thing; yet he expected, that at due and awful distance, the sides should be crowded by the prostrate populace. In one hand he carried a sword, in another the Old Testament. For any person to be seen standing or covered, in his presence, was an offence beyond pardon, and always punished with death.

So many horrors and abominations, however, did not fail, in the end, to involve their author in destruction. The Bishop of Munster sat down before the town, and determined on a regular siege, during which, John's party was reduced to the most dreadful extremities, in the sore pressure of which some of his faction voted for a surrender. Forty-seven persons were beheaded, by their chief, as the forfeit of this proposition. All this time they subsisted on cats, dogs, and, lastly, one another. A wounded, or reluctant man was immediately slain and eaten. The ferocity of the faction, and particularly of John, seemed to gather force by this dreadful nourishment, and the town was at last taken by stratagem. This phantom of majesty, who had, however, exercised more than kingly power, was taken alive, with many of his companions. When this desperate ruffian was conducted before the victorious prelate, who reproached him with his treason and profanation, he replied to the charges with an audacity scarcely paralleled in the history of fallen villainy. "Spare your advice, (which is lost upon me) and listen to mine, which is of more value. You have made me your prisoner. I have drained your treasuries, and depopulated your country. Having thus been your greatest enemy, I will now put you in the way of making me your best friend. My death would be a loss to you: my life may be a gain. Put me into an iron cage, carry me thus inclosed through Europe, and let a price be set on the sight of me. The injuries I have done your state will then be repaired, and I shall, by comparing your gain with your loss, have a right to be considered, in the end, as your benefactor."

Part of his plan was adopted, but not that part which would, with all its ignominy, have been the most acceptable to him, the preservation of his life. As the principal author of the disorders and iniquities, this was justly forfeited;

forfeited; but the manner in which John's, of Leyden, was taken away, is almost too shocking for a virtuous conqueror, considering him, too, as an ecclesiastic, to inflict, even, upon an impious traitor. The Bishop of Munster ordered the culprit to be fastened to a stake, and two executioners to tear asunder, slowly, first the flesh, and then the members, with burning pincers; to let the operation be very deliberate—to avoid, for a given time, invading the vital parts, and lastly, but not 'till himself, and the assembled multitudes, had been spectators of more agony than human beings ought, perhaps to look on, for the sake of example, he was pierced with a spear to the heart, and then his mangled body was thrown into a cage of iron, in which it hung, at the top of St. Lambert's steeple, 'till time which destroys every monument of this world, whether erected to vice or virtue, mouldered it away. His accomplices suffered the same fate, except that they were not caged after death, and this sect expired with its chiefs. Some fruitless attempts have been made at Amsterdam to revive it. A party, calling themselves Memnonites, (from Memno Simons, a priest of Friesland, who preached this doctrine in 1536) hold in abhorrence the atrocities of Munster, and if certain of these Memnonites entertain similar tenets on the subjects of baptism and oaths, they renounce that spirit of sedition, fanaticism, and revolt, which disgraced the adherents of John of Leyden, and I am told are very peaceful, good citizens. You will be shewn, amongst the curiosities of Leyden, the shop-board on which this self-made sovereign worked at his business.

In your visit to this town, I wish to prepare you for two matters you ought to know; the one is a settled and indispensable ceremony of pulling off your hat, in answer to a most troublesome civility you will receive from every passenger of every description; it being a custom throughout Holland, in general, and Leyden, in particular, to
make

make a very profound obeisance to every stranger, and to expect the same in return : inasmuch that a traveller ought to lay his account for a hat extraordinary, in making a tour of the seven provinces. In the great street of Leyden, which is an English mile long, I have been obliged to bow myself out of half my hat, and all my patience ; and what is the more provoking, if you meet the same people twenty times in a walk, the like ceremony is inflicted upon you, without any compromise being made for former civility. “ Booing, booing, booing, booing,” as Macklin’s “ Man of the World” says, all day long. Add to which, a Dutch bow is in itself a ridiculous and disgusting piece of formality. The hand is itself lifted to the head, and the hat held up at arm’s length and height, and replaced with so much deliberation, that you may walk fifty paces during the operation ; and this is so frequently repeated, that the hat has scarce time to regain its usual place before a fresh passenger sends it off again. But the whole of this is performed with such ineffable *sang-froid*, that the head seems as insensible as the hat. Not a feature appears conscious of the salutation ; not a muscle moves in correspondence with the greeting—it is altogether a mechanical act, and you have nothing for it but to take off and put on your hat, and go about your business. The second article, not less vexatious, is the importunate intrusion of a pack of fellows who call themselves porters, who almost pluck your baggage, though but a small parcel in your handkerchief, out of your hand, and are more troublesome to get rid off than Horace’s Impertinent. If you refuse their services, they are saucy. If you accept them, they are obsequious, even to fawning. Thus, almost every body in this town, when they intend to be polite, are * too civil by half.

But

* The new-fangled republicans of a neighbouring kingdom have taken such offence at this overmuch politeness, that they have, with their usual passion for excess—ah ! had they but known where to stop!—converted
it

But it is time I should put an end to this long letter. After having made MY bow, then, to you, and to my readers, farewell.

LETTER

it into an object of conventional censure, and it would not be at all *contre le regle*, if the national legislators were to guillotine half a hundred of the citizens, *convaincu d'avoir courbè le dos en saluant*; for we are told, with an affectation of public virtue, and a rage for innovations perfectly ridiculous, perfectly *patriotic*—that a number of Republicans began to feel the custom of bowing the head, and bending the back, in meeting, has in it a servility unbecoming the honest roughness, *de la fierté republicaine*—besides, add they, it is a practice very inconvenient, and *tears out our hats*! Hereupon this once supple, but now stiff-necked generation, have petitioned the law-mongers to fabricate a *new code of civility*, the utmost limit of which is a fraternal hug. “That it should come to this!” The FRENCH nation making a law against *bowing*! and cutting off a man’s head for the crime of his politesse!—Laughs not my friend? But what may not be expected from a race of rioters, who, in their outset, brought before the most awful tribunal of their country complaints so infinitely ridiculous, that an air of ridicule was thrown over the most dreadful executions—formal petitions against white caps, in favour of red ones, and a long speech in the senate-house, to lop away the excrescence of an un-republican cravat!

That such a savage fury, high-souled courage, and petulant childishness, even to babyhood, should mingle together! But what is all this, when these innovators nick-name the very months of the year! In a word, these reformers of the earth seem, inveterately, bent upon turning the world topsy turvey, and we may well exclaim, in the words of Hudibras:

- “ This shews how perfectly the rump,
- “ And commonwealth together jump;
- “ For as a fly that goes to bed
- “ Rests with its tail above its head,
- “ So to this mongrel state of our’s,
- “ THE RABBLE ARE THE SUPREME POWERS!”

The French, it has been seen and felt, are capable of every thing little; but after all, if they do not continue to mend on themselves, they will do nothing but make a dire gap in creation, and fill it up with blood. To a certain point they had a glorious cause. They reached this point almost before a gun was loaded, or a sword unsheathed. The ancient receptacles of tyranny were humbled to the dust. Humanity smiled on the ruins. Royalty could not frown, for the very error of his reign was the
unresisting

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AMONGST the pleasant events of my Dutch excursion, is to be enumerated my meeting with a friend,* whose social manners, and intellectual qualities, without taking his professional skill into the account, though to *that* I am indebted for the preservation of my health, would have made me quit the scene of our rencontre with regret, had it been even in Siberia, if the separation had not been solaced by the hope of, again, meeting in England. To this accomplished man, who, you know, has, since his studies, and travels, were finished, "bettered this report," to his own honour, I am indebted for some valuable hints respecting the Leyden university. They will be found in the close of this letter, but I will first glean his remarks, on the Dutch, in general; therein, fairly, giving you both sides of the picture; for our features of the country, and people, are not exactly alike.

"Your laudable attempt to rescue the amphibia of this aqueous region, from the charge of *inhospitality*," said the Doctor, after having read my account, "will, at all events, be a novelty. In the execution of it, you will, surely,

unresisting softness of his nature. For this he had been adored—for this he bled. But the shedding blood, like other habits, becomes familiar. Has it not often become an appetite? and Liberty herself, "divinely fair," as she is, must, if we suppose her to have her birth in the pure and unconfined regions of heaven, behold, with a blush, the atrocities committed in her name.

Horrible, horrible, most horrible!

* Dr. Pinckard, of Great Russell-Street, Bloomsbury.

“surely, fall under no suspicion of plagiarism. The intent is praise-worthy, and in perfect unison with your charitable mind. Prejudice, I am ready to allow, is a sad bane; and its operation, on the minds of English tourists, but too general: yet there are, I would hope, among our countrymen, some who have removed this moth from their eyes. These, however, still join the throng in one common opinion of this race of aquatics.” I admitted the *opinion*; but not its validity, unless with very large exceptions.

“For my own part, although not yet enough a citizen of the world, to think *any* other country equal to our happy isle,” continued my friend, “nor so much a stay-at-home traveller, as to build my faith, wholly, on the reports of hasty journalists; yet I cannot but confess, after a long residence among them, that I have felt myself inclined to enlist with the multitude, respecting this prominent feature, in the character of the Dutch people. Many instances could I relate to you, that have come within my own observation, which would militate, strongly, against the defence your benevolence induces you to plead in their behalf. On the other hand, it were but just to acknowledge that I have experienced some signal marks of hospitality in these provinces: but I fear you will, inflexibly, class me among the stay-at-home—the prejudiced—the ill-humoured part of our countrymen, when I tell you, that it has, only, been in such *English* families, whose nature has not changed with their change of abode.” “You have been out of luck, my dear Doctor,” said I. “And you,” answered he, “have, surely, been peculiarly happy, in the society you have found, since your arrival here, that the excellent fruit, which others have sought in vain, should seem to present itself, to you, as the common harvest of the country.” Not as the harvest, but very good pickings, indeed, for a Gleaner, Doctor.

“Some,

“Some, I fear, still firm in their faith, may be un-
 “charitable enough to suspect,” resumed he, “that the
 “kind *Mynheers*, and their *Vroues*, with whom you asso-
 “ciate, had received private intimation, that so able, and
 “benevolent an advocate had journied hither to *glean*
 “*them*. Others, alike adhering to their former opinion,
 “speculating on the title of your intended work, will,
 “perhaps, contend that the numerous class, who have
 “preceded you, have brought to market the real crop
 “of the country; whilst a Gleaner, alone, from bending
 “and looking nearer to the soil, and remaining, from
 “the very nature of his labours, longer upon it, hath
 “been enabled to collect the few blades of hospitality, so
 “thinly scattered over the land—and which, having
 “picked up, you, so joyfully, bind in your valuable
 “sheaves.”

I smiled, bowed, and suffered my ingenious friend to proceed,

“A friend of mine, who has spent more time in Hol-
 “land than has yet fallen to the lot, either of you, or
 “myself, has sometimes, said to me, he could almost
 “imagine, that, like their habits, the language of the
 “Dutch did not admit of any term synonymous to, what
 “is generally understood by, the English word *hospitality*;
 “and this being the only part of your work I cannot sub-
 “scribe to, I may confess to you, that from the general
 “want of candour and liberality in their dealings, and
 “the repeated instances of penury and avarice, which
 “I have witnessed, since the time of my becoming a re-
 “sident among them, I have, more than once, been half
 “inclined to think so too.

“At the metropolis, of these states, you will find a
 “certain portion of the city appropriated to the residence
 “of the Jews. This part is called the Jew’s quarter of
 “Amsterdam. Were we to judge from their usual deal-
 “ings, and mode of traffick, with equal propriety might
 “we

“we term the whole country of the Hollanders, *the Jewish quarter of Europe*. Even you, I fear, friendly as you are disposed towards them, cannot but acknowledge, that, to deal with a Dutchman, it behoves every one, to consider himself encountering a Jew, who will, not only, contend as obstinately for the last doight, as old Shylock for the pound of flesh, but who will, certainly, impose, if possible, and take every unfair advantage.”

Just as in England, with an Englishman, my dear friend; but individual vice, or virtue, has nothing to do with national character, said I.

“I have been sorry to learn, that among the English, who have migrated to this country,” observed the Doctor, pursuing his point, “the common reported Dutch principle often proves rapidly contagious, and that, from breathing the same air, they soon imbibe the infection, and degenerate into the amphibious sons of penury and avarice.—Of these Dutchified Britons, some specimens have come under my own observation.”

Why truly, answered I, if I did not “eat in *memory* the custard of yesterday,” I partook at your table, I should think so too.

“As to Leyden,” rejoined my friend, “I am much interested in wishing it may abound in Gleanings. Prepare yourself for a long visit; and remember, that, in the intervals, between your gleanings hours, I shall hope to enjoy the leavings of your society.”

“The tedious and methodic system of bowing, for which the inhabitants of this city have a peculiar fondness, will furnish an ear or two for your store-house. In description, touched by the comic quill, it would afford a facetious morsel for *John Bull*. To such an absurd degree do they carry this custom, that it is common to see them bowing to the window, where an acquaintance

"quaintance occasionally, fits, when no person is near it ;
 "or to a friend's coach, as it passes them in the street, al-
 "though no one be in it.

"Neat and clean as are all the towns in Holland, Ley-
 "den exceeds, perhaps, the whole of them. Its streets
 "—its buildings—its canals, all combine to give it the
 "pre-eminence. It is a place well adapted to study, for,
 "although a large city, it is so still and quiet, that we feel
 "ourselves in perfect retirement. Its university, so much
 "renowned, you will, probably, find to be so closely
 "*mowed, reaped, and raked over and over*, that, in this
 "particular, it offers but a scanty supply to a Gleaner.

"High as the fame of this school was raised by the
 "uncommon talents of the celebrated Boerhaave, it is
 "but little wonderful that the doctrines of that great
 "man should be slow in their decline. In the eyes of the
 "present professors, they have not lost their charms.
 "The humoral pathology has still its admirers—sponta-
 "neous gluten, lentor, and acrimony of the fluids, yet
 "boast their advocates. In Holland, innovations in me-
 "dicine are thought more dangerous, than in politics :
 "political opinions, indeed, excepted, the Dutch have a
 "known dread at every species of change or reform :
 "their perverse and obstinate nature compels them to
 "plod over the old task, coldly refusing all the benefits
 "of new discoveries. To an *élève* of the British schools
 "it is matter of surprise to hear a learned professor sup-
 "porting, with his utmost eloquence, theories which *he*
 "has been taught to consider as old and exploded, and
 "which have been proved hypothetical and absurd."

Talk thus, my friend, said I, and you will meet no in-
 terruption, from the Gleaner, I promise you.

"It seems within the natural course of revolutions,
 "that this celebrated university," said the Doctor,
 "should now yield the palm to Edinburgh ; which, from
 "the great abilities, and ingenuity, of the professors, to-
 "gether

gether with the excellent regulations, and arrangements, for the improvement of the students, is, at this period, beyond all doubt, the first medical school in Europe." I bowed assent.

"In Leyden," continued my friend, "the different branches of natural history are taught with great precision, and with much attention, to methodical, and systematic, arrangement. The botanic garden is, perhaps, unrivalled. It is a most valuable acquisition to the students, being a very extensive, and useful, collection of plants, admirably, and methodically, arranged, according to the Linnæan system.

"The mode of graduation, at this university, may, perhaps, supply a few ears to an industrious Gleaner," I pray you add them to my store, said I. "Most gladly," replied the Doctor. "It has, by some, been said," rejoined he, "that a student offering himself a candidate for a degree, at Leyden, finds little difficulty in passing his examinations. This may be very true, provided he be well prepared, but not otherwise; and, thus, the observation applies, equally, to every other school. The trials, to which the candidate must submit, previous to obtaining his degree, are, perhaps, at no university more severe, certainly, at none more general, and useful, than at Leyden. It may be observed, that the examinations, to which, in any school, a student is subjected, on his seeking literary honours, are, like all subjects, of which we can form no distinct idea, very much magnified by anticipation. He knows not what he has to undergo; but he knows, and feels, powerfully, the possibility of failure, and of being sent back, in disgrace, to his studies. This is sufficient to multiply the magnitude of the task, in his mind, to a something tremendous—to a something that he feels a kind of terror at meeting. To this it is, probably, owing, that, afterwards, when the trial is over, and he has nothing

"further

“ further to apprehend, he reduces it below what he
“ actually found it, and is led to join those who have gone
“ before him, in speaking of the examination, he has
“ passed, as slight or trivial. That this is the fact would
“ seem, indeed, to be proved, by his not being able to
“ impress the next that follows him with these feelings
“ —nor to maintain them, himself, when again called
“ to trial.

“ As this routine has come under my own eye, and has
“ been the subject of my frequent observation, I will, if
“ you please, undertake to glean it for you.

“ The first step, towards a graduation at Leyden, is the
“ student presenting himself before the Rector Magnifi-
“ cus, to have his name registered on the books of the
“ college. This done, he is called to an examination
“ before the Dean; which is a long trial, and of more
“ general, and useful, tendency than is commonly passed
“ in other schools. You understand that I am speaking
“ of a graduate in medicine. If his responses are satisfac-
“ tory, and the Dean thinks him eligible, he is now ad-
“ mitted a candidate for his degree. After a few days,
“ he is called before the Faculty of Medicine. At this
“ meeting, the questions are, usually, confined to some
“ particular viscus of the body, and relate to its situation,
“ structure, and functions; the diseases peculiar to it;
“ and the method of curing such diseases. If the replies
“ are approved by the Faculty, the candidate is next pre-
“ sented with two aphorisms, on which he is to write
“ commentaries, and to appear, with them, at the col-
“ lege, on the following day, at noon, when he under-
“ goes a third examination, by defending the expositions
“ he has written, against the objections of the faculty.
“ It is not until after this third trial, that he can have
“ the satisfaction of knowing whether he will obtain his
“ degree. If, in his answers, he has given proof of his
“ abilities, and his censors think him sufficiently qualified,
“ he

“ he has next to produce a dissertation, on some medical
 “ or philosophical subject, to be approved by the person,
 “ whom, the Dean appoints his promoter. Such appro-
 “ bation being signified to the candidate, he has the pri-
 “ vilege of fixing the period of his fourth or final exami-
 “ nation ; when he is required to defend his dissertation,
 “ in public, before the whole *Senatus Academicus*. The
 “ commentaries, and the dissertations, are written, and the
 “ whole of the examinations passed, in the Latin lan-
 “ guage.

“ The number of students educated at this university,
 “ has much decreased since the days of Boerhaave, but
 “ is still sufficient to add, materially, to the trade, and to
 “ the riches, of the city. They are not restricted to any
 “ regulations, or college rules, as in Oxford and Cam-
 “ bridge, but, as at Edinburgh, are left to their own
 “ industry, and emulation, in the prosecution of their
 “ studies.

“ Many of the inhabitants, at Leyden, have apart-
 “ ments which are kept expressly for the students.
 “ These, are commonly, distinguished by a piece of
 “ board, hung at the window, on which is written *cubicula*
 “ *locanda*.”

A thousand thanks, my dear Doctor, said I, for these
 estimable remarks, about which we agree entirely ; and
 as we only are in contention about the subject of the *hos-*
pitality of the country, you shall in the first instance, give
 me another good dinner, and each of your *English* fami-
 lies another, by way of proving to me how far the imputed
 avarice of the land has been epidemic amongst the British
 residents ; and in return, I will take you, by the hand,
 to as many *Dutch* houses, dinner for dinner, bottle for
 bottle, and, then, we will, at the close of the account, see
 how stands the balance of good-fellowship, and civility.
 “ Agreed,” exclaimed the Doctor, “ and, after all, we
 “ shall, most likely, maintain our present opinions.”

No

No doubt, said I, then, all that can be said, is, that I have been, in this respect, a fortunate—you, a luckless, traveller. We bade each other cordially farewell: and I, now, bid you the same.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Holland.

I THANK you my friend, for the box of English newspapers. They are the “brief chronicles of the times,” and an acceptable present to a British traveller, who feels an anxious desire to know what is doing at home, while he is roaming abroad: and who, be his situation what it may, casts

“Many a longing, lingering, look behind.”

Indeed a man cannot traverse any part of the Continent of Europe, without, almost immediately, pronouncing our country to be the most newspaper-loving nation in the world. Yet it appears to be a mere national prejudice, to tell a stranger the city of London publishes more papers in a week, than the rest of Europe in a year. On my asserting, at what is called a *société*, (club) while at Amsterdam, that the metropolis of England could dispose of near twenty papers of a day, on an average of fifteen hundred each, that the Morning Herald, St. James's Chronicle, and several others, were productive of some thousand pounds a-year, net money, to the proprietors; besides yielding a large sum to the revenue; I was looked
on

on as giving my country a pretty round puff. A sly, old man, who was smoking his pipe in the corner of a coffee-house, where I had made the assertion, observed, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, "Your countrymen ought to be great politicians." He then recapitulated all I had said on the subject, then resorted again to his pipe, still preserving the same incredulous set of tones and features, marking his disbelief of every sentence with a whiff, signifying that it was smoke. "And so you say, Mr. Englishman, your city of London can sell so many thousand prints of a day!" Yes. "Whew!" replied he, "And some of your citizens net a thousand, or two, of English guineas, independently of royal imposts!" More. In answer to this, a drawing in of the breath, and a whiff full in my face; that succeeded by another, as if intended to blind, or suffocate, me for the lie direct.

In despite of this, however, I went on. But our newspapers are not less the vehicles of politics, than of fashion: they are equally adapted to the cabinet of a minister, as to the tea-table of a lady. (The smoker stared, and again drew in.) They are the repositories of our dresses, amusements and amours. (The breath still sucked in strongly.) 'Tis a sort of solecism in politeness, not to have one, at least, served up with breakfast; the aforesaid Morning Herald, the Oracle, Morning Chronicle, Star, Sun, Moon, Diary, Public Advertiser, Gazetteer, or some other. And each costs three stivers, or I believe, since the last regulations, four: but I am convinced if they cost fourteen, the curiosity of the English nation would pay up to their price, and when taken fresh at breakfast, not a Dutch breakfast, without tea-spoons, or sugar, or bread, but with all the luxuries of the tea equipage, an Englishman, "has stomach for them all!" "Ugh!" said the Dutchman, betwixt a sigh and suck!" "Four stivers!" Yes, and persons of condition must have several. In some families, as many as there are cups

and faucers : though they never last longer than the hour of breakfast, which furnishes by the help of these historians of the morning, plenty of slight or substantial topics, for the rest of the day. Love, hate, an enemy to be censured, a friend to be praised, a beauty to be set off, a rival to be decried, a minister to be scouted, an oppositio-nist to be put into his place : a scandal asserted, denied, re-asserted, re-denied. In short, an English newspaper is a book of universal use, knowledge, and information, and is as necessary to a man or woman, of any pretension to taste, as powder in the hair, or a watch in the pocket. The man of smoke had by this time gathered a mouthful : his cheeks inflated, and he looked as if he was taking aim.

Not, continued I, carelessly, that they are universally read. In private houses, there are, on an average, five overlookers to one examiner. The females of a family only skim the scandal and amusements, mixing a little of both with each dish of tea—a kind of sentimental cream, which is said to give a most delightful flavor to the repast : the master of the mansion, betwixt every piece of bread and butter, lays a slice of politics, more relishing to him than the bread and butter itself, and fresh made from that prolific milch-cow, the public : and although when she has yielded a brimming pail, in one column, she frequently kicks it down in the next, till the sweetest intelligence, (whether for or against the ministry) all turns sour on the stomach, the good man would find something wanting were he not to see a fresh supply served up the next morning. Thousands read only the price of stocks, which though contained generally in an inch of news, (here a grand puff at me) is chearfully paid for in the sum of three or four sivers. Thousands divert themselves only with the robberies, murders, deaths, and marriages, all of which might be packed in a walnut shell, and leave room almost for the bankruptcies. When I had gained this sentence, through fire and smoke, all
that

that my principal auditor had collected into his mouth, during the relation, was discharged in my face, which it enveloped in clouds. And, pray, interrogated the puffer, where do you find room for your long history of pick-pockets and highwaymen, for I am told, you have as many rogues in a day as newspapers! What do you take us for, Mr. Traveller: do you recollect that we are too near neighbours, to swallow all this! (swallowing a large quantity of smoke, as if to imitate the action) I insisted upon the truth of my assertions, which made my smoker seriously angry: he shook some of the fire from his pipe, then mouthed it again; and as he walked backwards, and forwards, whiffed off several puffs in succession, insisting that the number of papers published in Amsterdam, did not exceed a paper a day, or two at most, and that they contained all that was necessary; adding, as to amusements, scandal, &c. he looked on them only as skim milk; and the latter still worse—skim milk turned sour. But you Englishmen, as all the world knows, are great *travellers*, and ever ready to take advantage of us, poor, stay-at-home people—he, he, he!! The emphasis on the word *travellers*, and the bitter irony in the laugh, aggravated by the most sarcastic set of snuff-coloured features, in turn, vexed me, and, knowing that a fellow of this cast is best punished by himself, I raised my voice a pitch higher, to inform him, that every syllable I had uttered, respecting the quantity, and quality of English newspapers was true, and that moreover there were tens of thousands, in the city of London, and its environs, who took in, and paid yearly for one or more of the said papers, without reading a paragraph in a month.

This, though, as you know, my friend, literally true, was a great deal too much for my smoke-dried veteran, who, throwing down his pipe, and the price of the coffee, with which he had moistened it, and then throwing an old threadbare blue cloak across his shoulders, took

off his hat with the most ludicrous solemnity, and hobbled off, thanking me for my *BRUSSELS Gazette Extraordinary*. When he was gone some German gentlemen observed, that they saw I was resolved to play on the old fellow, and that he deserved it for his rudeness; and, indeed for his not seeing more clearly, I was in jest; for, added they, we live in a very large town in Germany, where the English paper comes from London, and had been told it was the best of the three to be had in that city.

Such are the prejudices of nations. But I perceive amongst the bundles you have sent me, is a *Gazette Extraordinary indeed*. You have marked one paragraph therein with your pencil, and archly underwrote this brief epitaph, *Alas, poor Gleaner!* In the very instant that I thus sport with the pen, holding it lightly between my fingers, corresponding to the lightness of my heart, which bounds with pleasure on the receipt of your letter and parcel; and at the novelty of unclouded spirits, after the depressions of sickness, *I see that I am dead*. I breathed my last, it seems at Coblenz. As I purpose Gleaning that city in due time, I intend to pay due respect to the spot where I was buried, visit my own grave, and write my own epitaph. Though you humourously inform me that has been already done for me in a very handsome manner, by my friends, in England. This is the third time in the course of my life, that I have been put to death, in the newspapers, without my consent or knowledge.

“Thrice they slew the slain.”

And, let me assure you,

“Thrice have I liv’d again.”

True, indeed, I was taken out of the world suddenly, and once went off after a lingering sickness. But to shew that the principle of charity still survives in me, I forgive all those who have had a hand in my death, with all my heart; and really, at this good natured moment, feel a sort of reluctance, at the impossibility of giving my friends

friends this public satisfaction of knowing I am in the land of the living, without, at the same time, disappointing those, if any such there be, who have derived any satisfaction in numbering me with the dead. By way of consolation, however, I will have the kindness to inform them that, notwithstanding,

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,"

"In all my griefs, and God has giv'n my share,"

I am just now in general good spirits and health, they may expect in something less than a hundred years, to have the pleasant intelligence confirmed. Meantime, I heartily wish them, and you, my friends and enemies, the comfort of being killed only upon paper, for many years to come; with the additional *agrément* of revisiting the country where they died as often as they please! If it contains the lovely scenery which blooms round Coblenz, where I have been so long entombed; and which scenery I have in store for you; their happy ghosts, mistaking it, perhaps, for the Elysian Fields, might not "be fond to resign it."

But, gracious Providence! what will not *we hear*, and *Pont dit*, those two well-informed personages, who know every thing that has, and has *not* happened, say? Since I have been upon the Continent, I have been assured of so many events having taken place to myself and others, not one of which ever did, will, or can happen, in politics, in civil, or in *uncivil* matters, that, methinks it would be a pleasant work to bring under one point of view, a collection of *Pon dits*, and *we hears*, or the rumour book of *what was said to be*, which was not, for the new-year. It might be published, you know, with the almanacks, and, I question, whether even Mr. Newberry ever yet offered his little or great readers, a book half so full of pretty and wonderful *stories*.

But in another of the papers you have sent me, I discover a second pencil mark, accompanied by requests
thus

thus expressed: "This must be Gleaned." You remember, it is opposite the little funeral tribute I paid to the death-devoted horse, of my beloved friend*, to whom the public are indebted; and a large debt it is, for introducing the three greatest poets of Greece into England, and in an English dress, as rich, graceful, and flowing, as the robes of their own country. You have a passage too, in your letter, importing, that the petitionary verses of this poor steed, will serve as a very proper counterpart to the history I have given of my own aged horse in our first sheaf; and desire to preserve them from the fate of fugitive papers, or the flying sheets of the day, in our, I hope, more permanent correspondence. Here then, in obedience to your wishes, I insert,

THE ADDRESS

OF

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE,

TO

HIS MASTER,

Who, on account of his (the horse) being unable from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had sentenced him to be shot.

I.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet Master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

II.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my Master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

III.

For oh to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious Master on this back I bore!

IV.

* Mr. Potter, Prebend of Norwich.

IV.

Thrice told ten years, have danc'd on down along,
 Since first these way-worn limbs to him I gave;
 Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young,
 The kindest master and the happiest slave.

V.

Ah, years sweet-smiling, now for ever flown,
 Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!
 Yet, as together we are aged grown,
 Let us together wear our age away.

VI.

For still the times, long past, are dear to thought,
 And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,
 To youth, and joy, all change of seasons brought,
 Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

VII.

Ev'n when thy lovesick heart felt fond alarms,
 Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears;
 Did I not bear thee to the fair one's arms,
 Assure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

VIII.

And hast thou fix'd my death, sweet master, say?
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live, I pray,
 A little longer hobble round thy door.

IX.

Ah, could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate,
 And yet, in vain thy heart for life shall plead,
 If Nature has deny'd a longer date.

X.

Alas! I feel, 'tis Nature dooms my death,
 I feel, too sure, 'tis pity deals the blow;
 But, ere it falls, oh Nature take my breath,
 And my kind Master shall no bloodshed know.

XI.

Ere the last hour of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me, old and poor;
 Timely shall save me from the uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

Suffer

Suffer me to connect with this, the poetical address
of my own old horse, to the noble patroness who saved
him from death,

THE GLEANER'S STEED

TO

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

*Who preserved him from Labour and Famine after One-and-twenty
Years hard Work.*

Written in Mr. Pope's Gardens.

AS late my master, not to fame unknown,
Who, touch'd with pity, "mark'd me for his own;"
Ev'n when—ah fate severe!—diseas'd I lay,
To pain, to want, and fiercer MAN a prey:
Weak, old, and poor, when not a friend was nigh,
Till *He* was sent by fav'ring sympathy—
As late my master gently rode along,
In June's fair morning, meditating song,
We saw, at length, fam'd Twick'nam's tuneful shade,
Seat of the Muse, and fervent thus I pray'd:
O soul of him, who once these scenes adorn'd,
Friend of the gentle Gay, who never scorn'd
Our hapless tribe, but taught us to rehearse
Our wants, our wishes, hopes and fears, in verse;
Taught us to triumph o'er the reasoning brute,
And made us often umpire in dispute;
Do thou, on this blest spot, the lay impart,
That speaks the language of a grateful heart.
Ah grant the power in numbers to relate,
How much I owe the soother of my fate;
To her, whose kind and hospitable care
Preserv'd my being in the last despair,

I have observed to you that the Muse of Sympathy
gleaned these lines in Mr. Pope's gardens at Twickenham;
but the same visit, you remember, was productive of a few
verses sacred to the delightful bard, whose poetic scenes
the Gleaner was then surveying. This is the place to
preserve

preserve them, and you say they were worthy of preservation. They were written an hour after leaving the place; and here they are.

DEEM not, O spirit of the bard divine,
I came a spoiler to thy tuneful shrine,
Tho' from thy consecrated tree I bore
One weeping spray, and robb'd thy mineral store!
With more than pilgrim fervor to my breast,
The sacred reliques were devoutly prest:
Full of the power that mark'd the hallow'd spot,
"Where nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought."
In every nerve I felt the kindling flame:
And warm from thee, the inspiration came,
From thee ALONE—untouch'd by "Stanhope's scope";
The scenes that charm'd me were the scenes of Pope.

But as the day on which these lines were written, was wholly dedicated to the Muse, so I beg may be this letter, which shall be closed by one more home-made copy of verses, on a heart-felt occasion, the alarming sickness of my beloved Mr. Potter. This is a Gleaning which the world will accept with smiles for the sake of the subject.

If magic song, by every Muse inspir'd,
Enrich'd by science, and by genius fir'd;
If wit, by wisdom chasten'd and refin'd,
Learning's strong power, with fancy's glow combin'd;
If generous passions, by the soul approv'd,
And gentlest feelings, never weakly mov'd;
If virtues, such as these, may claim thy care,
Giver of health! attend a suppliant's prayer.
With healing on his wing, thy angel send
To save the bard, the father, and the friend!

The prayer was heard. My venerable friend yet lives, to the triumph of the Gleaner and the world.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Haarlem.

NOTWITHSTANDING my avowed and inveterate quarrel with brick and mortar, I should be strongly tempted to woo the descriptive Muse, and make a long pause in this charming town, till she assisted me to sing the various beauties of Mr. Hope's delightful villa, but, for a reason stronger than the temptation, and yet the most simple that can be imagined, namely, because it truly "*beggars* description."

Into this little Paradise the worthy proprietor has contrived to bring every thing that the arts, or their happiest votaries could furnish, that fortune could procure, or taste arrange. Could we suppose a man of the finest fortune to be at the same time a man of the finest taste, which is, by the bye, supposing a very rare assemblage, and which the Gods who made him poetical commonly refuse; and could we even to these possessions adjoin the most correct judgment, the house at Haarlem would be the exact residence of so adorned a proprietor; since it actually contains and illustrates whatever

"Painting can express,

"Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

It contains also, my friend, what is far better than either poetry or painting—an highly estimable character, being, indeed, but one thing more elegant and beautiful than this villa, and that is, the heart of its owner, which is amongst "the noblest works of God." Every person of every description is the historian of Mr. Hope; and he

he is one of the very rare exceptions of being spoken well of by every body, and deserving it. These universally-praised characters, being, I have observed, nine times out of ten, the objects of determined panegyric, nobody knows why or wherefore; just in like proportion as those whom this same every body has selected as a mark,

“For scorn to point the moving finger at,”

is deserving better report. I have, at this moment, the honour, and it is my pride also, to know a man of whom all possible ill has been publicly spoken, and who merits a character where* thousands, whom he has melted by his charity, animated by his affection, or informed by his wisdom, have written it—in their heart’s core—where, long since, I have written your’s, my friend: and this most excellent and most abused man is still labouring under a load of accusations that a fiend would blush at.

The trial of Warren Hastings is as much the conversation abroad as at home, and it is uniformly spoken of with wonder, generally with indignation, as the darkest ingratitude of his countrymen for preserving their country! a recompense too often attending the publick benefactor of every country.

Although, in point of *correspondence*, I have now brought you, my estimable friend, no farther than Haarlem; in point of *travel*, I have therein mingled the remarks of some years, and you will, all along, understand that whatever I offer is the result of my frequent visits or residence as well in Holland, as other countries. The reflections, therefore, which I present to you, are rarely the consequence of immediate notice at the moment of writing to you, but are strong confirmations of what has been seen and felt during the course of those residences and visits, fully resolved to exemplify what the valuable Dr. Moore (whose observations are not more sprightly than solid) has said on this very subject, viz. “truly to know people
“and

“and places it is absolutely necessary to reside in, and
“amongst them, a considerable time.”

It is then, after having, in a tour of some years, round and across many countries (which a rapid trippist would have skimmed with a dizzy kind of speed, that sees nothing distinctly, and which certainly a right-on traveller might pass in a few weeks,) that I will now give you the collected evidence of different countries, gleaned at different opportunities, on the subject of the prosecution still, as you inform me, carrying on in Westminster-Hall.

No man, who has not been abroad, can conceive the degree of astonishment, which accompanies the slightest mention of this matter to foreigners. They asked the Gleaner for an explanation of paradoxes. “Why do you bring to a tribunal of publick justice a publick benefactor? Why are you making him poor, who hath made you rich? Why do the Indians uniformly sing the praises of the man, whom the English have selected for censure, on the pretence of his having dealt cruelly by those very Indians, who are the loudest in his panegyric?” The Gleaner tells them, that the like questions are continually made (without receiving any satisfactory reply) by the people of England. He owns himself to be one of the thousands who want sagacity to solve the most palpable contradictions; and that, therefore, he is bewildered, like themselves, to account for the supposed union of the darkest vices, and brightest virtues, in the same mind: or how the most melting charity and savage, hard-hearted avarice, the softest affections, and most despotic exercise of the worst passions, the most boundless generosity, with the most sordid exaction, can assemble in the same bosom. But, say they, we understand that the chief conductor of these contradictions is a man of splendid talents and virtues, and that he has brought himself to believe his accusations well-founded, although he

he cannot but know that the excesses of virtue and vice in the same character are incompatible. That the best men have frailties we all admit; and that the worst have some qualities less pernicious and detestable than others, is no less unquestionable; but to be at once eminently distinguished for tenderness, and rigour, for bounty and rapacity, for honourable dealing, and for disgraceful tricking, are contrarieties that nature herself forbids to meet: "And yet your nation has found them to cohere in the breast of Mr. Hastings," observe they, "since we do not find that the most virulent of those who are brought in evidence against him, deny him this strange mixture of qualities. Tell us the fact?"

I must beg, returned the Gleaner, to decline involving myself and you in the labyrinths of this question, the answers to which have, for more than three years past filled the presses of Great Britain; and the puzzle remains. But of the man thus accused of every thing base, on the one hand, and to whom has been attributed every thing great and good on the other, I will give you a little anecdote, which may assist you, perhaps, more than all that has been written, to form your own judgment. It is, indeed, a very minute incident, yet of great account as to that part of your question which enquires after general disposition and character. I shall only presume that the truth of the circumstance is indubitable.

"This most injured and most excellent man, (says the recorder of the anecdote) was walking at early day in his pleasure grounds, near Windsor, when were exhibited the following traits of a heart replete with the noblest virtues, though charged with the foulest crimes.

"As an unseen spectator," continues the relater, "I beheld Warren Hastings going along a narrow path-way, in a zig-zag kind of manner, sometimes stopping suddenly,

“ suddenly, sometimes cautiously setting his foot forward,
“ retrograde, and side-way, as if he trod with fear and
“ trembling: and this circumspect movement continued
“ till he was lost to my view amidst the windings of the
“ walk. So strange a procedure, however, strongly ex-
“ cited my curiosity, and I left the chamber in which I
“ was sitting, to explore the cause. On reaching the spot,
“ I perceived an emmet’s nest on one side of the walk,
“ and the industrious proprietors of it called forth by the
“ warmth of the morning, had spread themselves over
“ the path-way. The design of the destroyer of so many
“ thousands of the human race was studiously to avoid
“ doing any injury to these poor ants. I traced, with a
“ kind of benevolent joy, the Governor-General’s foot-
“ steps, in which crooked, irregular, and broken, as they
“ were, I could plainly perceive the impression of the
“ tenderest heart, whose very instincts were bountiful.
“ It would have touched, warmed, and melted a philan-
“ thropist, to trace the marks of such genuine humanity
“ along the sand. In one place, where I had observed
“ Mr. Hastings to stoop down, he had been at the trou-
“ ble to repair with his hands the depredations of his feet,
“ by rebuilding the little populated hillock, whose sides
“ he had inadvertently damaged; and at another part,
“ where I had noticed him to make a large stride, the
“ busy creatures were gathered together in a kind of
“ foraging party, which, but for that generous stride, he
“ must have exterminated. The feeling this gave pene-
“ trated my whole frame: but as I am of an ardent tem-
“ per, I should have set down some part of my emotion
“ to those constitutional propensities, had not my recital,
“ dearest friend, of this little anecdote to all orders of
“ people, friends and enemies of the man, convinced me
“ the feeling produced in all other minds was the same,
“ and arising from the same cause. The heart asked
“ spontaneously, whether he who could thus act towards
“ a hillock

“ a hillock of poor ants would trample under foot all the laws of humanity, and prove the scourge of his fellow-creatures, over whose lives and properties he had equal power of doing good or evil ?” The heart thus questioning does not receive a reply solely from the affections, for reason herself gives in an answer. Rigorous as she is in her judgments, sometimes, where the sympathising affections are most indulgent, she hesitates not on this occasion, to pronounce, that the person capable of such an unseen, unostensible action is constitutionally and habitually incapable of those cruelties, with which he stands impeached. I have here used the word *constitutionally*, as implicating a *natural* incapacity to act contrary to the ruling passion of the man, whose forbearance to commit acts of barbarity may be considered rather as an instinct than a virtue ; and I should think Warren Hastings might be found innocent of *cruelties* on the simple argument of moral and physical impossibility to act the part of a tyrant. Do not, at the same time, suppose I am ignorant of the sneer with which certain profound criticks would, and will, treat the important inferences drawn from these premises. Those who judge of the bias of the human mind only from *great events*, will smile at the conceit of honourably acquitting a State criminal on the evidence of his forbearing to crush a nest of insects, whose death or preservation, say they, weighs nothing in the scale of human offences. In answer to all which, I shall only beg to refer all such lovers of the sublime to an honest scrutiny into their *own hearts*, where, if they have found, when alone, a disposition to exercise undue authority over their birds, domestic animals, or even the flies that are sporting on their window, in short, to vex or harass any thing within their power, or under their protection, (I mean when they were in that early stage of life, when reason and natural tenderness, or natural cruelty, for I fear such things are begun in their *first* displays and exercises) they will have

have a clear conviction of the importance of those apparent trifles in the judgment which they enable us to form of human hearts, and characters, during the rest of life: since our vices like our virtues,

“Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength,”

and my observations have never yet been able to accommodate me with an exception, to this very broad general rule, viz. as a tender hearted youth (I speak not of an infant) never, even by the force of ill influence and example, makes a hard-hearted man, without first suffering many “compunctious visitings of nature,” so a cruel disposition, manifested in our *first* childhood, is carried on to our *second*, changing its object, but not its tyranny.

Of the truth of this assertion, you are yourself, my invaluable friend, an example, in respect to the first part. I have attended the progress of your being from its earliest dawn to its present full meridian. Every thing committed to your care was the happier for it.—While yet in your babyhood, this natural benignity discovered itself. Was a lamb to be domesticated? a chicken, straying from its mother, or too weak to bear the rigours of the season, to be fostered? I remember well you were appointed the nurse, and were to be entrusted with its life or death. From that hour Humanity marked you for her own; and you have honoured her adoption. The objects of your benevolence have of course varied. To the lamb, which was to be of your household, and to the chicken, which had wandered from its parent, succeeded the helpless being, who had not wherewithal to make its bed, or find a shelter from the storm. The monarch, Passion, ripened into a monarch, Principle; and if in the course of my long, long absence from your loved society, I was to hear that you had been impeached for numberless high crimes and misdemeanours, of which the basis was *inhumanity*, I should

I should say, that if your senses remained, your kind-heartedness remained also; and that, although considering the imperfection of our being, you might be seduced into many frailties, weaknesses, &c. &c. you must have been born again, and with diametrically a contrasted disposition, before you *could* be inhuman. And on this principle I would answer for your innocence, or that of any man, with my life. Thus, in cases of tender-heartedness and tyranny,

" Trifles light as air,

" Are confirmations strong

" As proofs of Holy Writ."

Your mind will not simply pardon, but reverence this digression, and return with me to Mr. Hope's villa.

To this beautiful place every respectable traveller may gain admittance. Since nothing but the living eye can do it justice, I trust you will profit of this urbanity in the proprietor. In the music-room there is a pretty invention for receiving the sounds, without seeing the instruments, by which means you may suppose them to be aerial; and, indeed, when this saloon is filled with beautiful women below, and harmonious instruments above, as is often the case on public nights, it requires very little enthusiasm, to feel, and exclaim, it is heavenly.

Four objects of very different kinds will excite the curiosity of a stranger in the neighbourhood and town of Haarlem, *viz.* the beauty of the flowers, the whiteness of the linen, the almost celestial sounds of the celebrated organ, and the first specimens of Laurence Coster, in the art of printing.

In regard to the first, a florist may see his favourite passion carried to the greatest excess and perfection, no less a sum than 5000*l.* being given for a tulip root; and there is such a rivalry in the amateurs, that a person has been known to destroy himself, on finding the tulip of a

neighbour more beautifully streaked or blown than his own.

The linen bleacheries of Haarlem are an object of real curiosity. The superior whiteness of the cambricks, threads, &c. manufactured here, has been attributed to the slimy water of the Meer, a vast lake in this neighbourhood. However that be, it is certain, the purest lily, in the gardens, must yield in colour to the linen that covers their tables. Indeed, throughout Holland, the article of beautiful linen, both at bed and board, is a luxury we shall in vain look for in every other country. The most ordinary inn, the cottages of the peasantry, and even the cabins of the public boats, exhibit such sheets, towels, and table-cloths, that, if we connect with these, the excessive cleanliness of the floors, furniture, and kitchen utensils, we should not hesitate to pronounce in a *hasty* gleaning, that the Dutch were the neatest people upon earth. I say, in an *hasty* gleaning, because in going over the same ground, and its appurtenances, a second time, some things, so much the reverse of neatness, will be found, that the Dutch are brought upon the whole to a level with the most dirty nation upon the face of the globe: but as every man, who stays long enough, will see, feelingly, this truth, I will pass over the particulars, except such specimens as I gave in a former letter.

With respect to printing, Strasbourg disputes with Haarlem the honour of that useful, and beautiful, invention; but on comparing the pretensions, those of Haarlem appear to be the best founded. It is scarce necessary to remind you, that Coster, who is said to be the discoverer of this noble art, hit upon it as he was walking in the wood adjoining the town. For want of other amusement, he cut the letters of his name on the bark of a tree, then stampt them upon paper as a seal, and being struck with the impresson, he conceived he could render it more lively by engraving the same letters on lead.

This

This also succeeding, he made a third essay on pewter, and erected a printing-office in his own house.

To Haarlem then we owe the birth of a man whom literature must consider as its benefactor and parent. After so many ages passed in the darkness of incommunicable ignorance, the torch of science was then kindled. Genius, wisdom, and the affections, had a wider range, and at once the book, and the light of knowledge was diffused over the world.

The first specimens of the art being given by Coster, Etiennes soon spread it with improvements through France; Manutius (the inventor of the Italic characters) through Italy, and the Plantins through the Netherlands. Of Plantin's high degree of perfection in the art, the famous Poliglotte, of Antwerp, is a sufficient proof.

Lawrence Coster is one of the very few to whose talents public gratitude has erected a memorial. His statue is in the Botanic garden of this town. I have just visited the house he inhabited, over the door of which I glean the following inscription, engraved in golden letters: had they been of diamond, his fame deserves them.

“*Memoriæ sacrum. Typographia, ars artium conservatio:
nunc primum inventa circa annum 1440.*”

Every man of great talents or achievements makes an infinite number of poets, good, bad, and indifferent. I have been shewn a volume sacred to the inventor of printing, and truly I am able to glean only the following couplet, deserving your perusal:

“*Illius arte artes omnes, linguæque renatæ
Et sparsa in mediâ lux nova nocte fuit.*”

The Catholic religion is tolerated here, and its votaries are so numerous, that each Catholic family is obliged to put on the door of the house, the letter C. that the ministers of the reformed church, in making their visits *ex*

officio, should know their own flocks, and not stray into another man's fold.

Haarlem Meer is as dreary a body of water as can well be looked on; it is not always passed without hazard: of which one might glean numberless instances. Amongst others that which follows.

The king of Bohemia having been dethroned, and driven out of the palatinate by the Emperor, took sanctuary in Holland. He left Haarlem, says the anecdote, towards the evening, in the month of December. The night proved very dark, and the lake tempestuous, when a boat falling foul of that in which he was sailing, sunk it directly. The King saved himself by swimming; but his eldest son, who had been the companion and solace of his exile, was drowned. It is added, that the last words of the young prince, were—"Ah! save me, dear father, save your son:" and that those of the King, in his last illness, almost at the moment of his death, were a repetition of this pathetic, but unavailing request.

A man, says Carter, can hardly go through a street of Haarlem, without seeing some objects that remind him of the history of the country. This is a truth which few travellers have allowed themselves time to be acquainted with, as Haarlem is generally looked upon to be a mere thoroughfare to Amsterdam, which is complimented with notice just in the degree that this town is slighted.

The ruins of the old castle here, wherein the burghers besieged the Lord of the place for his tyranny, are still to be seen. This siege would have cost him his life, if his lady had not capitulated to surrender, on condition that she should be allowed to bring out of the castle as much of the valuable goods as she could carry on her back. This article being agreed to, she took her husband on her shoulders, preserving him in this manner from their fury, and left the place to their mercy; which by the bye they were well disposed to shew, on account of the pleasant de-

vice

vice which had saved her lord, and put the enemy into a good humour.

There was a notable wife for you. Perhaps, wicked wits, the slanderers of the lovely sex, who, as Pope says, "libel all the fair," would insinuate that many of our modern married dames would content themselves with carrying out their jewel box, and leave their husbands behind them. But wicked wits may assert what they please; I am so far from assisting their scandal, that I can never suspect this to happen, unless in the general hurry of securing No. 1, No. 2 should be forgotten: as who can answer for the effects of fear upon the memory; and at such a time too, when you know the first law of nature presses for obedience. No! depend on it, should a husband be overlooked in a lady's treaty of safety, it could only proceed from a little inadvertence, or a very laudable design, to leave behind what was not worth carrying away. Such opportunities, you know do not happen often:

" There is a tide in the affairs of women,

" Which, taken at their ebb, lead on

" To widowhood and second marriage :"

And this is one of them.

But Haarlem, it seems, was at all times popular for its gallant females. Historians mention almost as many heroines as heroes, who defended the town in the memorable siege of 1573. Strada tells us, that making use of the invention peculiar to them, in the *moment critique*, they conversed with the Prince of Orange by pigeons as couriers, but which, being discovered, by one of them settling upon a tent of the Spanish camp, the enemy shot all these winged expresses about the town, and put an end to the winged intercourse. During the siege of this castle, the soldiers who fought for it within, finding it impossible to receive any succours from without, were compelled at last

last to surrender, after being reduced to eat leather, grass, and every other thing that could prevent them from either being starved or vanquished.

More than three centuries back, there has been established a tradition, which has the suffrage of successive historians, but of which the modern reader may believe as much as he pleases, that a mermaid was cast ashore by a storm near this town, and was brought to eat bread and milk, and to spin, and in short, to become a very useful servant in the house where she was nourished. It is said she would frequently pull off her clothes without many reserves, as to where or before whom she *unmade her toilette*, and run towards the water, her old element, but that she would return to her new one, after having taken an hour or two and seen what her friends were about at the bottom of Haarlem Lake. By way, however, of keeping this aquatic damsel, and her biographers, in countenance, authors mention a male of the same species to have been taken in England about the same time. But then this young gentleman was by no means of so gracious a disposition as the young lady, being very sulky, feeding only on fish—"a most scurvy monster," as Trinculo says, so his keeper finding him *intractable*, left him to his own sullen devices, upon which he stole off again to sea.

This story is told with great gravity, aye, and to this hour with great gravity believed too, by the good Haarlemites.—But, "by this good light, he must be a very shallow, a very credulous monster," that believes it, without some grains of allowance.

Yet this is nothing, my dear friend, either in point of marvel or of evidence, to a story that prevails in Holland, respecting a Countess of Hennenberg, daughter of Florence the IVth, one of the ancient Counts of Zealand. This curious event, which has the antiquity and credit of
more

more than five hundred years upon it, happened at a little village about four miles from the Hague.

The Countess meeting one day a woman with twins in her arms, upbraided her as unchaste, because, said she, people may say what they please, but I shall never be brought to believe a woman can have two children at once by one man. Hereupon the countess refused her charity; when the good woman hearing herself not only denied the alms she solicited, but reproached at the same time for incontinency, wished that her ladyship, who was then pregnant, might have as many children as there were days in the year. This malediction was fulfilled upon the uncharitable Margaret, who was delivered of exactly three hundred and sixty-five children, who were all baptized by Guido, suffragan of Utrecht. All the males were named John; and all the females Elizabeth; and to make the prophecy tell better, it is roundly asserted, that all died the same day, with their mother. Now, that those who are of little faith, may be put into the way of enlarging it, we are informed, that one of these children is still to be seen in the Musæum Regium, at Copenhagen, where the curious, who are disposed to search into this prodigy, may satisfy themselves, whether it be true or false; and as curiosity is seldom any thing more than another name for *busy idleness*, I cannot but think a journey of this kind to the full as laudable as that which carries a man to Grand Cairo, to measure a pyramid, or to any other modern resort of travellers on modern motives.

At the same time I must tell you, Erasmus relates, and seems to give credence to this event: so do four other authors of distinction. In the village church there is a board fixed to the wall, with a long inscription, giving an account of the whole matter, and also the two brass basons, in which the children were baptized with this distich under them:

En tibi monstrosum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.

The tradition however serves a moral purpose; for the event being considered, by the common people especially, as a judgment upon pride, uncharitableness, and contempt of the poor, I am told there has not been known a gossip, male or female, who has *said* a scandalous thing of a neighbour these hundred years, though the parish register gives a yearly list of births, exceeding the marriages in a *ratio* of five to one.

After all, I allow the arguments of an advocate for this monstrous birth, when he says, prodigies do sometimes happen: and that an eminent modern writer is wrong in asserting absolutely, *Hunc partum post aliquot secula confictum, ad fabulas pertinere aniles, placitisque physicorum repugnare*. The origin of the present royal family of Great Britain from the Dukes of Bavaria and Saxony is remarkable enough: and its verity is insisted on.

Germentrude, Countess of Altorf, in Swabia, having accused a poor woman of adultery, and caused her to be punished for having twelve children at a birth, was soon after delivered of twelve sons herself: Her husband, Count Isenberg, being then absent, to avoid the same scandal, she ordered the midwife to carry out of the house eleven, and put them to death: The Count, however, happening to come home at that instant, asked the midwife what she had in her apron; and she answered *woelpen*, that is, puppies, or *whelps*. Hereupon, insisting to see them, she confessed the whole affair, and the Count, in consequence, enjoining secrecy, had them put out to nurse. Six years after he invited most of his own and his wife's relations to a banquet, and in the midst of their jollity, brought out his eleven sons all dressed alike. The Countess owned her fault, and the Count was in too good an humour not to forgive her, but in remembrance
of

of this singular preservation he ordered the children to be called *Guelphs*. From the eldest of these descended Henry Guelph, Count of Altorf, whom the Emperor, Conrad II. afterwards made Duke of Bavaria.

I jnst now recollect the well-attested account of a third sea-monster, which appeared on the coast of Martinico, in the year 1671, and which may be considered as a very good match for the Haarlem Mermaid. He had the figure of a man from the head to the waist, a good shape, large eyes and nose, a full face, and long hair, which flowed over his shoulders, with a very good complexion. The lower parts resembled those of a fish. He shewed himself above the waves, for the first time, about an hour before sunset, and swam to shore. He then walked along the beach, and did not go again into water till nightfall. Those who discovered him, assert that he seemed to be extremely gentle, and stood looking at them for some time, without any signs of apprehension as might have been expected. Another of the same kind appeared, the same year, near Belle-isle.

But enough of monsters; the bell-boat informs me, the schuyts are setting off for Amsterdam, and were it not so, it is time to bring this long letter to a conclusion, and bid you very affectionately adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

IT has but just suggested itself to me, that I have sent you now more than two large volumes of letters, principally without dates. This would certainly be a mortal offence in commercial correspondence, but I do not, by any means, think it unpardonable in an intercourse, such as ours.

You know the *places* at which I am resident. The known distance of these, and the no less known progress of the posts and mails, allowing for “*moving accidents by flood and field*,” are in themselves an explanation of dates, as to weeks and months, and as to the *day* of the week, or hour of the day, on which I begin to write, it is as little material, as if I was to send you a critical account of the time I take in writing my letter by a stop watch. Besides all this, whenever I sit down to address a friend, my heart is so full of affection, and throbs so strongly to pour forth its effusions, with all the ardour and rapidity of Nature, that, in the outset, I cannot stop to settle the chronology of my correspondence, and really as often forget the day of the month as I remember it, and even when the latter happens to be the case, there is so little of mere mechanical authorship in my letters to you, that it is frequently a wonder that I allow myself time to tell you, by any other way than the subjects of the letter, where I am; and I dare say, it may have happened that you have received some of my communications without any other intelligence whence they came, than you have been able to *glean* from the matter treated of.

Furthermore,

Furthermore, I have always been disgusted with your over-exact journal travellers, the half of whose books are taken up with the very interesting news of their day's journey. At six o'clock, in very fine or foul weather, they left England. A sweet or a four ride down to Harwich or Dover; a very sick and sorry passage over the waters; very hungry on getting to the inn; ate heartily, or could not touch a morsel; reached the shore exactly at three quarters and three seconds after four in the evening; sat down to dinner just as the clock had given warning to strike six; post-horses were ordered precisely at seven, but did not come to the door till thirty-two minutes, five seconds, and one-fourth of a moment, before eight; got to the next stage at half-past eleven; hurried supper, which came on at twelve, and was over before half after; people saucy; victuals bad; worse dressed; bill high; beds execrable; and sat down to write these observations on the manners and customs, as soon as I reached my chamber, betwixt sleeping and waking; shall put this into the post-office to go by the returning mail; and will *continue* to give you an account of every thing I hear and see as I go along.

Helvoet sluice.

Calais, Sept. 18, 179—2, 3, 4.

Sixteen minutes, 2 seconds past 1, P. M.

Here is, to be sure, a little exaggeration, into which the spirit of burlesque imitation naturally hurries one; but the colouring is not very strong; and I have a thousand times been made sick, with the like nauseating scrupulosity. What is it better than the tedious logbook of a landfman, in which every thing of no moment is recorded, and all that affects, interests, touches, or informs, is omitted!

Very proper certainly for the counting-house, and the courts of justice, and for all the literature of *Meum* and

Tuum.

Tuum. But what is it to my private friends, (supposing them satisfied that I am not in want of these daily comforts) or what is it to the public at large, whether I got into the coach at six, or at twelve; reached the boat in the morning, or in the evening; sat down to dinner at seven or eight; or began to write a journal about nothing at one hour or at another? Away with such minute chronologists!

For myself, I observe at leisure, and write in haste—I glean, ear by ear, what lies in my path, or on either side, I stoop with patient diligence, and gather whatever I think may give pleasure or information to my bosom's friend. The intervals of weeks and months, it is true, often separate one letter from another; but all that time I am assiduously, though silently, proceeding; and while (either from the richer sheaves of *another*, I select what is most valuable, from the mass of what appears to me of no account, or to my *own*, I give arrangement and spirit.) I am so occupied I appear to be in a manner conversing with you in particular, and in general with all I love and have left behind. Every particular friend, indeed, has his character of mind and pleasure distinct and appropriate. In the secret of his habits, I feel frequently gratifying them as I go on. Such as delight in the repose of solitude, and such as appreciate the clamour of the world take their turn in my thoughts, as I paint the scenes and places, (or lay up materials for them in my notebook), which differently affect them. Does Nature spread her blooms before me, as I pass or sojourn in a far country—Is the eye regaled by prospects, or the ear by melodies, before unseen and unheard—I softly whisper to myself, as I take out my tablets, this is imagery, which will exactly suit the fancy of one friend. Are my affections assailed by a touch of genuine nature as she works in the
human

human breast—I strike my pensive bosom, and say, this is a Gleaning that will reach the heart of another. Is my soul agitated by the sublime, or torn by the tender exhibitions of finely imitated nature on a foreign theatre—How, exclaim I, will a third friend sympathize with *this* Gleaning.—In a word, all the time (though months intervene), that I am going over the country, or the town, “with pensive steps and slow,” I am holding “communion high and dear with those whom no absence can obliterate; nor, even, any estrangements can make me think of without the sigh of an absent friend, who cannot but remember they have afforded him many a delightful conversation, and many a blissful idea since they parted.” And though, perhaps, it is a parting to meet no more—the memory

“That such things were,

“And were most precious to me, is blissful still.

But see how my heart has run away with my hand. I fet out simply with an apology, or rather justification for neglect of dates—but

“With thee conversing, I forget all time,

“All seasons, and their change.”

I forget that I am writing from one of the most clamorous cities in the whole world; and that, at this very moment, cars, coaches, wheel-barrows, and their more noisy attendants, are passing by the window at which I write; yet, so veritable is every word of what I have hitherto fet in this letter, so superior is the rapid progress of animating nature, to all the mechanical feelings, and impediments of art, that I have scarcely heard the din. Wonder not, therefore, that I overlook dates. I overlook in the flow of my affections, much more necessary things. With much energy is my heart filled, and so powerfully does it hasten to give up its effusions, when
once

once the pen is in my hand, that when the pen, unable to keep pace with the impetuosity of my affections, grows weary, or is worn out, with marking them upon paper, I do not believe, (though I have never tried), I could bring myself to the mechanism of tearing myself from you, to look for another, or mend that my ardour has tired, on any consideration. And this must account to you for the illegibility of most part of my correspondence. I mention this not so much in the way of excuse for bad writing, as to exemplify the motives of it, which are really those of sincere affection. For I repeat to you, that I glean my materials of correspondence deliberately, I write at the fullest speed of the heart, when those materials are to be put down, and I always know the degree of love I bear a person, by the general hand writing of the letter I am about to transmit. Take then these almost undecypherable hieroglyphics, as so many instances of the energy and vivid powers of my friendship. If I loved you less, you should have better writing. Every page should carry all the formal ceremonies of polite indifference, all the freezing regularities of a correspondence that gives and receives letter for letter: and the debt of our epistolary intercourse should be settled with the precision, and with the apathy of a steward in the balance, and business of pounds, shillings, and pence, with the accuracy (mind I speak of a *faithful* steward) of Cocker's Arithmetic. Nay, every syllable should be fair to your eyes, and as cold to your heart as snow. Methinks I hear you exclaim, ah, continue to give me what the heart dictates, though you mark to me its genuine movements, with a skewer or a pothook! Well, be it so; for after the above honest confession of my scrawlings, I know you would not forgive me were I to check the "genial current of the soul," by the chilling operation of mending a pen, though I thereby might send you a letter, (for I really can
write

write legibly though you may not think it) fairer than copper-plate.

So now for Amsterdam. But having brought myself to a breathing place, and being too late for this day's post, I will, when I continue my letter, sit down with a new pen; for this now in my hand, has faltered and tripped under my work, like a jaded horse, panting to reach its goal, but almost despairing to do so, and just ready to die upon the course. With unfatigued regard, awhile, Adieu.

Having thus satisfied myself that I may continue to enjoy the perfect freedom of obeying the motions of my own mind rather than be obliged to constrain it to the mercantile rules of letter-writing, I proceed to give you my Gleanings of Amsterdam, of that magnificent and opulent city, which, lifting its head above the waters, asserts its pretensions to a rank in the map of the world, with what Paris once was, and what London has the triumph to be at this moment. Suffer me to pass over in silence those strong smells, which certainly take a traveller by the nose, the instant he enters the gates, and which do not let go their hold till he is seasoned to the scent. Peace to their contagious canals, and mantling pools. Numberless are the multitudes that prefer these, from habit and from gain, to the Citron Groves of Mexico, and the Spice Islands of the Orient.

Amsterdam, indeed, is, in every sense of the word, an astonishing city, and as a reflecting man walks along, he may well exclaim, Is it credible that this huge pile of buildings with all its busy inhabitants, should have been supported for so many hundred years on a forest standing in a river; that in the neighbourhood of the roaring ocean, that river should by the aid of human industry command that ocean to know its bound? Even though, in the first instance, the ocean was robbed of its ancient rights, to form the river and to rear the city, which rests upon it,

“A new creation rescu'd from his reign.”

On

On recollection, this image has before suggested itself to me, and been communicated to you in a former letter; but it occurs to me at almost every view I take; and though, like you, my friend, and every person of reading, the streets, buildings, business, and interests of this mighty mass of wood and water, have been familiar to me, ever since I became a traveller, even in books, and though I have actually compared the city itself with the various descriptions of it, it is the only place I ever read about and visited, of which the impressions of astonishment remain unimpaired; not so much on account of its wealth, or beauty, but for its origin, progress, and situation. Consider what it is for millions of living things, to have existed for centuries in, as it were, one immense ship of merchandize! to which an hundred forests must have contributed the timber, and myriads of hands the workmanship!—Shops, houses, temples, &c. in an abundance, that seems to ask the most solid foundations on the driest hills, or hardest rocks, sustained by huge planks, which are driven into a trembling bog! And in a country, where at the time of erecting the city, the carriage of materials was more difficult to be procured, than the materials themselves? The Hotel de Ville itself, reposes on more than thirty thousand stakes, or rather trees. A vast ark at anchor! containing almost countless beings, the greater part of which are engaged in the most laborious and heavy employments! Is the architecture of Amsterdam massive? are the edifices rude, clumsy, and inelegant? are the ornaments awkward, and without taste? Admitted. But, what does this prove? Nothing more than that the grand design was to build a warehouse for the world; of which the original proprietors did not so much consider decoration as use. A light, airy city, might, perhaps, have been supported with all its feathered, dancing inhabitants, on the twigs of those enormous trees, which were to sustain this vast fabric of business! but
would

would such an airy city have answered the solid purpose for which that storehouse of the world was at first constructed? No. And even could it have been raised to its present size, on slighter principles, the treasuries of "either Ind," which now rest safe and dry, would tumble in the water, and the airy city, with all its airy people, perish along with them, and

"Leave *but* a wreck behind."

Yet this great mart of commerce is not without its votaries, and mansions, of the elegant arts. It boasts a theatre constructed and conducted on far more polite and liberal principles than any play-house more flourishing in our stage-struck Britain. It is supported by the voluntary contribution of, comparatively, a few individuals, for the benefit of the public; that is to say, every subscriber is entitled to such a number of tickets as give him the power to amuse *many* of his friends, and thus the house is filled every evening by friendship and generosity, with as brilliant and numerous an audience as I ever saw in any part of the world. Every person is at full liberty to take the range of the house, which is large and beautiful. Travellers have but to send, announcing their names and country, and tickets will be presented to them, in proportion to the party that solicits.

Delightful England—thou to whom I owe the balancing joys of a thousand sorrows, and of whom I would, and do speak with grateful and just eulogy, present or absent, whenever, and wherever, I can; put not the "frontlet on," if I thus dare to do justice to other people, whether in a land of friends or foes, of trade or elegance. And thou, John Bull, for whose rough honesty and bounty I have as great a reverence as any of thy most sturdy associates, spurn not my book, which only

"Laughs where it must, and is candid where it can."

Confels then that though, on a proper occasion, thou wouldest give thy box ticket to the stranger that is within thy gates, and mount thyself to the one shilling gallery, so abasing thyself, that thou mayest be exalted; confels that these Dutch neighbours of thine, living in Amsterdam have an institution, the adoption of which would not at all disgrace thy beloved London: the more especially, as thou mayest have heard, and art to be informed if thou hast not, that charity, as well as pleasure and generosity, attends on this theatre. The magistrates receive the money, defray the charges, and pay the actors very sufficient salaries. The residue is applied to the poor, and to the support of the different hospitals, amongst which latter is one sacred to all poor *travellers*, without distinction, who are lodged, nursed, and entertained for three nights.

If one could see all that was under Amsterdam, says Carter, a greater forest could hardly be found on the face of the earth. Old Erasmus facetiously observed, on his first visit to this place, that he was arrived in a city, the inhabitants of which lived upon the tops of trees; and another wag tells us, that Amsterdam, like Venice, has wooden legs.

But the *public lions* of this mighty city, of forest-growth, viz. the churches, synagogues, hospitals, gasthouses, dole-houses, rasphouses, and spin-houses: that is to say, receptacles for the sick, insane, wild, or wicked, I shall spare you the repetition of, as your memory must be full of them, in tours upon tours, and travels upon travels. But a few particulars that lie more out of the beaten tract of observation, I will glean for you next post. *En attendant*, may your felicity be proportioned to your merit; and then—how happy will you be!

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

IT has been observed of this place, that none of the inhabitants are idle. This is so true, that an indolent person might traverse the city in all its parts without finding a companion. He would thus be driven, by the very nature and miscarriage of his search, into action himself. Nay, he would see every eye so busy, every foot so hard at work, and every head *seem* at least so full, that, forgetting his natural torpidity, or remembering it with reproach, he would catch the spirit of objects before him, and feel that it is at least as good and natural for man to be in motion as at rest. The city of Amsterdam is a hive where all the inhabitants are collecting honey from one end of the year to the other, (excepting only the repose of every seventh day) and where a drone dares not shew his head. If, in so large a Republic, large with respect to its population, as this single city is computed at 300,000 persons, there should be any unworthy members of that description, they are constrained to lurk in holes and corners, indulging their dormouse dispositions apart from the scenes of almost universal industry, where wealthy stores are accumulating by incessant attention, and where an unwholesome soil is so meliorated by the exercise necessary to such accumulation, that the air and water, which would almost suffocate a lazy fish, is found very little to invade the powers of health: for it is more an ill name than a fact, that the residents of this city are the victims of avarice, which leads them to dig for gold in a soil that produces it, amidst the dross of diseases. The florid vigour, which glows in the cheeks, and braces the limbs of the inhabitants of other places in Holland, Rotterdam,

terdam, and the Brielle, more especially, is not, certainly, seen so commonly in the Amsterdammers, but there is good general health amongst them; and therefore, as there is no denying the atmosphere is in itself "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours," it is manifest that industry supplies what nature has refused—no small motive to labour diligently in one's calling this. In like manner, it is no less true, that stagnant indolence will create a distemper, fatal to the spirits, the strength, and the understanding, where nature has been the most prodigal of her bounties, and every day convinces us, that, as at Amsterdam, while men grow rich, healthy, and happy, amidst the toils of life in the most noxious situation, those who neither toil nor spin, and who, cursed with the inverted blessing of an unwieldy fortune, and with either the apathy or the passions, which too often are in the train of hereditary wealth, consume their beings in useless inaction, and waste themselves by indulgence, though they breathe in the purest air, and slumber on beds the softest luxury has prepared, amidst flowers and fragrance:

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain;"

Or live only to prove, that exercise alone can give it a wholesome perfume.

Thus, if labour is its own reward, indolence is its own proper punishment, according to the maxim of the ancients, "that acute (which to the industrious are rare) diseases are from heaven, and chronic from ourselves;" and in the whole circle of human truisms, there is not one, my dear friend, more incontrovertible than this, that almost every occupation, however inconvenient, or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth. Diligence, says Addison, makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and sloth has ruined more nations than the sword.

It would have diverted you extremely to have been an eye-witness to my progress through the streets of
Amsterdam:

Amsterdam: any indifferent spectator, indeed, unacquainted with my habits of sauntering, at some moments, and quickening my pace, almost into a run, at others, would have imputed my irregular motions and pauses to a disposition equally partaking the vice of idleness, and the virtue of industry.

I sallied forth on a fair morning, with gleaning designs, to make a tour of the town. Convinced by experience, that at almost every step a diligent man, who will take time to look about him, may find something to carry to his sheaf, I stopped almost at every shop, looked into every face as long as it remained in view; and if by good luck I could catch a knot of men of business, gathered together upon a bridge, by the side of a quay, or at a shop-door, I broke short my own step, and stood fixed as a setting dog, while they staid. If in any of the party I saw a face I was interested about more than the rest, that I followed, and stuck to it, till it was lost in the coffee-houses, or at the exchange. These general resorts I often entered, and there lost *myself* in the croud of various affairs and nations; but even here, when it were possible to single out a particular object, whose discourse, manner, or appearance were instructive or interesting, I stopped to glean him. In any other city of the world, perhaps, this would have been noted as ridiculous, at least singular. A polite mob would have set it down as an offence, and corrected it as impertinence; as in effect, though not in design, it might be, but at Amsterdam, either because an apparently saucy fellow, who has nothing better to do, was deemed too insignificant for remark; or because the people were really too seriously engaged in their own business, to attend to another man's idleness, they never noticed me. They took their noses almost out of my ears, where I had (to come within *gleaning* distance) planted them, then hurried off on the full trot to their different concerns. I trod upon a merchant's
toes,

toes, and by my anxious look, supposing he had returned the compliment with interest, he took off his hat, begged my pardon, and bustled away. With respect to the subject of discourse, it was uniform, with a single exception. During two hours listening, if for every repetition of the words ducat, guilder, and stiver, that struck my ear, I could have gathered in a tax of a doit (half a farthing) on each, I might have assisted the British minister to liquidate the national debt. But the exception took quite another turn: I was setting a couple of merchants, in the heat of conversation, with a knot of the sons of Israel, (one of whom was warmly defending the price that he demanded for his commodity) I will not give you the money you ask: it would be throwing it into one of the canals, and I never threw away a stiver since I came into the world, and hope I shall not while I live in it. The Jew persisted in his price, and the merchant left him to the other chapman. A very poor and sick looking creature, who had all the time been leaning (for support more than idleness) against one of the pillars of the exchange, and who had heard this last unpromising sentence for a man that designed to ask a merchant to give away his money, now stepped forward, and took hold of the skirt of the merchant's coat; when the following dialogue literally, and, as near as translation allows, unornamentedly passed between them.

Merchant. You, Thomas! you look sick.

Petitioner. I am: what is worse, I am half ruined, and came from Friezeland, on purpose to tell you, I can pay you neither your rent, nor the money you lent me.

Merchant. How so?

Petitioner. I have been burnt out into the street. My furniture, and the house and money are now ashes. But it was God Almighty's doing, not mine. Last Thursday's lightning did it at a flash. So 'tis in vain for you to be angry with me. I have been fretting ever since,
and

and scarce ate or drank ; but seeing that only made bad worse, whether you are angry or no, I am here to tell you.

Merchant. Angry. God forbid ! We will rebuild the house, and put something in it. Meanwhile take your family into that occupied by Boormans—I suppose that is safe.

Petitioner. Yes—Boormans offered to come up to Amsterdam, to tell you my misfortune, and soften you, and even to lend me money.

Merchant. Did you think the misfortune itself would not soften me enough ? No matter. Go to Boormans—I will be down next week—dine with me to-day ; and as I know you are not an idle man, lay the contents of this bag out to the best advantage in such necessaries, as the misfortune has deprived you of.

Petitioner. It has deprived me of all, and my wife and girls too.

Merchant. Then buy a little of every thing. But we have neither of us any time to throw after our misfortunes. Let us use it to repair them.

The petitioner took the sack, and ran one way : the merchant another, and, though apparently always active, with more than wonted activity, for never was a point more obvious than that the pace of the first was quickened by the lively impressions of grateful joy, and of the last by happy generosity.

Left, however, those who feel within themselves a promptitude, for certain reasons, to disbelieve there is such a thing, in the world, as happy generosity, and left even you, my virtuous friend, who live in the daily practice of it, should be led to suppose I have dressed this worthy fact in the borrowed plumage of imagination, from the circumstance of the merchant's giving his unfortunate tenant a *sack* of money, it is proper, you, and they, should be informed, if peradventure ye already
know

know it not, that bills of exchange, drafts, &c. &c. are paid for the most part in silver of different sorts and sizes; that five and twenty pounds sterling, of English money, thus converted into Dutch coins, returns you a very responsible looking bag, and the double of this is, if paid in small pieces, as much as a man can carry; and it is not unusual to see people carrying off a sum which would, by virtue of an English bank bill, lie snug in a nutshell, but which, thus *Dutchified*, fills a wheel-barrow. So that if the good merchant's sack contained fifteen or twenty English pounds, which I presume it might, it would, though lightly borne by a man in distress, be a very dead weight to a modern beau of these degenerate days, unused to feel either the pressure of want, or the bliss of sudden relief from it. Whatever might be the value of the sum in silver, it was more worth, in the eye of humanity, than the gold of Ophir; and you will join me, heartily, in a prayer, that it may be returned into the worthy donor's coffers, even in this world, a million fold, and that it may add to those treasures, which we are assured, are lent to the Lord, and shall be paid again! Of this heavenly recompense, you will think the giver yet more entitled, when you learn farther, that when he parted from the person assisted, there were the tears of benevolence gushing fast to his cheek, which he hurried away to conceal.

From all these things, I gather that the men of business in Amsterdam, may, many of them, be men of feeling at the same time; and that they are, though generally, too intently fixed on their grand objects to be diverted from pursuing them, by an apparently idle spectator, like your friend, staring them in the face, they have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel for the unfortunate. Tell me, whether in an assembly of the gay and fashionable, whether a suppliant, circumstanced like our poor Friezlander, would have had, in the politest country,

try, a better chance of having his wants relieved than he found at Amsterdam, in a country where gain is said to be the Aaron's serpent, which swallows up all other considerations, and particularly in the public Exchange, a place dedicated immediately to the God of riches? But a superior God, to whom mere riches are but as the dross of the earth, had raised a temple to benevolence, and the charities, in the bosom of this merchant, who, therefore, found time to make his offerings of compassion,

"Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate."

Yea, and suffered his

"Bargains and his well-earn'd thrift"

to wait till this devotion of his heart was performed.

This great mart of commerce, from whence I send you these Gleanings, was little more than a circumscribed hamlet, before the thirteenth century. It rose to the dignity of a considerable fishing town by slow degrees, and it was not till towards the end of the fourteenth, that Commerce spread her more expanded sails, and sought it as her port. But after this it grew rapidly into a city, and in due time surmounted all obstructions, and rose to the power, wealth, and grandeur, in which we now behold it, insomuch that it is with great propriety called the Storehouse of Europe, into which are brought the most useful, and beautiful productions of the four quarters of the globe. I have traced the powers of its trade, with an attentive and astonished eye.

There anchor at this moment at the quays of Amsterdam, a vast number of vessels which have sailed hither from every point of the compass; for there blows not a wind that does not prove favourable to some adventurer who steers for this celebrated haven: Russia, Norwegia, Denmark, Sweden, Pomerania, Livonia, and the Baltic, with

with the commerce of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Meuse, Great Britain, and its fair appendages, Spain, Portugal, Italy, contribute to the immense navigation of Holland.

As to the trade of the Levant, it was not till the year 1613, that the Dutch settled any intercourse with the territory of the Grand Seignior. It prospered beyond expectation, after the treaty was once established between them. The Levant merchandize consists principally of tea, cocoa, ginger, and thread: of Dutch, Irish, and English cloths. In the Mediterranean trade, especially Smyrna, the Hollander has his share. His broad bottomed vessels are yearly fraught with stores, which he takes in exchange for the profitable luxuries that are brought by the Caravans of Persia; nor does the commercial spirit limit itself to these countries; but stretches onward to Constantinople and Cairo; nor suffers its ambitious enterprize to be bounded by any thing but those parts of the globe, which navigation has not yet explored.

But there is yet something, and of a very liberal kind, no less extensive at Amsterdam, than its commerce: Its perfect freedom of conscience and ceremonies in the great article of religion. The various modes of worship which prevail amongst mankind, not only find here social indulgence, but religious union; and it may be said, that wherever Holland has erected the standard of trade, she has raised also the signal of toleration, and invited the piously disposed of all countries to her capital, that their secular and sacred, their temporal and eternal, interests may be equally cultivated and protected.

Here it is, my friend, and perhaps only here, that, in matters of faith, all men are indeed free; and, as in Rome, during the liberal government of the Antonines and of Trajan, when *her* provinces were united by laws, and adorned by art, and when *her* capital was filled with subjects

jects and strangers, from every part of the world; the United Provinces of Holland, hold out *her* capital as a temple sacred to the spirit of universal concord, and though fixed on principles of everlasting steadiness, as to their own tenets, they offer to the rest of the earth a sanctuary to adore, according to their different persuasions, that God

“ Whose temple is all space,
“ Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !”

In return for this toleration, it is but fair to acknowledge that the spirit of religious peace, that high, and, alas ! rare blessing, has been less hurt by the indulgence of the States, than from the jarring history of the world on this subject, might be expected. On the contrary, it has been demonstrated that much of the horrible bloodshed which has been produced in other countries, and particularly in our own, by religious persecutions, might have been prevented, had the charitable accommodation which distinguishes this Republic been more generally practised. The public safety of the commonwealth, and the happiness of each individual, has rarely been found incompatible with the liberty of mind and opinion at Amsterdam.

Nothing, indeed, that I can offer, can shew so fully the extensiveness of this liberty, as observing to you that although there are neither convents, friars, nor abbees, in the real monastic form, to be seen in Holland, there are, in this city, more than twenty churches, where the Roman Catholic religion is publicly tolerated. One of these, called Moses and Aaron, is a very beautiful edifice, and magnificently ornamented. There are two orders, however, of persons combined in religious association, that you may perhaps, consider as a sort of exception to my assertion of there being no conventual assemblies. I allude to the Society of Beguines. Of whom the following is, out of many, the most faithful Gleaning.

The

The house appropriated to this order is built like a little distinct town, with a wall and ditch round it, and a church within, where the Beguines are obliged to attend divine service, "at stated hours of prayer." They wear a habit of dark brown, not unlike the hermit weeds in which we are accustomed to see pilgrims on the English theatre; they receive and pay visits, and may quit the convent, and marry, when they please. They are either unmarried women or widows, who have no children; and need no other recommendation for being admitted, but a certificate of their good behaviour, and that they have a competency to live upon, either by themselves, or in society with the other sisters as they think fit.

In Roman Catholic countries, you know, there are many such establishments. Their life is a kind of medium, between a secular and religious association; and is, in effect, no more than a social retirement, for regular people. There were, and I believe are still, two houses of this kind, which I visited some years ago in Flanders. They are about a mile in circumference, and consist of neat little streets, so that they deserve the name rather of small towns than religious houses. The church or chapel is always in the centre. Every Beguine has her apartment and garden. They have a chaplain; but take no vows of celibacy, &c. The Beguines of Ghent and Brussels, wear black with a particular kind of round cover on their heads, plaited in the form of a rose, and about a foot in diameter. The rest of their head-dress is of cambrick. Whenever they marry, as being supposed no longer to want society, they quit the order. In great establishments of this kind, the ladies have their carriages; and, in short, Beguine is another name for a woman to do what she pleases, and I do not know what female, who is not a very happy wife, might not wish to become a Beguine.

But

But the most extraordinary sect, to be found in this all-tolerating city, is, that of the Rhynsburgians, so called because the assembly of the persons belonging to the above sect, is held at the village of Rhynsburg, near Leyden; and the three peasants who were the founders of the Rhynsburgian religion lived there.

Their names were John, Adrian, and Gilbert Van Code, each of whom was a rare example not only of skill and diligence as farmers, but of erudition as linguists, having as perfect a knowledge of languages as of agriculture, and cultivating both without sacrificing the one to the other. A fourth brother, (William,) arose to the distinction, (certainly not without deserving it) of Professor of the Oriental languages in the University of Leyden. Those above-named, continued to divide their labours betwixt the duties of the spade, and the study of divinity, and while yet in the flower of their age, became so celebrated as to receive visits from Prince Maurice, and Monsieur Du Maurier, the then Envoy of France. Maurice, who was himself a scholar, conversed with the self-taught countrymen in Latin, Greek, Italian and French, in each of which tongues they replied with a spirit and readiness, (wanting only what, every body, not natural to them must more or less want, correct pronunciation) that astonished their auditors.

The remonstrant clergy, being banished in 1619, left their churches without a pastor: this determined our three brothers, who were of that sect, to supply the deficiency, undertaking to expound the Scriptures to the people. They administered baptism, in the manner of the primitive Christians; and settled their modes of worship, on particular passages of the holy writings, especially the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. The essential difference betwixt this and other Christian associations, is not a little honourable to their community,

community, viz. its toleration of every other, every person being at full liberty to adore God, according to his own forms of faith. Every person admitted to their meetings, delivers in turn his sentiments, and offers up his prayers, without reserve, on the given text of the day, and a perfect equality prevails: the Bible is their sole guide. They assemble on the Saturday, and enter into certain preliminary discourses, by way of preparation for the Sabbath, when one of the brothers distributes the bread and wine, humbly declaring himself as little worthy of that honour as the other communicants. On the Sunday evening they meet to enumerate the many motives of gratitude, which every member of the fraternity, has to return thanks to the Fountain of all good, and on the Monday morning, they take leave of each other, with the most fervent exhortations, to persevere in virtue and religion; and in that perseverance to be uniform, whatever dissimilarities may variegate their external ceremonies: for it is not uncommon for people of *all* modes of faith, to assist at the Rhynsburgian assemblies.

Religion and trade, however, are not the only things in this great town wherein there is unbounded freedom. They tolerate vice as well as virtue; the number of common brothels, licensed by the States, in almost every large town, is enormous. They are known by the name of Music-Houses, of which there are not less than five and twenty in Amsterdam. Strange as it may seem to you, they are no less the repositories of guilt and shame, than the resorts of innocence and curiosity, as persons of the best characters, and of both sexes, are to be seen in them, almost every evening. The Music-House, is amongst the public places, visited by almost every stranger: but you are to understand that the scenes thus exhibited to travellers, are no otherwise gross, than as they excite ideas inseparably connected with the sight of such a number of females, devoted by avowed profession to a life of impurity.

rity. The Music-House has always one very spacious apartment, where all persons are admitted on paying at entrance, the price of a bottle of wine. Two benches, the whole length of the room, are placed for the reception of inhabitants and visitors. There are seldom less than twenty women belonging to one house. These assemble about eleven at night, dressed, or rather undressed, in all the disgusting displays of their trade; an enormous pad to swell out the hips, a flaming red petticoat, which scarce reaches the calf of the leg, an immense pair of shoe-buckles, which nearly cover the foot, two broad black patches, the size of half-a-crown piece, on the temples, and uncovered bosoms. This, indeed, excepting only the bosoms, is the ordinary Dutch woman's style of dress. A miserable pair of fiddlers are scraping in a corner of the room, which is glaringly lighted up with tallow candles; the men are, most of them, smoking on the benches, and the women dancing in the middle. Some of the dances are curious enough: one in particular, where the man turns the woman round on tip-toe, several hundred times together, without the smallest intermission, with one hand encircling her waist, and elevating the other above the head, to meet her hand. The incredible rapidity with which this whirling is performed, and the length of time it continues, turns the spectator giddy, but seems to have no effect on the parties engaged in the dance. And while one couple are performing this roundabout, it is not uncommon for ten or a dozen others, to leap from their seats, pipes in hand, and seizing the girls, join in the twirl, like so many *te-to-tums*, or rather sleeping tops; for, notwithstanding their activity of limbs, there seems in their countenances, and even in their movements, a sort of torpor, which the sprightliest pleasure cannot dissipate: although it should be observed, that the Dutch are much addicted to dancing, and albeit, they beat the ground with the foot, rather of a giant than a fairy, they appear

appear to derive from their unwieldy, and sometimes ungraceful motions, such solid happiness, that a good natured spectator, cannot but be himself happy, on the principle of general benevolence, to see an Hollander rampant.

Carter tells us, these Music-Houses have undergone diversity of fortune. Sometimes they have ample toleration : now and then they have inspectors, to see that no indecencies are committed. At other times, in consequence of great disorders, they are shut up, and perform a kind of quarantine, before the magistrates suffer them again to be open for the reception of company. In point of number, privileges, and enormities, they certainly exceed any thing of the kind, even in Rome itself. What the State offers in its own defence, on this head, amounts to the stale maxim, that

“ Private Vices are public Benefits.”

On the night I made this curious assembly my Gleaning visit, it was crowded with people of all countries, for it was during the time of the fair ; and the humours of the Music-House were considered as one of the fine sights of the fair. Amongst the sets of strangers that attracted my notice more particularly, was a groupe of female Friezeland peasants, dressed in the picturesque habits of their Province. Bonnets made umbrella fashion, and not much less as to size ; the linings of flowered linen, of a more flaring pattern than the out of date printed cotton, for bed-furniture, and window curtains : but at the extremity of these, were snugly deposited some of the fairest faces I ever beheld, which, coloured by modesty at the blushing sight of so many young creatures, who disdained covering of almost any sort, appeared yet more beautiful—the beauty of virtue—from the powerful advantage of immediate contrast, with the deformity of vice.—In the lovely eyes of one, I gleaned the tear of innocence, pitying guilt, and at the same time, vindicating her sex. This gentle drop was hid from

from the company in general. A young man, possibly her lover, on whose arm she hung, saw and felt it, for I perceived him press her hand, and whisper something that increased the crimson in her face, and yet checked the tear upon the cheek, where it fixed midway, like a dew drop on the rose-bud.

Of the music-girls, many are pretty featured, but carry in every lineament, the signs of their lamentable vocation: sordid complexions, feebly glossed over by artificial daubings of the worst colour; eyes that are commanded to attempt exciting passion, but which, in the very attempt, seem disobediently to shrink into the sockets; and constrained merriment, which substitutes a noisy and discordant laugh, and childish antics, for the notes of genuine mirth and unharrassed spirits. How different, my friend, the powers of modesty, and the blushing honours in its train—how different from the blameless beings I have just described for you—breathing health, and blooming in beauty, the blessed effects of pure manners, air and habits!

The inhabitants of the licensed houses of Amsterdam are, indeed, more unfortunately situated than any of their sadly merry sisterhood of London. They are never suffered to pass the doors, which are guarded by three or four ill-looking fellows, who literally consider them as private property. These keepers of their prison-house (for it is not less so, though with less accommodation) absolutely purchase them in the first instance. The buyer finds them in the haunts of the last distress, and many are seduced by the hope of an escape from famine, and the idleness which produced it, to accede to almost any terms. For a few weeks, they are supplied, even to profusion, with not only necessary comforts, but with those meretricious and glaring decorations, which at once discover their trade and their taste. Little do they suspect that this bounty is a trap to catch them; that it is intended only to plunge them beyond redemption deep in guilt

and slavery, serving the double purpose of dressing out the victim, and binding the prisoner in chains—though they seem of silk—of sin and misery, and disease and death.

They have not united themselves to the wretched society of the music-house a single month ere they find themselves involved in unpayable debts, some of three, others of five hundred guilders, for those very articles, which at once increase the revenue of their tyrants, and aggravate their own poverty and guilt. They have literally nothing to offer but personal security, and as it rarely happens a gallant can be found to pay the price of their ransom, they remain slaves for life, subject to rigours, to which no other slaves are liable.

After I had been a silent spectator of this female jail, the hardest to which any culprit *can* be condemned, I perceived many of the prisoners, jaded with music and dancing, for the charms of which they could have no relish, fallen into a profound sleep, out of which their cruel owners aroused them by the most brutal language, and even by blows.

Certain disciplinarians have thought that a sight of the hateful portraits of vice do but recommend those of virtue. So far as that is true, a visit to the music-houses of Amsterdam may conduce to the interests of morality. Unquestionably a youth who has been trained in the principles of a pure education, and known the endearments of society; when refined and softened by innocent women, could suffer no permanent stain by a review of scenes from which, indeed, a man of the least touch of pity, or sense of what is due to the distressed of even the worst of the sex, would turn with revolt, or observe only with commiseration. And hence it is, that I am inclined to think the tenderest mistress, or the most faithful wife would have little to fear from a lover's or husband's inspection of these disgraceful and disgusting receptacles. What could

could they exhibit but the excesses of the grossest, opposed to the perfection of the most delicate passion? And, after allowing for the possible impression of a transient view, and the effect it might have on human frailty, I should venture to believe that the unsullied charms of a virtuous woman must gain fresh honours and triumphs from the *descent* of their admirers into these regions of indecency, interest, and loathing, where all is glaring, forced, and unnatural.

A far more dangerous situation, my friend, is that, where, to the blandishments of seduction, are joined the semblances of virtue. Where female libertinism arrays herself in the robes of apparent innocence, and where the relenting heart is taken captive by temptations that almost persuade it, that it is yielding itself up, rather a votary to virtue, than a victim to vice.

But I am upon trembling ground; and will go lightly off, while I may yet escape those over-nice moralists, who are so wonderfully apt to mis-interpret a passing reflection into a recommendation or encouragement of error. By what I have thrown out on this subject, I give only the result of my own feelings, which have always assured me that there is not more poetry than truth (and particularly in applying them to women) in these well-known verses,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

"As to be hated needs but to be seen."

And, though the subsequent lines

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace,"

may be also true, in a general sense, it may be considered so far as an exception here, inasmuch as the embrace itself is succeeded by an hatred of vice, and a return to virtue.

It is time, however, we take our leave of this great and populous city. You will allow it is well entitled to the

latter epithet, when you are reminded that at a medium for fifteen years nine thousand persons have died in it annually. In Paris, for the like term of years, twice that number have descended to the tomb. I speak of the time of the deaths of nature, ere the introduction of the dreadful guillotine—of whose devastations I am soon to speak.

I understand that the bills of mortality in London, for the like space, give in a calculation of twenty-four thousand. I should suspect twenty-six thousand would be nearer the truth, if we include the villages and detached houses. The present averaged number, therefore, of the inhabitants of these three capitals of Europe, according to the usual estimate by deaths, stands thus: Amsterdam upwards of 230,000; Paris, 500,000; and London about 700, 000. At Rome, no public registers of christenings, or burials, are kept; but in 1683, M. Augout computed the inhabitants at about 125,000. In 1714, Pope Clement II. caused an exact account to be taken by S. Carraccioli, which he made to be 104,300 souls, including strangers, who are generally supposed to be 20,000.

It is asserted by Carter, however, that the inhabitants of the two Provinces of Holland, and Zealand, do not consist of more than one million and a half, that is, little more than half an acre for every head.

Upon the whole, Amsterdam has been justly called the modern Tyre, for beauty, opulence, and accommodation of every kind: and the government of the city is so well regulated, that in five years there are not five malefactors executed. In short, whatever is the particular bent of a traveller's disposition; whether trade, or pleasure be the object he explores, he may find wherewithal to gratify himself in this city, to which we will now bid adieu, as I wish now to conduct you to one of the greatest curiosities either in this or in any other country; I mean North Holland, where I have passed some of the most agreeable days of my life, and where every thing one sees is so appropriate

propriate and distinct, that in a quick transition from Amsterdam, the contrast is almost as great as if one were to be suddenly transported into a new world—My friend, farewell.

P. S. I have just recollected a passage of the great author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, on the subject of Roman population, which far exceeded the estimate I have just mentioned. The number of subjects who acknowledged the laws of Rome, of citizens, provincials, and slaves, cannot now be fixed with such a degree of accuracy as the importance of the object would deserve. We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exercised the office of Censor, he took an account of six millions nine hundred and forty five thousand citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to about twenty millions of souls. But, after weighing, with attention, every circumstance which could influence the balance, it seems probable that there existed, in the time of Claudius, about twice as many provincials as there were citizens, of either sex, and of every age; and that the slaves were, at least, equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total amount then of this important calculation would rise to about one hundred and twenty millions of persons: “a degree of population (says Gibbon) which possibly exceeds that of modern Europe, and forms the most numerous society, that has ever been admitted, or united under the same system of government.”

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

North Holland.

BYOND dispute, the little country from which I date this letter, is the most deserving to be inspected, as a curiosity, of any, not only in the Seven, but in the Seventeen Provinces; and yet, like many other deserving objects in this perverse world of our's, is the least visited by those who have even no other motive of travel than to gratify curiosity. Satisfied with seeing the capital, which they run over as if that time which they throw away, were really precious to them, they shift the scene with the rapidity of our ancient playwrights, who, in the course of a single act, which takes half an hour in the representation, carry us from one quarter of the globe to another, leaping the space between, though "whole oceans roll," to stop them, with as much ease as if they were stepping over a gutter. Infomuch that a thorough-paced traveller will breakfast in Helvoetsluice, dine at Rotterdam, take supper at Amsterdam, return the next morning to breakfast at the Hague; and write a tour, through Holland, of what he has not seen, in good time for the returning packet. But more sedate persons, - as has been well observed, by one who deplored it, rarely visit the province of North Holland, but turn their backs on the country, as soon as they have seen Amsterdam; thereby losing a view of one of the most beautifully romantic spots in the whole world.

I will proceed, my friend, to justify this assertion, by gleaning for you what, on comparing the given descriptions

tions with the eye-witnessed facts, I find to be the most faithful.

North Holland is another name for *West Friesland*, paradoxical as that may sound. Formerly, it was a marsh composed of many great lakes, separated from each other only by high roads or dikes; but now nothing remains of them, except their names and dimensions in maps. With incredible toil, they have been entirely drained, and changed into the delicious place I have just mentioned. Even Sir William Temple, who was not apt to speak too kindly of Holland, observed, that a once rotten marsh, the draining of which was the incessant labour of four years; a space, including highways and dikes, of no more than ten thousand acres, is so well planted with gardens, orchards, and majestic rows of trees, as to form the most pleasant landscape he ever saw. "It was here, says Temple, that I met with a curiosity yet greater than the place itself—a poor fellow in an hospital (a superannuated seaman) who proved to be the only rich man I ever saw in my life: for, on offering him a crown, as a reward for the trouble of shewing me the hospital, and giving me with the history of the place, the history of himself, as one of its most veteran members, in a very pleasant manner, he absolutely refused my money, saying he *could* have no use for it, being plentifully supplied with every thing necessary in the hospital."

The manners and customs of *North Holland* are said to differ essentially from those in the South; but I could trace the dissimilitude only in the articles of dress, and superior neatness: for though all the Provinces are clean on the surface, this of *West Friesland* is so even to a painful affectation. Saardam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Enkhuysen, Edam, Monnikendam, Broek, Medembik, and Parmerende are the principal. The first is a village, where, instead of a gleaning, a traveller of curiosity may gather an harvest. The single article of windmills and woodmills

woodmills would afford him a sheaf. The number of each is really incredible. There are not less than two hundred and fifty of the mills to cut wood into planks, for the purpose of ship-building, of which the process will prove a morning's entertainment to any man, and of which the invention is due to Cornneille Van Uitgust. I have never seen them even in our naval island, where, assuredly, they would prove a powerful auxiliary ; or am I mistaken ? Have they been adopted by our ingenious countrymen ? I recommend them, at all events, to every traveller, who, like myself, hath never seen them before. Saardam, like the other towns of North Holland, is almost entirely of wood, painted on the *outside* with as much care, as to colour and figures, as our choicest apartments on the *inside*. Before and behind every house, even in this busy, populous, and commercial town, which contains many thousand inhabitants, are little gardens, the eighth, tenth, and even twentieth of an acre, where flowers, vegetables, shrubs, grass-plots, and cockle-shell walks, are arranged in so singular a manner, that they seem rather the property, and indeed the work of fairy fingers and fairy people, than of a bardy, heavy looking, set of men and women, whose lightest tread or touch might seem to throw them into irretrievable disorder. You cannot look at a tree of a year's growth, but its bark is painted of all hues, figures, and fancies ; nor can you sit down on a bench, without pressing under you blue tigers, red wolves, green foxes, yellow rabbits, and white ravens. Taste is absolutely forbid to enter North Holland ; but in lieu of it, Whim is privileged to play whatever pranks he thinks proper, so as he makes no dirt. They almost quarrel with Nature, whom they welcome during the spring and summer, for dropping her leaves upon their shell-walks in autumn. But of this more in its place.

The

The paper-mills of Saardam are the most considerable in Holland: for, while Louis the XIVth was making an irruption in 1672, many of the most ingenious paper-makers took refuge in this town, carrying with them their families, and the art by which they were supported.

Industry becomes stationary, where most favoured, and at Saardam the encouragements were too great to permit a second emigration. Near an hundred thousand reams of post paper are annually fabricated at Saardam; and a like proportion of grey and blue.

The Saardam vessels are also justly celebrated, and here it was that Peter the Great, of Russia, gained his elementary knowledge of ship-building. It is asserted, perhaps with some boast, that a single ship-carpenter set a navy of twenty considerable vessels on float.

But Saardam has yet other attractions, and some travellers may think greater objects of curiosity, in a country where the Cyprian goddess is not reputed to keep her fairest court, than any I have yet mentioned. The women of this town are generally handsome; and, notwithstanding, on a first acquaintance, there is an air of distance, reserve, and even coldness, they are all, as well as men, replete with an anxious desire to *break the ice*, and when broken, make up lost time by such a flow of questions, and with such rapidity, that you must be gifted with uncommon speed yourself not to be overborne by the torrent, which hurries away with your answers almost before they can get them out of your mouth. This loquacious character is, indeed, a characteristic mark of a Dutch woman; and yet none but a residentiary Gleaner can discover it. A first, second, third, and even fourth visit, does not often serve to thaw the inveterate and chilling air which seems to bind up their tongues. They hear you, at length, with a fixed, doll-like stare, and answer you in short, exchanging a monosyllable for a speech,

or

or more frequently giving only some nods, of which they are all prodigal, for half an hour's conversation. But when you once make them assimilate, which the habit of seeing you will effect, by degrees, a knot of Dutch women over their stoves, equal, if they do not surpass, in sport, chit-chat, and pleasantry, with due proportions of tittle-tattle, any female convention over their tea-tables, and even that which is supposed to be appropriate to the tea-table, and indeed a part of its equipage, namely, good, solid detraction.

The entrance of a stranger, however, has the power of stopping them in mid career. The merriest of the circle would forego her jest; and even the most malicious would let her neighbour's reputation, when she had just got it between her teeth, fall from her lips. I had an opportunity to glean an instance of this. Some frolicksome Dutch girls started a conversation, where, as a domestic friend, I was permitted to mingle, the character of a young woman, who was suspected of growing more suddenly corpulent, than in the way of general *en-bon-point*, she ought to do. The whole party followed the trial, and joined in the cry against the poor absentee, who, by the bye, was a native of this very town of Saardam. Never was any miserable hare more hardly hunted than this luckless girl's character. It was fairly, or rather unfairly, worried by the young and the old. At last, a lady, who had been hitherto the least violent of the pack, caught it from her next neighbour, who had been giving it some hearty shakes herself, and determined upon tearing it all in tatters, exclaimed in the most vehement Dutch I ever heard uttered—'tis a terrible language for anger—"take it from me, ladies, this girl, as sure as I am putting this fire under my petticoats, is, and always was, a most despicable, forward, good-for-nothing hussy; and if she is not now big with child, I, that am the honest mother of two-and-twenty, am a maid—yes, take it from me,

"me, she is a vile strum—"—Strum-pet she would have said, but the husband of one of the party leading in a stranger, cut off the last syllable, which fell to the ground with the remains of the mangled reputation.

The stranger remained till the party broke up, but, whether from the severity of the disappointment, or any other cause, the loudest and the most voluble groupe that slander ever gathered together, became the most taciturne and sullen: insomuch that the stranger, whom I met the next day at the coffee-house, asked me, if I had ever seen such a horrid silent meeting, assuring me, at the same time, that he had employed all his morning in sending to his friend in England a true picture of a visit to a Dutch family, where nothing was either looked or said for several hours, though there were near a dozen females in company!

I contented myself with observing, that if he remained in the country long enough to become domestic in the family, he might possibly collect materials for a letter of a very different cast: in the mean while, his friends would doubtless be much entertained.

"Long enough in the country," no, cried the gentleman! I have had enough, and do not mean to repeat my visit, I thank you. I love society, and must hear a little conversation, as well as see a good deal of beauty, which, I own, to my great surprise, I observed, amidst the still-life of last night. No, Sir, I have had enough of Dutch ladies, and shall go into a country where women can speak, as well as hold their tongues, as soon as possible."

As it would have been impossible to remove these impressions, I let them pass; for it would have been in vain to assure this *hasty* traveller, that the fair Hollanders he had thus accused of being dumb, were they to exert their powers, could talk him deaf; add to which, the tradition

tion goes, that a Dutch wife is always at the head of the house.

Their general complexion is clear and fine, as to a proper quantum of white and red, but the effect is lost by the immoveable fixture of both. A stranger to the settled colours would pronounce them artificial: the red forms one strong circle in each cheek, and yields, no, not for a moment, to occurrences or to passions. In rage, in jealousy, in love, in surprise, and even in fear, this rubied hue neither increases nor diminishes; the same inflexibility holds good as to the white, which gives their countenances the air of wax-work painted. These steady colourings are scarcely removed by age: I have seen a great many women who possessed them unmixed, and unimpaired, to their seventieth year. The old women of Liege are the only part of the sex, who are, almost without exception, of the worst colours, forms, and features; insomuch that had not male gallantry long since set it down amongst the inviolable etiquettes, that a female cannot be ugly, I should not scruple to say, that at Liege a race of women might be found, who resembled rather Vulcan than Venus, both in shape and hue. This strength of allusion, however, being inhibited, I shall only observe, that all ranks of the sex are, in the part of Germany above-mentioned, less likely to make a man shoot himself through the head, after being shot through the heart, than in any other country I have yet visited. In my first tour through Flanders, I wished, out of the spirit of candour that is in me, added to a sincere love and admiration of the sex, to vindicate the females of this town from this censure. To which end I sallied forth on knight-errant principles, to do the damsels and the dames justice. The morning was fine, the weather was warm, and the sun had drawn every body abroad. How assiduously, how generously, did I follow every petticoat, and
meet

meet every apron, to discover pretty features and a good complexion: yea, and often disappointed as I was, I still cherished the hope of finding, in the next corner or goer, a face that might ransom the rest. I could, returning at dusk, only glean a few handsome eyes, more to be admired, for their blackness than the teeth, which seemed to vie with them, as asserting the charms of a finer jett. Of Liege, you know, it has been said, that it is the hell of women, because the poor of that sex do the work of our coal-heavers. I could not help assigning another reason for this appellation, *viz.* because both rich and poor * of that large, and ancient town were ——— fill up the blank, my dear friend; for it cannot be expected I should so little respect the laws of *pre-determined* politeness, as to insinuate any thing about ugly as the deuce. The hell of women it is still called, be the reason what it may: also the purgatory of men, because they are almost all governed by their wives, their sappho-faced partners,—and the paradise of monks, because of the rich benefices. The latter, however, is just now a little out of repair, as the ecclesiastical fruits have been more than once seized upon by the spoiler.

The village of Alkmaar is so environed by gardens, orchards, canals, avenues, and meadows, that, if we include the beautiful little wood in its neighbourhood, it may be pronounced one of the most highly cultivated and blooming spots in the world. Many Christian communities assemble here; and you are shewn a set of buildings sacred to age, known in Holland under the name of *Hofje*, the houses of elderly women.

It is an article of admittance into this place, that the party entering renounces marriage for the rest of her life, whether ancient virgin, or widow, and to break all sort
of

* This is not peculiar to Liege—but is also customary at *Leith*, near Edinburgh.

of intercourse with mankind. This vow resembles not a little that of the monastery, but, then it is a little easier to be observed, since it is not imposed till age itself has made it a matter of no great difficulty.

Fruits and flowers, and groves, and fair meadows, in Holland! methinks I hear you exclaim. Yes, truly, my dear friend; albeit thorough-fare travellers have assured us, 'tis only a collection of dykes and ditches, with a few huge rows of trees, where half the plat-form just reflects the other, I again and again assert, that in this sequestered village of Alkmaar, and in very many other sweet nooks and corners, where travellers of the above description disdain to go, there is very beautiful scenery, and worth a visit, were there no other attraction, because the ornaments, the disposition of the ground, the arrangement of the flowers, and the novelty of the walks, are curious and original.

In the next town, which is a considerable sea-port on the Zuyder Sea, (Hoorn) the meadow grounds are delicious. The public walks are extremely fine, and to variegate the prospect of eight or ten thousand industrious people at work in the docks and vessels, you have, close under your eye, upwards of four hundred gardens, in which a weed would be looked upon as an offence scarcely heinous than a morsel of dirt in any part of their houses.

Enkhuizen, Edam, and Monnikendam, have the same sort of beauties in the same abundance; nor is Mendenbik or Purmerind unworthy notice. But the beautiful and singular village of Broek will command a more particular description. Mr. Peckham has with great justice called it one of the prettiest little towns in the world. A journey of a thousand miles would be repaid with pleasure, were there no other objects than such as assemble in the village of Broek. The whole of it is a cabinet
of

of curiosities, on which one can scarce gaze, without trembling, lest some injury should be done them even by our homage. My pen seems not sufficiently delicate to describe them. There is but one street through which carriages of any kind are permitted to pass; and that, as if profaned, is but thinly furnished with inhabitants. Every part of every house, within and without, is painted with the most costly colours; and though separately examined, the figures and ornaments would be found to violate all laws of proportion, the general effect is really charming. Every street (the one above excepted) is, in every part, clean beyond all comparison, and little gardens, where perennial verdure and bloom seems to preside, (for not a blade of grass, nor a withered leaf, is suffered to rest on the ground) extend from one end of the street to the other; each man's proper bounds being distinguished by fences of every sort and kind, but all ornamented with a care that makes one rather afraid to touch them. The houses are roofed with tiles so glossy, that in the sunshine they glitter like spar. The pavement of the street is inlay-work, of beautiful small pebbles of various forms and colours, squared or diamonded, crossed and intercrossed, if I may so express myself, agreeable to the taste or fancy of the proprietors. Shell, pieces of glazed brick, marbles, glass beads, &c. are called in as auxiliaries. To tread upon them seems not only profanation, but peril; and indeed the inhabitants seem to be of the same opinion; for the greater part tread with a most distressing caution, and look critically at the shoes of every passenger. In short, were not the age of enchantment past, even from the fairy land of fiction, and could one reduce the solid limbs and unwieldy forms of the owners of this wonder-working village, a traveller coming into it, from the city of Amsterdam, might fancy himself transported by some magician into a region of fairies.

As

As the fact is, it seems, on a comparison of the *place* with the people, that the natives of Brobdnag have here established themselves in a town of Lilliput.

Broek is divided and subdivided by numberless little rivulets that serpentine the sides of the houses; the paintings and ornaments on the outside of every house look so vivid, as to the colours, as to seem but just finished; yet they have, most of them, stood the tyranny of wind and weather three or four years. In such pretty baby-houses for grown, and, I am sure, I may say *full* grown ladies and gentlemen, there reigns more simplicity than you would suppose. I speak of the interior of these little paradises, where, by the bye, it is not very easy for a traveller to gain admittance. The North Hollanders are excessively shy at first sight—at Broek more particularly—and “of somewhat a jealous complexion;” for if a stranger of a wild air, and rude manner, appears amongst them, they return his behaviour in kind, by shutting their doors in his face; and as a farther proof of dislike or fear, order their wives and daughters into the most retired apartments, where they remain prisoners, till they have assurance of the intruder having left the place. It is, however, only *impertinent* curiosity, or that air of rude command, which too often accompanies a stranger who refuses to make allowances, that is thus disappointed. While I was drinking coffee with a family at Broek, two strangers passed the window in a disorderly manner, peeped into the room, and were rushing forward without any other notice. Two very pretty daughters and their mother, were put to flight instantly, and the master of the house ran to fasten his door, after which he came and took my hand, observing that although he did not keep an inn for every saucy or lazy fellow to come and do what he thought proper, he knew what was due to a quiet and well-disposed guest, saying which, he took the opportunity of the ladies absence to walk over the apartments,

all

all of which, and particularly that which held his best bed, were, he assured me, entirely at my service, so long as I thought proper to make use of them.

In Broek, there is a great deal of female agreeableness, amongst the people of higher ranks; but the peasant girls who inhabit the environs, are of a complexion so delicate, and the white and red so sweetly diffused, and in such just proportions, that it is worth any person's while to deport himself peaceably, were it only for the sake of getting a sight of them; which certainly would not be done by an hurry-scurry traveller, were he to remain in the town, for a twelve-month. The Dutch women seldom stir abroad, and scarce ever to take a walk as it is called.

Peckham tells us of a singular custom retained in North Holland, of having a door in every house, which is never opened, but when a corpse is carried out: he should have added the information of this door's being opened only on two occasions—the *marriage* or death of some one of the family. There is something very solemn in the custom, and may conduce, perhaps, to some domestic morality. It is the great door in the centre of the house. A smaller one, on the left hand side, is that which serves for ordinary purposes.

The inhabitants of Broek are chiefly persons who have retired from business, or who are connected with some commercial houses in Amsterdam. They are extremely rich; and it is here that the practice still prevails amongst the wealthy peasantry of disposing of their children in marriage by weight of metal. A countryman dressed in a coarse blue doublet is father of a young man, who is to be sold in wedlock: he meets the buyer, another countryman, who is the parent of the girl, that is to be bought. While the parties thus to be disposed of, are trying to become agreeable to one another, or, at least, to accommodate, the old folks are making the bargain for them, over a pipe of tobacco.

Will you give your son to my daughter with so many barrels of gold?

I cannot.

She cannot be offered for less.

Well, I will give it.

Then take her.—I will cart the cash to-morrow.

Done. A match.

The business is done, and they are as happy, at least, as money can make them.

The painful neatness of the houses within, and the streets without, have been productive of the following anecdote. The ancient Vicar of Broek being dead, and much lamented, his successor tried every method that a worthy priest could think of, to repair the loss, not only as to his pastoral duty, but as to society. "I would fain gain your good will and conciliate your esteem, my dear parishioners," said he, "How is it I fail?"

The want of confidence in the inhabitants, made the new Vicar unhappy: and yet for many months, he could get no one to assign a reason for it. At length, an old man, one of his congregation, after some hesitation, spoke as follows: "I will tell you, Mr. Vicar. You are a fine scholar: you talk Greek and Latin: your discourses are very learned; but you mount the reading desk and pulpit in your shoes, after having walked through the streets. Your predecessor always put on a pair of slippers, which are still left for your use in the consistory. You know, now, the cause of the shyness and disaffection of the parish: and you know, also, the way to remove it."

The Vicar took the hint, and ever after adopting the slippers, very soon became as great a favourite as the good man he succeeded.

Peckham has noticed very exactly, the curiosity of the head-dresses of the women of North Holland. A little hair cut very short and thin, which is combed down on the forehead, and powdered. The cap sticks close to their ears, and under it are two pieces of silver or gold, which
appear

appear at each temple, and a broad piece is under the cap on the back part of the head.

Of the saw-mill, his description is the most accurate that can be given. Forty boards can be sawed at the same time. The flies of the mill are fixed to a large beam which turns on an axis; in the centre of the beam, is the grand wheel, which puts in motion another immediately below it; this is likewise fixed on the middle of a piece of timber, which hangs on an axis; and to which four perpendicular saws, ten in each compartment, are fastened; which, as the wheel goes round, are elevated, and again thrust down. At the end of this beam are two iron hooks, which catch a wheel, and each time the saw goes up and down, it moves this wheel one cog, that wheel moves another, which catches into a piece of iron, and draws it towards itself. At the end of this iron is a cross bar, which presses against the end of the tree, while the other end is sawing, and pushes it on to the teeth of the saw, with a motion proportionate to the dispatch of the saws.

When you compare, my friend, the effect of all this with the tedious process of our common English saw-pit, you will wish with me, that such of our timber merchants as are ignorant of it, would take the hint, and condescend to be instructed.

The oil and tobacco-mills are equally curious, but as their construction is more generally known, I shall not take up your time in describing them.

Upon the whole the village of Broek, is one of the greatest curiosities of the United Provinces; and, indeed, North-Holland, generally, will be found to justify, even more than has been said in its favour.

The village of Medemblic, which I have not yet mentioned, and which, before the building of Encheuson and Hoorn, was the capital of North-Holland, is still remarkable for its immense Dams, which have resisted the

violence of the turbulent Zuyder Sea so many centuries. The water is here much higher than the land, and in tempestuous weather threatens to overflow the banks, enormous as they are; by which the country would be instantly deluged. To prevent this dreadful event, the inhabitants cover the banks with many folds of sail-cloth, which simple as it appears, checks the fury of the waves in their most violent career. A million of human beings trust their lives to this seemingly flight invention. The above adventurous little town looks, as you approach it, to be just rising out of the ocean: the savage roaring of the waves vainly menace it every moment. When they swell beside the banks, mountain high, ladies are to be seen walking and children at play: while the boldest stranger would tremble for their safety and his own. So reconciling is the power of custom. All that you have ever seen in your own country of sublime pier heads, moles, &c. though they surpass in majesty, fall infinitely short of the Dam of Medemblic, in point of the terrible, and the industrious. I have looked down from the heights of Shakspeare's cliff, and from those

“Where huge Plinlimmon lifts his awful head,”

but the sensation was in neither instance so full of tremendous imagery. And the contrast, from the smiling and peaceful retirements of Broek, made it more impressive.

The character of the North Hollander, is that of phlegm and even apathy: He is certainly more saturnine than his countrymen farther south. Slow in decision, persevering in opinion, but unshaken, as the banks of Medemblic, in a resolve when taken. They are also more muscular in their forms, and of a superior size, but neither clumsily put together, nor coarse in their feature. The beauty of the women as to their grand articles of red and white of Nature's own putting on (though she mixes them better in some countries) I have already spoken.

spoken. I have, therefore, only to add, a grace which has been in and out of fashion, many times on your side of the water; I mean a very high forehead. The North Holland Ladies consider this as so indispensable, that they press down, and even eradicate the hair, bind it with ribbons and fillets, and use every other art to expand the brows. A low forehead, and an abundance of hair, near the temples is of course, deemed a grand personal defect. The females of North Holland have also a beauty, which the other Provinces rarely shew us; that of good teeth, which is, in any of the great towns, a rarity in either sex, and seemingly one but little desired.

Their complexion is almost invariably fair. A Dutch Brunette, is scarce to be seen, and when seen, not either envied by one sex, or admired by the other. They partake, however, in a very high degree, the defects as well as beauty of that fine colouring—extreme indolence.

We are told that lovers are more constant, husbands more-obsequious in North Holland, than in any other part of the Republic, which even in general has the reputation of being under the government of the petticoat. This must be understood to extend only to household affairs: In matters of public concern, the North Hollander is the most independent asserter of his rights, and the Amor Patriæ is here more vitally felt, and has been more strenuously maintained, than in any other parts of the Provinces.

Enough has now been said to induce every reader of these our Gleanings, to make the tour of this very singular and beautiful little Province.

Adieu, my loved friend. Here and every where may blessings attend you.

LETTER

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

YOU tell me I have too long neglected the Muse; accept then a poetical Gleaning in the form of a Sonnet, which breathes a sadness that will reach your affections. It is the effusion of a melancholy moment, and entirely confutes the assertion of the ingenious bard, who said

“What mourner ever felt poetic fires?

“Slow comes the verse that real grief inspires.”

for it was written as fast as the pen could move along the paper, and when the writer's heart was wrung with sensations of greater sorrow than either verse or prose could describe.

SONNET.

I.

WHEN every charm of life is fled,
And every thought is fill'd with care;
When peace, and hope, and health, are dead,
And nothing lives but dire despair;

II.

When sleep, the wretch's last relief,
Tho' potent drugs invite his power;
Denies one little pause to grief,
The balmy respite of an hour:

III.

Ah! what can PITY's self devise,
(From farther ills the wretch to save),
But wish his death; with tender sighs,
And drop a tear upon his grave!

Grief,

Grief, is not more various, my friend, in its causes, than in its effects upon the minds of different sufferers. There are many who endure in a silence, at once dreadful and profound, the *first* stages of their distress, and burst forth into the loudest paroxysms in the *second*. And there are others, who *begin* with violence and clamour, which, so far from not remaining in force, decreases only in sound, but settles afterwards into a tremendous calm, which remains fixed, for the rest of life, in the melancholy anguish of unspeakable despair. This, I know, inverts the popular idea, that the deepness of grief, like that of waters, "makes the least noise," but there is no ascertaining by a standard the diversified effects of agony or joy. Every human being must feel in his own way; and, perhaps, no two ever yet felt exactly alike, even the same pain or pleasure; because temper, constitution, age, sex, or circumstance, with myriads of combinations, will make an alteration, some where or other, in the occasion, or in the sufferer.

I have gleaned the heart of man in many countries, my friend, and though every where, it is true,

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,

"And sighs and tears by nature grow on pain;"

as well as that happiness has its general characteristics, I do not remember even, yet, to have found the effects of either—no, not even when the causes have been precisely the same—exactly, or even, nearly, similar, as the manner of receiving them, at first, or bearing them afterwards, in any two human creatures.

For my own part, I have been a thousand times satisfied, that our minds are yet more distinct and appropriate than our persons, and that no man ever resembled his neighbour so much in the former as the latter. Something renders each being original; and though we are all

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of one species, were the dissimilarities of each individual to be laid open, in a candid history of his peculiar sensations, they would be, perhaps, numerous enough for every mortal to exclaim—"Although I am of the same kind, "and resemble you, neighbour, in some things, I differ "from you so essentially in others, 'that I am myself 'alone': nor do I deny that you may lay claim to like "original traits."

I believe, with respect to the ordinary effects of pleasure and pain, (I am speaking of neither in their extremes) it is common for the first to render men voluble, and the latter silent. I confine myself to mental, not bodily pain. The reverse happens to myself. In pleasure, especially if it be sudden, I hardly know what to do with myself—a letter which describes the health or wealth of an absent friend, the conciliation of an enemy, or of any thing *like* conciliation of the latter, the view of a happy countenance, the sound of a happy voice, the smiling face of general nature in the spring, diffusing general felicity, on animal as well as human life, the sight, or even the relation of a generous action, the soft remembrance of kindness received in years long past, the recollection even of places where I have seen, or conversed with, those whom, though, *perhaps*, I may converse with, and see no more, perhaps, I *may*:—all these, and ten thousand times ten thousand other things, work themselves so strongly into the frame of my heart and soul, that I am for a considerable time blessed *beyond talking*, and am as restless and silent, as if I was speechless from distress. As the pleasurable idea takes possession of me, I am driven about in a manner and with a rapidity, that a spectator, ignorant of my habits, would set me down as an unhappy fellow, vainly trying to run away from his misery. I cannot sit in my chair, nor keep out of it. I even turn from the object (if it be near) from which I derive my felicity. But I turn away frequently with a heart so full of tender gratitude that,
even

even when the object is inanimate, (a fine expanse of water or of wood, or a small rivulet, or a little path way, near, or along which I have wandered, or to which I owe an agreeable image, for my muse, or for my friend) those tears which come from the spring of pleasure gush to my eyes. It is certainly great happiness, but I can neither tell, nor, at the moment, write about it.

" Mine is the *harvest* dancing in the gale,

" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale."

Yet till the first impressions are somewhat subsided, I could not put into the sheaf of our correspondence a single wheat-ear.

How different is the influence of pleasure on many whom I have had the delight to see happy. How has their felicity poured itself forth in expression. How has it made those speak, who, in less fortunate hours, were so profoundly silent, that

" they quite detested talk."

In grief alone it is, that I am loquacious and yet tranquil. I remain for some hours fixed, as if statue-struck, to the spot, where the misfortune fell upon me; but, if a friend appears, on that softest pillow for an aching heart, I lean for comfort, and explain my feelings without reserve. If no resource of this kind is at hand, I can, even while the anguish is upon my mind, force it, or, rather shall I say, indulge it, the only mode of communication which absence allows.

" Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid."

Or I derive consolation from the muse, and have proved, in a thousand instances, that "flowing numbers" are very suitable "with a bleeding heart." If I have ever had the power of interesting the affections of my reader, in describing any imagined sorrow, it has always been when I felt the puncture of some actual distress. And if I have

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at any time had the happiness to satisfy others, by any strain or story, which painted fancied, or real, felicity, it has been the production of subsequent memory rather than of immediate sensation. I am made happy: the instant effect does what it will with me, and for some hours it keeps me in perpetual motion. I think and feel volumes; but I could no more use a pen than the gander, or goose, on whose wing it once grew. As the matter settles a little, I am equal to converse, or correspondence: the fitness for which I first gather from perceiving within me the power of talking to myself. With the return of my soliloquies, return also my colloquial abilities; and, after a few discoveries or thinkings aloud, I open upon every person I meet, chat with every cottager, enter almost every hut; and, though I am not so violently happy as I was, am, perhaps, more comfortable: to others I certainly am; for during my whirligig, outrageous state, a cottager would be frightened at me, and a hut scarce hold me. Yes, my friend, it is then that I must

“ Have ample room and verge enough.”

But what am I about? Much of this you know, and have humoured me both when the fit has been on and off. Into what length of selfish delineation has the introduction of a little melancholy song betrayed me? Yet may it not have thrown some general light on some commonly received opinions? and, were it only a particular portrait of my own way of feeling, surely I may be indulged in a few pages, sacred to a friend, who will pardon my egotism, and smile on my peculiarities.

Possibly they are not the peculiarities of any other man, and therefore can expect to find favour only in the eyes of a friend; unless every other man would remember, that they too have peculiarities of some sort, and, perhaps, not many so pleasant to themselves, or so harmless to other people, as the Gleaner's.

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It is thus, that the joyful tidings which open the lips, and put in motion the pens of others, close and lay aside mine. I talk and write, not when I am less happy, but, when I am in the best condition to relate: in other words, when I can sit still. Not a thought, not an image, however, is impaired. It is even more vivid, and asks the brightest colour of language, as well as the speed with which the words that compose such language, demand. This letter, dedicated solely to her, who could alone read it, marked as it is with the hurry that illustrates what I have just observed, shall close with a truth that can never change, *viz.* that in every state of my mind and its feelings; whether I am struck dumb with happiness, or impelled to loquacity, by sorrow, I am, with equal affection and fidelity, its dearest attributes, your's.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

FROM North Holland you return to this city in one of the public barges. It is a passage of a few hours, at the end of which you revisit those scenes of bustling activity, which are in such wonderful contrast to those images of general repose, that it seems almost as if the great ferryman of the Heathens had taken you back in his boat from Elysium to this nether world. I allude only to the more tranquil parts of North Holland; such, for instance, as Broek.

In and about that lovely village I have forgot the residue of the cold weather weeks, and their blustering attendants
and

and awaited the arrival of the spring, whose harbingers have long since recompensed the fondness of expectation. I have almost a month breathed amongst all that April has in this country to offer, from the opened violet to the unfolded rosebud: the tenderest green covers the whole village, which appears almost to vegetate and blossom. I said to it yesterday, adieu, and yesterday was one of April's most delightful offerings;

"Forth flew the tepid airs, and unconfin'd,
"Unbinding earth, the moving softness stray'd."

There had been four-and-twenty hours of unusual warmth, and at length one of those showers fell on the earth, which seem to sprinkle over it the balms of heaven. One might almost, without a figure, say

"Celestial odours breath'd around."

On regaining this capital, I could not help exclaiming, in the vigorous language of a modern poet, who seems to have had the truest relish of nature,

"God made the country, and man made the town!"

The genial shower above-mentioned, that overspread Broek with flowers and fragrance, had not even quieted the dust of the traffic-trodden city. Man and beast, notwithstanding the eternal operations of the mop and scrubbing-brush in this country, were "besprent." But the clangor of industry, and the assembled powers of gain, personified, rendered the change interesting to the spectator. It is astonishing how the passages of those bards of our poetical land, with whose writings I have passed my early days, recur to my memory, and break into quotation as occasions apply them. In an instant, the apposite verses rush to my lips, whatever be the subject, and I feel new love and admiration for the author, for assisting me to illustrate affecting objects with more vivid language than I could myself supply. As I passed through the streets of Amsterdam, from the quay to my lodgings, a
passage

passage from the poet of Nature, who painted the seasons of the year in colours, inferior only to those of nature herself, broke from me.

- " Then would a splendid city rise to view,
- " With cars and carts, and coaches roaring all:
- " Wide pour'd abroad, behold the bustling crew,
- " See how they dash along from wall to wall!"

But scarce had I uttered these lines ere others, no less apposite, from the inexhaustible stores of the same author, followed them. They exactly characterise the provinces in general.

- " Gay plains extend, where marshes slept before,
- " O'er recent meads th' exulting streamers fly;
- " Dark frowning bogs grow bright with Ceres store,
- " And woodsembrown the steep, or wave along the shore."

Excuse the variation of a word or two, which brings the picture nearer the truth and the life.

On my going to dine at the Table D'Hôte, I met with a circumstance which is too notorious not to deserve censure, and which, nevertheless, English travel-writers have been pleased, whether from national prejudice, or false kindness, I cannot tell, to pass over. I speak of the shameful, but very general, practice in strangers, of defaming the country, and the government, and the people by which they are protected, and with whom they associate.

At the public ordinary just mentioned, there might be gathered together about forty persons of different countries. Not less than twelve of these were Englishmen, chiefly young men established in good commercial houses, for the sake of a reputable connexion in business, and for a trade-education.

I love my countrymen, for I love my country. But I esteem the one no longer than they do credit to the other. It is at the end of several years patient and silent observation and disgust, that I now resolve to mention, with
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the most marked indignation, a *characteristic*, and, I am afraid, incorrigible offence to social manners and common decency, perpetually in the practice of *this* class of English residents, in whatever parts of the Continent they are placed.

1st. They are, beyond comparison, the most overbearing part of the company, when they condescend to talk; and the most disobligingly sullen, when they are silent.

2dly. They get into groupes; and trusting to the ignorance of the rest of the company in our language, use it as a sort of masked battery, to play off the most illiberal observations on the person or persons singled out for the ridicule of the hour.

3dly. Whatever is the subject of table-talk, English men, English women, English porter, English punch, English air, fire or water, is superior to any thing to be found in any other place; and yet by a strange versatility, when these very eulogists get back into the country they have so bepraised abroad, they find out that it scarce contains any object fit to be borne by a person who has lived so long in foreign climes. The women are insipid, the men insufferable, the porter stupifying, the punch vulgar, the air heavy, the fire dull, and the water worse than that of a canal.

4thly. Where a traveller of any other country gets into a scrape once, the English youths are under a dozen unpleasant dilemmas, from indecent or intemperate behaviour. Are the Dutch spoken of by these great satirists: They are a pack of interested, grubbling, heavy-headed scoundrels.—The French: (I speak of France as it used to be) They are the most faithless, fawning sycophants.

The Italians: They are dark assassins. The Spaniards: Proud, poor, base, and, idle. Thus, catching the popular character (which is commonly the vulgar error) of each nation, and pre-determined to find the old threadbare slander that some jaundiced splenetic first gave out, they

they root in themselves the habits of abuse, and sacrifice the rest of the universe to that very old England, which when they inhabit it, is sacrificed, in its turn, to other nations.

It is really afflicting to see, my dear friend, with what boyish tricks, and unmanly, as well as ungrateful aspersions, our ex-countrymen of this order entertain each other. I sat opposite to some of this description this day, and had the mortification to hear what follows: A French gentleman offered his snuff-box to his next neighbour, a young Englishman.

"Dirty dog!" cried the latter, in a *stage* whisper to his next neighbour, "I won't touch it. The French monkey key may want to poison me for aught I can tell."

A Portuguese gentleman understanding an English youth, present, had just come from Hanover, begged to know the route—"D—n the yellow-faced fellow's impertinence," cried the British hero to his comrade, "I know he can't speak a word of English, and so I won't understand him." This amiable observation produced a loud laugh amongst the Englishmen, and the Portuguese was put out of countenance, but not out of manners, "I presume," said he, bowing, "that Monsieur does not understand my bad English; and as I have not the honour to speak good French, I can only regret that I must lose the benefit of his information." Hereupon the gentleman left the room, and the Englishmen laughed louder than before.

Is it not very uncomfortable to see ourselves thus generally outdone in all the conciliating courtesies of life? On my honour, I adhere to the simplest facts, when I again assert, that a native of this, and of almost every country I have passed, will attend to every question you please to ask—answer it the most satisfactorily in his power,—listen to the most irrelevant and prolix conversations, in which you choose to address him; go out of his own path to set
you

you right in your's; hear the feeblest attempts to explain yourself in his language; and so far from ridiculing your deficiency, try to supply, by guessing your wishes, through all the defects of your expression, and be your air, manner, motions, or dress, the most obnoxious to ridicule in the world, you will never see or hear any odious comparisons, or national triumphs.

You know me too perfectly to believe I would insinuate, that the reverse of this demeanour is universally prevailing in British travellers abroad, or residents at home, but it is lamentably general; and I have felt my cheek burn with indignation and shame at it, in various countries.

"Reform it altogether," I beg of you, my young countrymen; since although the good breeding of those you treat thus ungenerously prevents them from recriminating, they secretly feel all the contempt for you which such conduct excites, and it impresses on their minds an indelible idea of the coarseness, buffoonery, and inhospitality of the British nation.

"What can they reason but from what they know,"

And as they may never go into England to vindicate it from these first impressions, and may perhaps avoid mixing with mere English travellers, after the first insults have been received, you are in effect a depreciator of your country, and scandalize it in the eyes and in the estimate of every other!

But enough of this: and enough of Amsterdam. The lovely season invites me to range abroad, farther a-field, and in my irregular, but, I hope, not unpleasant way, to glean other places. My purpose is now to go once again higher up the country; and again to traverse the pleasant regions of Guelderland; to circle Westphalia, to penetrate into Germany, and, in all, to

"Try what the open, what the coverts yield,"

I invite

I invite you to accompany me with my whole affectionate heart.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along, and may every good and pleasant thing attend us on the way.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

AND the way is literally strewed over with flowers. A journey through Holland in that part of the year, when

“ Nature all

“ Is blooming and benevolent like thee,”

is a journey, or rather a voyage, for you go by water, by the side of a garden, in which nature has done all the soil allows, and art has supplied her deficiencies as far as it is possible. But it is very curious, and glean-worthy matter, to see as you go on higher land, how art declines, and nature asserts herself; I mean as to vegetable beauties. Industry and toil, whose strong and ingenious hands have wrought such wonders in the Provinces of Holland, Utrecht, &c. appear to be mere lookers on in neighbouring places. The flat but flourishing lowland, gradually rises to an hillock, the hillock swells to a hill, and the hill spreads, as you pass onward, to a mountain; the regular alley of trees yields to the luxuriant hedge rows, these give place to the sublimer woodland, and that is succeeded by the almost immeasurable forests: the slow and smooth canals of Holland improve into the run-

ning brooks of Guelderland, these expand to the ample lakes of the adjoining countries, and the various scene is closed by the stupendous cataracts of Switzerland. Different prospects ! and different people ! but a Supreme Being presides over each, and has extended his benignity to all. Let us then

“ Etch the prospect as it lies.”

Respecting Dordrecht, Gorcum, Breda, Bergen-opzoom, &c. I must beg leave to refer you to the numerous books, in which they are very justly described, and in none better than in Peckham. I am anxious to go on with you, to the fairest possessions of the Dutch Republic, over and across which, I am competent to be your guide, on the ground of long experience, having traversed the country of Guelderland—certainly entitled to the epithet of the fairest possession—several times, and at all seasons of the year.

We will just stop by the way, to glean an anecdote from Dort. At that town, is a very curious, and I believe, hitherto unpublished custom, in regard to the German timber-merchants. These men having prepared and seasoned their wood, come down upon it along the bosoms of the Rhine and Maese. It forms a train of immense rafts, simply tied together, and on the surface of these planks, they erect temporary habitations for the accommodation of themselves and families. Thus they swim down from the high to the low countries, to sell their timber ; for which, on their arrival at Dort, they have a certain market. This traffic is an amusing novelty ; for, in defiance of wind, waves, or weather, all ages and sexes from the cradle infants to the great grand-fathers, are on float. But the best part of the business is, these itinerant Germans, having vended their stores and converted their rafts into good Dutch ducats, seem to forget they have any other habitation or country, since they generally continue to idle about till those ducats,

instead

instead of making the tour of Germany, remain, by the medium of inn-keepers, in Dutch land, as if unwilling to emigrate from their native country, or to tarry with the German timber-merchants, many of whom, having spent the last stiver in this strolling way, often repair themselves by marrying some pretty Dutch-woman who can pay their passage back to the German forests; where they hew timber with great industry, till the season of idleness again arrives.

Of the Duchy of Guelderland I have in a former letter given you a general character. But our particular attention is due to its principal towns; these are Arnheim and Nimeguen, whose environs and appertaining villages will employ the lovers of natural and artificial beauties, with many a day of pleasant observation.

The interior parts of this very agreeable Duchy, are amongst the many things slighted by post-haste travellers. Nimeguen, indeed, one of its capitals, as being in the direct route of Westphalia and Germany, forces itself upon the notice of the most rapid traveller, who, *therefore*, informs you that it is a rich, ancient, and populous town; that the market-place, and street to which it belongs, is remarkable for its extent, and the elegance of the surrounding buildings, especially the church towers and steeples of St. Etienne, by which it is terminated. The town-house, also, being amongst the palpable objects, is described, by the heroes of the whip and spur, as a magnificent structure, ornamented with the statues of the emperors; and lastly, we gather from the same hasty authors, that the garrison is in considerable force, in the best repair, and that it is worth a stranger's while, who has time to spare, and is not fatigued with his journey, to take a stroll round the bulwarks, while the kettle is boiling, or the beef-steak dressing.

I can witness the truth of all this, but he who mounts his horse, or throws himself into his carriage, with hav-

ing seen only these staring objects, and then dashing right on without turning to the right or to the left, enriched as both sides are, with charming little villages and countries, will lose what is well worth looking for. Of these, however, in their place.

Nimeguen is celebrated in the history of modern Europe, for being the place where the Congress of the Plenipotentiaries assembled to conclude the treaty of peace, in 1678, between Spain, France, and the United Provinces, August 10th; and between the Empire and France, and the Empire and Sweden, on the 3d of Feb. 1679. The mediators on the part of the Pope and Great Britain, were Aloise Bevilagua, Patriarch of Alexandria, Lord Berkley and Sir W. Temple. The ambassadors of the Emperor were the Count de Goes, Bishop of Gurck; and the Counts de Kinski and Straetman. Those of Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States, were men of equal rank and abilities. We find the eminent name of Colbert amongst the representatives of France.

The Nimeguens, in consequence of this meeting, had the address to procure for their town more solid advantages than are derived from the empty distinction of the signing a treaty of peace, even though of importance to Europe. The States-General contrived to ratify the treaty by setting on foot a subscription, which was soon filled by the assembled parties, to repair the injuries they had contributed to bring upon the town, at the siege which it sustained a few years before. By this means, a demand of fifty-five millions of florins, which this town must otherwise have paid by stipulation to the French, was done away.

Numerous are the readers who would be surprized, were I to assure them, that the part of the Dutch territory, known by the name of Guelderland, is replete with not only the beautiful, but the sublime of nature, that the loveliest vallies are under shelter of the most magnificent hills,

hills, that these extend in a chain which sometimes is bathed in the clouds, from one end of the province to the other; the most romantic foliage and scenery luxuriating above, and a delicious branch of the Meuse, or of the Rhine, flowing beneath—the intermediate vallies and plains, on a dry, elevated, and plentiful soil, filled with flocks, herds, and game, and enriched by towns, villas, castles, and hamlets, that to a well-tempered traveller, would give the sensation of pleasure, to perceive, with what an equal hand, the God of Nature has been the God of all; and even a grudging traveller must extort a confession, that it is not for Providence to copy the vices of selfish mortals, but for selfish mortals to imitate the bounties of Providence. For my own part, I confess to you, I never look at these blessings bestowed on my fellow creatures in a foreign land, without feeling my heart at once enlarged and bettered by the view. I have a feeling on this subject, I anxiously wish I could describe to you, but the sensation is too strong for language; at least for my powers of description. In traversing a new country, as its beauties rise to my view, I consider each of those beauties as so many fresh arguments for my admiration of the great and good bestower: I consider a traveller as having even better opportunities than other men to become conversant with his beneficent works. Warmed with this idea, I have looked at with ardent eyes, and felt with an adoring heart, the surrounding scenes. I have all my life read and heard of the high enjoyment derived from the idea of property; simply, and independently, of the real comforts, or benefits, which such property affords. I have been told of the exquisite satisfaction, with which a man walks over a spacious garden, or an extensive meadow, from the consciousness of their being upon his own ground; and I have been informed, likewise, that the human heart warms with more cheering influence amongst the flowers, fruits, and other rural charms, that are displayed in that
soil

soil where it first began to beat, than in any other clime. Of the truth of these assertions, I know nothing. I have never been in possession of fine fields, or gardens, except as a mere yearly renter; and, therefore, cannot speak to the wonderful delights, that are said to proceed from the commanding idea, that I was Lord of the land, the fruits, the flowers, the herds, the flocks, &c. &c. Nor have I rested long enough in the place, or nation that gave me birth; nor been sufficiently happy in it, to make me with some, (I suspect affected) patriots, that even misery and inconvenience at home, are better than comfort and accommodation abroad. Yet I am not insensible, on general principles, to the pleasing reflection that my countrymen reside in a fair land, that it is justly celebrated for arts and arms, and protected by wholesome laws. Neither, on particular principles, am I without a fond consolation, that the friends, from whom fate or fortune separates me, enjoy all the above privileges, added to the fame and distinction which their own talents or virtues secure. But this is too broad a satisfaction to give me the sensation of having a landed interest in that country, and luxuriating in the idea that I am the proprietor of so many thousand of its acres. I fear, unless I were to *liberalize* this sensation, by supposing it arose chiefly from the idea such ample possessions gave of assisting those who had more cause to thank nature than fortune—I fear, I say, my dear friend, that unless I were to suppose this, which I doubt would be somewhat too candid, that to descend to the feeling of valuing a tree, a park, a garden, or any other natural beauty, because, by purchase or birth-right, it is my *own*, I must very much *narrow* my present sensations. As it is, I ascend the mountains at home or abroad, and see from them, with real joy, the smiles of nature, the riches of industry, or wonders of art, which, I hope, render tens of thousands as happy as myself.

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If half of them are as pleased with the possession as I am with the prospect, they are delighted indeed. It never enters into my mind—*these are not mine*—a thought which is enough to darken the sun, and envelope the whole scene. I even derive gratification from knowing that the view which at the moment regales me, is only a speck, a span, in the great system of human felicity, or, at least, the materials of felicity. I pass the boundary of this ample prospect, but find no boundary to the felicity. Other scenes, another people to enjoy them, but an equal abundance of the materials. I expand my research yet further, and find still reason to congratulate human nature, and myself as spectator of the various good appointed for it. I look into a fine territory, and hail the possessors of it. I survey a majestic wood, and so far from appropriating a single twig or leaf of it, I am grateful to the owner, for cultivating it. I love it for itself, and I love it for the God that made it so fair. If imagination sometimes creates a forest, or a flower of her own, or builds me up a mansion, or (as I have somewhere else said) places me a cottage in any country I am gleaning, and puts into it what furniture and what inhabitants she knows her votary best approves, that is quite another matter, and that is certainly poetical *property*; but for coveting other men's goods, in any other way, or in any other place, through all the works of created nature, I never did, nor ever shall. And I do not believe I could walk in the grounds of an enemy, see his flowers in bloom, or his fruits in bearing, without plucking a canker from the one, or a slug from the other, if I found them in my way.

Blessed be your *sejour* in Guelderland, my friend. If the vapours of Holland, and her low lands should have relaxed your frame, or seized your spirits, here you may brace the one, and invigorate the other. Deviate into

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the sequestered paths, and you will be delighted with clustering villages that make directly to the heart, by the medium of peculiar neatness and simplicity; for here nature begins to resume herself; in Holland she was often obliged to yield to art. If you keep the direct roads, they will guide you to many noble towns, and highly ornamented countries. In either path, I repeat, blessed may you be.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

ONE of the main roads will take you to Arnheim; a town which rivals Nimeguen in beauty, and surpasses it in situation.

It is a pretty curious fact, that a stranger cannot come into this place, or go out of it, without paying for his exit and entrance. In the space of half a league, there are half a dozen bridges raised over as many canals. At each of these you pay passage money; the first takes a half-penny, the second a penny, and so on in a rising series; the sixth payment carries you to the great gate, at which you are stopped by a worthy person who has another demand on you: and whether on foot, or on horseback, or in a carriage, you must pay your quota. As this was the first time I had been asked to pay for the use of my legs, I thought it worth while to glean the reason, and was told that I had the honour to pay at all these bridges, for the good of the Republic, and by order of the

the States. I bowed and passed on to my hotel, where I had scarce time to felicitate myself on having contributed my mite to the Republic ere mine host of the Golden Eagle, (the best inn of Arnheim), presented me with a book and pen, to announce my name, quality, object of travel, how long I purposed to remain in town, and which of its inhabitants could speak to my character. By the bye, all these demands are made in Dutch, and if your landlord cannot interpret, you must make it out as you can, for your answer to every question must be given in to the magistrates, early the next morning. The interrogatories here are,

De Naam ?

Woonplaats ?

Qualiteit of Beroep ?

Van waar gekoomen ?

Hoe lang blyve ?

By wie hier of Elders in de Provintie bekend ?

This being a pretty general custom on the Continent, I should not have noticed it but for the abruptness with which it was done ; and being somewhat weary, I wished to get a quiet dish of tea, before I wrote down my history ; unless, said I to the landlord, you should be of opinion it may be for the good of the Republic, and the States-General, that I should give an account of myself before. The Republic, answered mine host, is always happy to receive strangers, and to know who they are, what they come for, how long they remain, and where they are going ; and the sooner the chief magistrates are made acquainted with all this the better. Then my information shall be concise, complete, and immediate. I come to pick up what I can find in other countries, and carry it off to my own. I have already gone half the world over with the same view ; and, before I get home, shall perhaps traverse the other half. There was something in
this

this account which my landlord did not like. He fastened a strong suspicion on the declaration, that I was come to pick up and carry off what I could find. But in the course of the evening, a gentleman of the place, to whom I was known, cleared me up to the good man's satisfaction, and he afterwards made ample amends for his over-hasty suspicions.

He told me what was worthy of remark, both in his town and neighbourhood. He advertised me of a book, in which were set down and printed the prices of baggage, carriages, boats, and post-horses, by which extortion was rendered impossible. He told me I was within a day's walk or morning's ride of several very beautiful villas, and he ordered his little son to write me down, as well a direction to, as a description of these: "When you have got out of the town-gate," said the little fellow, "*you will see* a long avenue of trees, which you must walk under, and *when you get* to the end of this long avenue, *you will see* two roads, you must take the left, and *when you have* walked another quarter of an hour *you will see* a fine inn, and on the other side of this fine inn *you will see* Claarembek, and then another quarter of an hour, and *you will see* Anglestein; and *when you have got* to Anglestein, then go straight forward till you come to Ronfindale, where there is another good inn, from whence you have but a short walk to Belljoen; and when you see Belljoen, you should go to the inn called the Brouverye, and there you will learn the way to Backheusen, which is the most beautiful of all." My instructor was but eight years old; and though his account was something like, "Walk in, gentlemen, and *see what you shall see*," it was done with so hearty a goodwill, and so many apologies for bad French, and so well-natured an offer of his little self, to prevent my suffering by his ignorance, that it abundantly atoned for the behaviour of his father on my first coming into the house.

My

My young director, however, who had more of the French courtesy (I speak of France when it was a nation) than of the French language, made a small mistake in putting the word *gauche*, where he should have written *droit*, by which I was carried a good hour's walk out of my track, and for which I return him my hearty thanks, being thereby conducted into some of the most delightful bye-walks, nooks, and corners of nature. I might have driven along the main road for a month together, without so much as suspecting those sweetly-sequestered beauties were so near at hand.

And now, my good reader, if, peradventure, thou art, like myself, master of thy time, and a deliberate traveller, let me suggest to thee the supreme satisfaction of now and then losing thy way; since to such accidents thou wilt sometimes find, at every devious step, a rich reward for thy wanderings. Indeed I would advise thee (where the general course, situation, and prospect of a country infuses thee a beauty of nature go where thou wilt) to ride or walk, contrary to the instructions thou mayest have received, incontinently turning to the right when thou art desired to keep the left, and *vice versa*. If thou hast never tried, there is no convincing thee of the enchanting scenes which a dull regular right-on journey makes thee pass. For my own part, being, as thou hast seen, in the course of these gleanings, in the habit of holding long and audible conversations with myself, when perhaps there is neither an human creature, nor the habitation of one within a league of me, and when warmly engaged in the question and answer of such self-sustained dialogues, I often take the left for right, and the right for left without knowing it. My discourse, however, being usually on the beauties of nature, I lose none of them by these errors, but am upon the whole a gainer. It is true I have frequently been benighted, but then I have found an inn, a public house, or a private one, or a cot, and all these have commonly been

been prolific of adventures either for good or evil, or a mixture of both : new scenes have presented themselves ; new characters ; in the course of the next day I have got by some other cut (which is another novelty) into the main road. I glean every inch of the way, and on coming home, add something to my sheaf : Or, if you should stray *very* far out of the beaten path, you will always meet somebody good-natured enough to shew you the way back. For instance : by the misdirection of my little guide, I deviated a league. I heard the sound of an axe in the middle of a forest, just at the opening of four different great roads cut through the forest. I took that from whence the sound seemed to come. But the sound soon led me through numberless verdant difficulties, and leafy labyrinths, which, though far from being unpleasant, conveyed me to the thickest parts of the wood. On a sudden, the sound of the axe ceased, and I was without any guide at all ;

“ Where woods immeasurably spread

“ Seem’d length’ning as I went.”

I wandered about for some time, before I recollected that could I occasion a sound, as well as the axe. I raised my voice to its extent. Had I whispered, it must have been heard, for, within a few paces, the woodman who had been felling timber was sitting upon a tree he had just cut down ; and converting it both into a seat and table, was eating his mid-day meal ; this consisted of very dark brown bread, a bunch of radishes, and a lump of cheese ; of all which he invited me to partake, and in a manner that to refuse would have been churlish. Besides, I had rambled about, like the babes of the wood, till I was hungry. After my repast, the hospitable forester, with an urbanity that would have thrown lustre on the dweller in a palace, conducted me to the side of the wood ; and there, not having sufficient confidence in his explanations, or in the specimens I gave of a knowledge in his language, he took my cane, (which,

(which, however, he returned with a bow almost in the same moment, as if sensible he had, in a manner, committed an outrage on his former courtesy) then using his fingers as a compass, he drew a correct map of my route upon the sand; by means of which I was as perfect a master of the geography of my intended excursion, as if Cooke, Kitchen, or Sanby, those celebrated mappists, had made out my chart.

There was so much natural good-will, and good-breeding in the services of this man of the woods, that as he drew the lines of direction, my heart warmed towards him, I gave my hand to raise him from the ground, on which he kneeled to draw his instructions; and as I bade him adieu, I felt that comfortless sensation which has so often accompanied me in my journey through the world, when I have taken leave of the kind and courteous, whom accident has thrown into my path, but whom the chances are against my ever meeting again. The longest passage of life is short, and one sees, in travelling it, many objects, and catch glimpses of many persons, *en passant*, to whose countenances, converse, and other charms, we must bid, most likely an eternal, farewell, just as they begin to interest and delight us. But the pleasure of such encounters, transitory as they are, have a sweetness that softens the regret of our not being able to enjoy it long. My advice therefore, is, in cases of travel, the reverse of that given in cases of morality. In the latter, we are very properly admonished to reject the crooked paths which lead to vice, even though strewed with roses, and to persist in the straight road which conducts to virtue, though surrounded by thorns. But in a journey purely to see the world, "and all that it inherits," my exhortation is, that you quit the broad right-on way, and take the winding one. For instance, hadst thou, my friend, in the deviations of half a day, met nothing more than the man of the wood, would he not have more than paid thee for thy wanderings?

Certainly

Certainly I have, in my perambulations of this day, received as much vernal pleasure, and in as great variety, as the most ardent lover of nature could desire. I performed the tour, my obliging little guide had described, infinitely to my satisfaction; and, on my regaining Arnheim, was just as fatigued as is consistent with a sound and quiet rest.

I rose with all the freshness of the morning; and yet I feel myself at a loss how to make you a partaker of my gratified heart; having, as you know, a settled dislike to all formal accounts:

“Where pure description holds the place of sense.”

And yet it is impossible to pass over a series of very beautiful scenery, without saying something.

First, however, you are to observe, that the country itself (I mean this part of Guelderland) does not admit of those elevations or descents which character the land betwixt Nimeguen and Utrecht. You meet, in the environs of Arnheim, no cataracts, which, impatient of controul, burst their way through a thousand fissures of the rocks: you perceive no mountains which give you all the changing seasons as you ascend them. At their base, the softness of the spring, in their centre a glowing summer, and on their summit a rigorous winter. But you have abundance of those graceful risings and fallings, that, by the help of a little art, afford you many charming landscapes. Travellers of every description will, in the walk I have taken, find amusement and delight, from the rising even to the setting of the sun: here are pictures for the painter and the bard. In each of the places is the happiest disposition of the evergreens, and the whole view is enriched by cottages, convents, churches, mills, and turrets: husbandmen and women at work; children spread over the ground in sport, sheep at pasture: blossoms of all colours, flowers of all fragrance; the Rhine flowing on one side, the Maese on the other, with numberless intermediate

mediate streams, brooks, and rivulets, meandering through the verdure. To these the poet would be able to describe, in his numbers, what cannot be so forcibly impressed by the master of the pencil; the harmony of nightingales, which are even in flights throughout Guelderland. Indeed, they are here too numerous for poetry; for they echo each other in such rapid responses, and the charm is so incessant, that a young votary of the muse would have more Philomelas than he knew well how to manage. Indeed they are, in this country, in too great quantity for a professed man; for the note of one runs into that of a second, the second into a third, and so on, that they put each other out of tune, and produce rather a clamour than a concord. I think, verily, I heard in this little tour as many of these celebrated songsters, as would have added a nightingale to half the groves of Great Britain. Nor would travellers of a tender complexion, fail to find something in keeping with their feeling. There are bowers of moss, arbours of the thickest verdure, and hermitage of the profoundest sequestration: and if, peradventure, as in parties of pleasure such painful things occur, any two persons, whether of the same or of a different sex, whether single or married, wish for the relief of a little absence from each other, it is but taking the right path, when the other goes to the left, (for they are very artfully connected, so as to render the separation unperceived) and I will ensure to both the felicity of at least an hour's respite from the smallest hazard of their coming near each other.

In this general description I include the general beauties of the several places, already mentioned as the objects of my ambulation, *viz.* Clarembec, Rosindale, Belljoin, and Bacheusen. A few particulars must, however, be noted. The dwelling-house of Rosindale (whose other beauties are so manyfold, and in such good taste) has its foundation in water, not a running stream, nor a flowing river, but a filthy, discoloured, standing pool—a fault common to the
very

very best houses, and even palaces of the Republic : and what is stranger still, considered as an advantage. I might mention, too, as a counterpart to this, the mis-shapen and *outré* paintings of gods and goddesses, fish and game, fruit and shell-work, in one of the most spacious pavilions of the said Rosindale. This pavilion is also ornamented, or, if you please, overated with urns and vases, and statues so ill assorted, and so close together, that it has rather the air of a stone-mason's or statuary's shop and warehouse, than of a nobleman's summer-house. But, indeed, all Dutch embellishments exhibit a false taste and clumsy genius. At Bacheusen, however, are objects that would find their way to your "heart of hearts." From a path almost open to an extensive country, you enter into a grove of evergreens, which, by a very skilful gradation, take a deeper hue in your progress. The first five or six hundred yards the foliage is of young fir, which gives a tender kind of shade, at the end of which the path begins to darken, the trees (which are still of fir, but of greater age) being more lofty and venerable. Presently you come to a double, then a treble, row of these on each side. About a quarter of a mile farther on, the shade becomes so thick, that twilight overtakes you. You are alarmed ; your step is awed ; you listen. The wind blowing through the firs, in such a place, gives the sound of heavy, human sighing, when, urged by a wish to regain the day, and pressing onward, you are precipitated into an abyss so profound, and are surrounded by such melancholy foliage, as wraps you in almost utter darkness, even in the noon of day. The trees, in this part, are cypress, the growth of several centuries, and the underwood below is of the dunnest shrubs, so interwoven, as to exclude the light. You are thus in "the darkness that may be *felt*," from which, however, a few minutes walking relieves you. You come into a path, where the same artful arrangement of foliage, which had excluded the sun-beams, is used to restore them.

The

The greens are at first only *somewhat* less dark, the livelier shades succeed—the tints soften apace, the day returns, and you are touched by an emotion too mighty and singular for the pen, at least for that of your affectionate friend.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

TO the beauteous country, which includes these attracting spots, I should tell you, that you may be conducted by land or water, each of which has its peculiar charm. Your route by the former is Harwick, Helvoetsluice, Rotterdam, and Nimeguen. By the latter, you embark at Rotterdam, and are carried on the bosom of the Maese, even to the places described; your passage to which in the summer-time is replete with beautiful scenery: but let me apprize you of the necessity there is to go by the public barges, and not in one of the private bye-trading boats. It is the more essential for you to know this, as there are persons at the water's edge lying in wait to literally *take you in*, under pretence of their sailing directly. Your being seduced, by this appearance of accommodation, may subject you to numberless inconveniences; besides paying for them double the money, which, in the vulgar boats, would be demanded of you for the best treatment.

Having mentioned Rotterdam, I will here offer you two circumstances, which, though gleaned long since, were omitted, when I gave you a particular account of that populous place.

I was there on the 8th of March, the day which is commemorated as the anniversary of the Stadtholder's birth. If external signs were always expressive of the fact, a traveller would presume that the Prince of Orange is beloved of his people beyond any other potentate of the earth, taking the shew of his natal day as a proof of it. For, besides the common ceremonies of firing guns, and other compliments of course, civil or military emblems of loyalty were displayed, wherever invention, and even whim, could hang them out. All the vessels were full dressed, fore, aft, and midship, in their holiday finery: the festival literally went off with flying colours. The orange ribbon was not only in every hat, cap, and bonnet of his Highness's human subjects, but extended to all the bestial train that have the honour to breathe in his and their High Mightinesses Republic. The horses heads, tails, manes, chests, and fetlocks, were decorated with it: nay, the figure of the Prince is crammed in little, into the buttons of the coats, and flags are hoisted on every steeple: even the venerable figure of Erasmus, which stands in the market-place, is most ridiculously be-oranged. A filleting of that colour is wreathed round his hat, or rather cap, and fastened by an orange-string under his nose, into the nostrils of which is stuffed orange-peeling: the sash that ties the robe is fringed with it; the very sleeves of his gown are filled with real oranges, and his shoestrings are drawn into orange-bows. Somebody, either out of zeal or waggery, has stopped up the sage's mouth with more of the orange-peeling, and a capacious offering of that fruit covers the opened folio book which he holds in his hands: Whether it is that volume of his works which contains the celebrated treatise on *Folly*, I am not able to inform you; but, whatever may be due to the honours of the day, it would be a pity so noble a statue should be thus caricatured more than once in the year.

It

It is, however, a pleasant sight, to survey from the water in a tour round the canals, the barges of pleasure, and those of trade, all dressed in their best array: the arms and emblems of the Republic, and the colours of the Provinces that constitute it, brought under one point of view; many of the pendants reaching from the top gallant mast head to the river.

How far these appearances are real indications of an happy or contented people, is not now the question: Permit me yet a little while to amuse you with more peaceable subjects.

To return to Dutch Guelderland.—No one but an humble Gleaner would stoop to pick up an observation on a *warming-pan*, and yet two different kinds of these in the two different provinces of Utrecht and Guelderland, have entertained me more than any thing in which the affections are not engaged, since I left England.

In the former place as in the latter, the severe weather which gloomed on my first visit to these fine Provinces made a warm bed amongst the necessities of life; but a warming-bed-pan in the English fashion was not in general usage, and the substitute was whimsical enough—an open earthen pan, full of living ashes, was placed in an earthen platter, this again put into a large wicker cover, basket form, not unlike a magpye's cage. This complicated machinery was placed in the bed, where it remained about twenty minutes, during which I was to freeze in expectation. A simple warming-pan would have answered a better end in half a dozen turns; for the pertinacity of insisting on its staying its usual time, against all the arguments I could use with the chamberlain, was punished by his scorching the sheets, which induced mine hosts of Utrecht to give in to that monstrous machine as she called it, an English warming-pan.

Farther up the country I was treated with a yet greater curiosity; this was no other than a Seltzer water-bottle

filled with boiling materials: What was to be done with this, dost thou suppose, my ingenious reader? Why it was to make the tour of the bed in a very regular progress, beginning at the head, and ending at the feet: an operation that took up at least twenty minutes also, and with good attendance, for the bottle was to rest little and be rolled much. The night following, in the hope of shortening the labour, I ordered three warming-bottles, and the chambermaid being a good-natured girl, complied smilingly with my demand. One was placed at the head, a second in the middle, and a third at the feet. I was going to exult over the ignorance and barbarity in which the country had been so long involved, when the middle warmer, which happened to be a common wine bottle, lost its cork, which dire event not being perceived till I had sent away the maid, telling her I should be some time undressing, and would carefully take out the bottles, when they had done their duty, myself. By this manœuvre the bed was inundated just as I stepped into it, with the additional *agrément* of my being in the dark; for that nothing might interrupt the repose I promised myself, I had previously put out my candle. This was a worse calamity, to me, at least, than the scorched sheets; but putting both together, you feel the difficulty which a traveller from the comfortable realm of Great Britain has to prevent being burned or crowned in his bed; since he is thus nightly in danger betwixt fire and water.

But the beds themselves are objects of as humorous speculation, as the machines by which they are warmed. There is a scale of inconvenience and absurdity in them. In Holland they are indifferent, in Guelderland they are worse, in Westphalia they are very hard upon you, and in Prussia they are not to be endured, scarcely even by those who

“ Have made the flinty and rough couch of war

“ Their thrice-driven bed of down.”

Aid

Aid me, ye powers, who pity aching bones, to describe them ! Besides the delightful custom of frequently cramming a family, with the agreeable circumstance of now and then introducing a stranger to keep you company in the same room, (this is really frequent in Germany, and you may think yourself well off if they do not put a being you never saw before into your bed) and that room seldom a large one ; it is no abuse of a traveller's privileges to assure you, that three of their beds put together do not more than make up what in England would be considered as a decent bed for a man and his wife. Matter of fact will sanction me to desire you will read *four* instead of three, if you penetrate far into the Austrian country. Nor is their breadth less scanty than their length. So far from being at your ease, stretched out into your natural dimensions and proportions, that you must contract yourself into one half of your natural size, and sometimes to curl yourself up like the curs of the country. In the Palatinate, I was once absolutely thrust into such a crib that a well grown cat would have been only handsomely accommodated : and for me, I was compelled to fold myself up like an eel ; or if I were even to lie lengthways, from side to side, the matter would not have been much better, as even in that case I must have tucked myself into a double, as if tied neck and heels for execution : you flounce against the foot or sideboards at every turn ; and if, to be relieved from committing this outrage and assault on yourself, you take away either of these barbarous pieces of wood, which slide up and down, you incontinently fall out of bed : And that all the paraphernalia of the bed may be uniformly uncomfortable, the quilts, blankets, and sheets, are neither broad or long enough to keep you decently covered through the night, except you bundle and pack yourself up in the aforesaid manner, and are besides a very sound and quiet sleeper indeed ; the least restlessness, though but in a dream, would destroy the whole œconomy

my of your bed, and on waking you would find yourself in a state of nature, though in sleep you had supposed yourself arrayed in a birth-day suit.

You have it, nevertheless, in mind, that I speak generally of Table D'Hotes, Taverns, and what in these countries are, with too much compliment, called good private lodgings. In private houses you occasionally find in these countries, as in others, good rooms, good fare, good beds, and good company. But those are not properly so much the objects of information to a traveller, who requires passing accommodations, at the public-inns, and private lodgings. These merit the character I have given them. Indeed, in all which are justly called the *comforts* of life, Holland, Guelderland, Prussia, Germany, and other countries, are so many hundred years behind us, that we have just cause to be at once proud and grateful: proud of our happy island, and grateful for the benign government, under which it flourishes. But more of this in its place.

I should entertain you very much about the *storks* to be seen in the United States of Holland, as *that how* they are lovers of Republics, and to be seen only in countries where freedom is enjoyed, and, *as how*, they are even there, only birds of passage; visitors, not natives: and, *as how*, they hold consultations with one another throughout all the Republic, having as many deputies as the respective Provinces; and, *as how*, it is settled at a solemn Synod, that these winged *high* mightinesses, (for when erect they will measure to the stature almost of a man), are to quit Holland, on a certain day and hour, of a certain month, when the storks of each Province, assist at the general assembly, held on some palace barn, or church steeple, previous to their departure; *and how*, the invalids, and superannuated parts of the flocks of these liberty-birds, being unable to travel, and against the laws of the long-legged convention that they should be left behind, are very heroically, but unmercifully, put to death,

by

by their fellow-creatures, and by them left unnaturally (so cruel a thing is a too great love of freedom,) to moulder in a foreign land, while their murderers set off, and go the Lord knows whither; and, *as how*, in the last place, these sagacious tribes, make their flight back, after a few months absence, and establish the hour and moment of their return, by the same decrees and formalities, just as if their town houses were in one Republic, and their country ones in another. Of all these things, I say, and a great many more, which many undoubted travellers have insisted on, I should certainly give you my confirmation, but for one of the simplest reasons: such *as how*, there is as much truth as will lie in a nutshell, and mere falsehoods than could be crowded into a bushel, respecting these feathered gentry: The fact is, some go out of Holland, and some stay in it all their lives. As a proof of the latter part of my position, I refer you to the confession of half a dozen of these learned personages, who, (if they are as honest as good Republicans should be) will tell you have never left the Hague; nor, perhaps, that part of it y'clept the fish-market these many years: in that spot I have seen them swallow down their long ugly throats, as good a small fry as would have subsisted a family: for these are amongst the several birds protected by superstition in Holland. I have, likewise, seen the said Republic-loving birds in Prussia, and in other despotic states, and even in some, where they are knocked on the head with as little ceremony as crows and sparrows. I had, moreover, an intimate acquaintance with a whole family of them, in one of the little German territories, governed by a petty Prince, who was as inveterate a tyrant, both to man, fish, and fowl, as was ever

“Dressed in a petty, brief authority.”

Another class of the privileged birds of Holland are the quails. These, more especially in Guelderland, are preserved

preserved with even a religious care: there is one or more, in almost every family, but by no means in Republican situations. They are caged, and hung at the sides of the houses, where they tweedle their plaintive notes, not as Thomson calls them to their "*running mates*," but to their slavish fellow prisoners, rather as if they mourned the loss of their freedom, than as if they sung the *Io Pæans* of Liberty.

A yet more favoured tribe are the swans, to kill or even maim which, is not only an offence of a private kind, but of public cognizance. A swan feast, such as is partaken now and then in England, would by the magistrates be deemed treason, and by the mob sacrilege; and here it is that this proud bird might, indeed, sing while dying, according to poetical fiction, to think that he had past so comfortable a life.

But of all the race that wing the air, a Nimeguen raven is the most distinguished. In that town, this croaking creature is of mighty importance to the inhabitants, who hold their very charter on a singular custom concerning it. It is necessary, for one or more of these ravenous birds to be maintained at public expence in great luxury. They are placed in a large wooden cage, which is but the outlet or balcony of a more spacious inner apartment, situated on the quay, which faces that part of the *Maise* that looks to Arnheim. You never pass without seeing some very nice fowls hung up for their repast, and picked for them as clean as if it had been for the table of the Burgomaster. I must own, I have often wished some of this good fare would have fallen down at the feet of many a poor, pulletless, wretch, whom I have seen cast up a longing look at the cage;—but all this luxury is to be eaten in an eternal prison, in the midst of a Republic that is boasting of its freedom. Did the charter-ravens know, however, what blood and misery the struggles for this freedom have cost the people of Holland, and what misery and

and blood may yet flow to maintain it, they would have more occasion to congratulate themselves, perhaps, on being prisoners for life, than to CROAK, like many of the Citizens of the Republic, after more liberty. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

WITH regard to the general history of this country, for many revolving ages, it resembles the general history, alas, of almost every other nation in the habitable globe; a rubric picture of battles lost and gained, cities sacked or besieged, villages buried, burned, or desolated, the fury of man contending with man, and the disasters of human nature, aggravated by the ambition and weakness of human creatures.

From the very foundation of the Republic, to the year 1715, the story of Holland, and its beautiful independencies, is nothing but a tissue of difficulties and disputes, foreign or domestic. The inhabitants had scarcely time to breathe from one battle, and bind up its wounds, or bury its dead, ere another called them to the field. A war of years against Spain, for securing the independence of the States, was suspended by a twelve years truce, it is true, but it was partial, and did not extend to their Indian possessions. The peace obtained in 1648, lasted only four years, after terrible bloodshed. The first war with Great Britain, continued to 1654. And just as they began to relish the sweets of peace, they had to cope with
three

three great powers at the same time, viz. Denmark, Portugal, and Sweden. Their hostilities in the North continued to 1660, and in the South to 1661. Then began their second contest with Great Britain, and did not end till their pacification treaty at Breda, in 1667, and the very next instant, they were invaded by Louis the XIVth. of France. A deceitful sort of calm took place for three years, when they were attacked unpreparedly, (indeed they appear never to have been prepared) by sea and land, by the formidable and united forces of France and England. It was not until after a carnage of six years more, that the peace of Nimeguen, was concluded in 1678. Even that was not enjoyed without alloy; for Louis, amongst other exactions, insisted on their furnishing troops against Spain. This was the epoch, when the liberty, endangered by James the Second, invited the Prince of Orange, as an auxiliary for freedom. This memorable expedition was undertaken in 1688, and whatever were its effects to Great Britain, involved the Dutch in a war, that lasted within a year of that of the siege of Troy. The peace of Ryswick was scarce concluded, when the disputes about the Spanish succession opened another scene of combat. This war even surpassed in duration that of the Trojans, lasting eleven years. The peace of Utrecht, indeed, gave the government time to lay down, or rather rest on its arms. But as if this little Republic was fated to have no undisturbed repose, frequent and bloody ruptures broke out betwixt the Dutch and the African Corsairs, which made it necessary for the former to keep a strong armament in the Mediterranean.

Thus, my friend, you see that in a course of 147 years, which revolved from their first taking up arms in 1566, to the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the inhabitants of this—what shall I call it? little floating island—this molehill of land in a world of waters, did not enjoy, in pacific intervals, more than thirty years. And when all these public

lic hostilities were at an end, and in respect of foreign tumults, the Republic was blessed with a more solid tranquillity, than it had ever known since its political existence, their disputes, quarrels, and Revolutions amongst *themselves*, again involved them in a succession of troubles, triumphs, successes, and miscarriages, which filled up the rest of their time, and which, continue, in a great degree, to this very day.

Adieu.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE purposely put off, hitherto, one important but disastrous subject, to the last moment; although I have now for the space of some years, in my different traversings of the continent, been placed, as it were, in the very eye and ear of it. You feel that I mean the dreadful public, and yet more fatal private, wars of this and many other countries on this *unhappy* side of the English Channel.

What, my loved friend, is the matter with them all!

“ Sure ’tis the very error of the moon,

“ She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

“ And makes men mad.”

Does it proceed from the sacred flame of liberty? which exalts the human, almost to the divine nature; or are the nations filled with clamours “ for that which no

“ man

“man felt the want of, and with care for freedom, which “has never been in danger?” Springs it from a due sense of that proud principle within us, which points at the right which every honest individual has to rank with the loftiest of the species, when measured by the standard of nature? or from that factious and discontented spirit, which prompts the worst of mankind to trouble the repose, and plunder the possessions of the best? Comes it from true patriotism, or from that party rage, which “robs it of its good name?” It proceeds from all these. But with respect to *Equality*, on the literal idea, as the mob are encouraged for reasons they cannot penetrate, to conceive it, was there ever such a day-dream? To make the absurdity more egregious, yet more palatable, it is called *natural* equality! Preposterous as false! What, dear friend, in nature is equal? Survey her productions: from the first to the last, from the most gigantic to the most minute, as well in animals as man, what is there which she has not *created* UNEQUAL, even, by express order of the Creator? And by that very *inequality* intending to promote the wisdom, force and felicity of the whole? Amongst the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, the grand line of subordination drawn by nature goes on. Would you give to the linnet the wing of the eagle, or to the turnspit the speed of the grey-hound? To what end? Would not nature, by that exchange, be violated in her general laws, and would the beings themselves be the better for it? Am I told, that all these creatures were put under the subjection of man, and that he, as the lord of all below, can have naturally no superior but the God that gave him life? The argument rests then, it seems, on the natural equality of *human* creatures. Fallacious again. For of all the beings in the scale of the universe, man, (if we except his origin, concerning the *equality* of which he has no more right to be proud, than the worm that devours his carcase), is the most

most subject to the laws of natural *in*-equality. The point which places him at the top of the creation is certainly his soul; for his body, whether a master-piece of beauty, or a mass of deformity, is alike corruptible, and rather an object of humiliation than triumph. But, were you disposed to select, from the diversified works of nature, any specimen of her wonderful variety and irregularity, could you fix on any thing so proper to display that irregularity, that variety, as the human mind? So far from there being herein an universal equality, there is nothing so *unequal* amongst all the performances of Creation. The strength of the lion is not more remote from the feebleness of the gnat, nor the swiftness of the rein-deer from the tardiness of the snail, than the distance between the power and weakness, velocity and slowness of men's souls and understandings. Nature, by uncontrollable laws, has established, that to one man should be given an head to plan, govern, and command; to another, hands to toil and obey. Innumerable are the gradations, from those who guide the helm of the state, to those who regulate the steerage of a simple skiff, from the noblest architect to the most ordinary artificer. The harmonies of civil society are carried on by the joint assistance of all these in their *proper places*; take them out of which, and transpose them, and put the one into the station of another; and in short, jumble them together, on the plea of natural equality, according to the new system, and what results from all this? What becomes of civil society, and of the world? Doth not such a farce upon the decent subordinations and arrangements of nature, fill it with discords, disorders, and death? Look into the page of ancient annals, and into the more sanguinary history of modern times—what do they exhibit but a tissue of absurdity, horror, and blood?

Can it be supposed, that were these at length to subside, by the establishment of Republicanism on the ruins
of

of Monarchy, that the happiness of mankind, which ought to be the aim and end of all governments, would be the effect? Let the toiling hand govern, and the projecting head obey. Would not confusion be indeed confounded? Or shall all men have an equal share in the direction of human affairs? Shall there be no governors, no governed? Shall families, societies, states, and empires be without an head? Shall all be common right, and common fellowship? The comet, my friend, were it "to rush lawless through the void," would not trail so much mischief in its course, as such a number of licentious orbits out of their proper spheres. The wolves and tygers of the forests acknowledge, it is true, no superior, and they sometimes troop, in grim association and fell banditti, to lay waste the countries through which they pass; they are, it must be owned, notable republicans, and are unanimous to destroy whatever they meet with; but they destroy each other also; and are bad examples of the success of an universal republic, instituted on the levelling principle. The wolves and tygers of human kind, if suffered to roam through the wilderness of life, without any check on passions more fierce and fatal than any bestial appetite—or, if controuled only by those laws which are instituted by what are called patriots, only because they avowedly differ from and oppose any order in a creation that is sustained by order only—would soon make the universe more intolerable to its inhabitants, than any abuse which power has yet introduced into the government of the world; and the most disloyal being would again call out, like the frogs in the fable, for a king, and rather than any longer be left to the anarchy of being delivered over to themselves, would pray for one tyrant (supposing no honest prince would then accept of them) in exchange for an universe of despots.

But farther, how egregiously absurd, my friend, is this new doctrine! Are not all large bodies of men compelled

pelled to have governors and chiefs? And do not these imply command and obedience? and do not these argue in their very name and nature, authority and subjection? What are the Admirals, Generals, Colonels, and Subalterns of the present French armies, but heads? What are the soldiers and sailors they govern or direct, but subordinate members? In what consists the difference betwixt these and former commanders, whether ministerial or military? Alas, nothing but "the whistlings of a name." Call it Aristocracy, and the gentlest government becomes tyranny: give it the name of Democracy; and there is no slavery too hard to be endured. Nay, the very men who are such sticklers for equality, who have even fought and bled for it, continue to this very hour to make the proudest distinctions amongst men, even in a state of mutual captivity. The first thing that struck me in my visit to Weyzel, a celebrated town, as you know, of Westphalia, was the seeing a number of Republican French officers, (prisoners) walking on the parade attended by their *servants*. Two of these latter, were receiving the orders of their masters, with their heads uncovered, and their bodies bent in a very un-republican manner. What! in a state of common calamity, are these nice distinctions to be made, thought I? are brother prisoners to keep up this lofty difference? Are those who have levelled the earth, so soon unmindful of their leading maxim? "All men are equal!" One of the superiors (I thought there were no superiors) grew angry, chid his domestic, and sent him from his presence. Could the old constitution—could despotism do more! I saw the obedient slave with the most servile shrug of his country, and of his condition, go flinking away. So much for confraternity.

My friend, a skilful use of words, substituting one for another, as time and circumstance may require, will
apparently

parently change the nature of things : but real liberty and slavery are the same beautiful and bitter potions, denominate them what you will, and the tyrant is not less an oppressor, for altering his name to that of a friend to freedom : indeed, some of the worst enemies that freedom ever had in all ages and countries, have assumed this sacred character.

Point out to me the Despot, that has not called himself a lover of his people, and of his country. Under this specious mask I have, within a few years, been an eye-witness to no less than two formidable insurrections in this little Republic, on the verge of which, I am now writing. I am far from being sure, that I shall not be spectator of a * third : though one would have thought either of the two former might have written on the hearts of the people, the WISDOM OF CONTENT, in characters of blood. That which raged in 1787, is so well and faithfully written, by an English author, who calls his work an history of the late Dutch Revolution, that I shall not only refer, but recommend you to a perusal of it. A few of the miserable particulars, I shall give you on the authority of personal knowledge. But not till I again resume the pen to assure you, amidst the storm of contending nations—"the wrecks of matter," and the almost "crush of worlds," I am, affectionately, yours.

* The third has come to pass.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

WE talk much, and with much reason, of the wild excesses of our English mobs, my dear friend. Their sanguinary disposition has been compared to that of our English bull-dogs, which are said to be insatiate of blood, when they have once drawn it from the objects of their attack. Our British insurrections are, no doubt, marked like others, by some of the prominent features of rebellion in all countries, devastation, flames, and untimely death. But I did not know, how great an enemy man could be to man; nor had I a clear idea to what an extent human beings could go in the destruction of one another, although I am not unread in the bloody story of my own country, till I began to glean the more dreadful annals of others. The six years that have elapsed since I beheld in Holland the demon of civil fury associated with party madness, far from having abated the memory of their dire effects, are felt, methinks, with a stronger horror, from having observed similar outrages in other quarters of the agitated globe. Unhappy Holland! while one party were attempting to destroy thee and themselves by fire and sword, rapine and slaughter, the other were wreaking vengeance against thy best, fairest, and most innocent possessions—upon thy wives and children.

While one side, I say, my friend, were thus outraging all order, decency, and compassion, the other manifested no less fury. The party of the Stadtholder, and that of the patriots were alike infected with the poison of the times. It reached the bosoms even of the gentler sex: as an instance of which, pardon me, if I make your nature recoil,

even as mine did on the day my flowing eyes bore testimony to it. A party of patriots had taken, and killed, in the town of Bois-le-duc, one of the Prince's adherents, who had been active in the cause of the Stadtholder. His defeat was, therefore, a kind of triumph; a groupe of people soon gathered round the body, yet struggling betwixt life and death. Amongst the rest, were two women who had been fetching water from the public fountains. One of these no sooner understood the cause of the mob's collecting, than she poured out about two thirds of the water from her pail, which she placed under the wounds of the murdered citizen, whose blood was thus mingled with the water, when pledging the surrounding populace, she exclaimed, as she drank with more than savage fury, "May rivers of this flow through the streets till our enemies are vanquished!" And to such a pitch of enthusiasm was this carried, that, as one more example, I must inform you, another patriot quarrelled with the beautiful rainbow, and shot at it, because the orange mingled in its hues: this was nearly as mad and irreverent as the dressing up the figure of the Virgin Mary with a red bonnet, and writing under the cross of our Saviour, the man Jesus, the *ci-devant* Redeemer of the world.

All comments of the moralist, my friend, are lost, and all effusions of the peaceful lover of mankind absorbed on occasions like these: for breaches of this sort in nations, like old and incurable wounds, though they are often skinned over, conceal an unsubdued venom, which gathers strength and virulence, and then again break out. Private families, we know, may, after "some imminent and deadly breach," reunite from policy, or principle, or from some reliques of affection: but even this is a patched up accommodation; and after a violent open rupture, whether in empires, or the little domestic common-wealths that form them, the whole history of mankind furnish few examples where the parties have sincerely forgiven one another.

Many

Many months after the Prince's party had been reinstated in its privileges, and the patriot faction, not only yielded to authority, but appeared to have forgot its animosity, I had but too many illustrations of the foregone remark. On the breaking out of the rebellion in other countries, I again heard the voice of sedition, and the more than *murmurs* of disaffection in various parts of these disunited states. Sacred be the love of rational liberty. But the fever of freedom is a wildfire that is more desolating than any other contagion: that of Constantinople is not so suddenly imbibed, nor does it travel with unimpaired venom so far or so fast. It is a pest that seizes distant nations, and strikes with the rapidity and the force of lightning. Even when Holland seemed to have got the better of this political plague, its poisons were undermining her constitution, and like those fires which are burning in the bowels of the earth, unseen, are inwardly consuming its entrails, and making their way to the surface. I was in Holland when she was precisely in this situation, prepared for her second shock, and waiting only for the signal of her *expatriated firebrands* (the banished Dutch patriots then forming a part of the French army) to give the explosion. Breda was taken, Gorcum was inundated, and the cannonade of Williamstadt, thundered to the very sea, and prepared the patriots of the provinces for the reception of their exiled friends.

In my way to Helvoetsluice, in order to embark for England, every countenance I looked into carried the marks of fear, loyalty, ambition, or revolt. Notwithstanding the cautious jealousy natural to power, and all the vigilance of the magistrates, little knots of people were to be observed gathered together, in corners of the streets, and in bye-places, where it was thought the eye of authority would not penetrate. My wandering steps, which so often led me into unfrequented places, and thereby, as you have seen, made me tread upon many a secret, led me to the haunts of these Dutch male-contents. They were

always to be seen in that earnest and ear-approaching whisper, which so often betrays its treasons; the fore-finger extended, the button caught at, and held fast, or shook most rebelliously; the mouth of the speaker contracted, so as to send forth only the unbetraying voice of conspiracy, and that of the hearer, on the contrary, opened to its width, to swallow the treason, while the eyes of the party communicating, like a pair of sentinels, ordered to defend the door of the lips, seemed to keep double watch, lest, as Shakspeare says,

"The babbling gossips of the air
Should prate of their *where-about!*"

Artizans, burgomasters, priests, and peasants, were thus infidiously, or fearfully, gathered together, either to express their apprehension, their hope, or their despair, were to be detected in these communities; and had not the whole country been threatened with a very serious calamity, it would not have been unamusing to a Gleaner, who delights

"To catch the living manners as they rise."

It is not unentertaining to see the little shifts which persons, engaged in secret conversations of any kind, make to prevent being discovered: the immediate change they make on the first view of an intruder—the sudden alteration from an awful to a careless air as the said intruder approaches; the tones varied from almost in distinct whispers, and portentous meetings, to louder accents; now walking on, now stopping a little, as if engaged in ordinary conversation; the subject of which, while you have an eye on them, is changed as often as their positions. I took notice, while I paused at Helvoetfluice, that as their friends on the other side of the water, that is to say, the enemies of their country, were more rapid in their advances, while their very fires were in sight, and the patriots, on the Helvoet side, were almost opening their arms to receive them,

them, these secret meetings were less visible. It is a crisis at which the *mind* of a conspiracy is made up, the component parts of which, perfectly understanding their plans, lie in wait to put them in execution, assuming, in the mean time the mask of well-dissembled loyalty: for, strange as it may seem, vice, when swelled to its *height*, and just about to shew itself, borrows the semblance of its opposite virtue, in the robes of which it is then most assiduous to cover itself. Thus, drunkenness affects temperance, incontinence chastity, avarice generosity, detraction candour, impiety religion, and faction, which would hurl a sovereign from his throne, in that moment is the loudest to sing forth the praises of royalty.

But treachery, my dear friend, is never so perilous, never so fatal, as when it thus hides itself, and would seem the thing it is not. From a foe, whom I observe taking aim at me, I may escape by accident, by courage, or by address, but from the stroke of an assassin, whom, though I once knew him to be my enemy, my believing heart at length considers as a penitent friend, I am so far from being guarded, that to use the words of one of our old poets,

“ I lay my sleeping life within his arms.”

Thus it was with the several inhabitants of Holland. They had done speaking and were now prepared to act, and the moment of that action was waited for with the sullen malignity and gloomy pastime which characters a cold and determined nature, such as many of the natives of Holland possess. They waited for their long-wished revenge in silence, but it was a silence that resembled the fearful stillness of the sky, when the thunder is gathering force: but the silence of a Hollander, when once his part is taken, is more to be apprehended than the thunder itself, of which I gleaned an instance that is in reserve for you. Perhaps I have raised your curiosity, and therefore you shall have this dire example of Dutch revenge here.

Two

Two brothers, on some very slight occasion, quarrelled, and, from being inmates, separated houses, neighbourhood, and at length broke connexion : their alienation was neither softened, nor embittered by correspondence. After about eleven years past in this manner, one of the brothers married a beautiful woman. The single brother, who had been watching his opportunity of vengeance, made his appearance very unexpectedly on the wedding-day, and desiring an interview with the married man in a separate apartment, was no sooner perceived than welcomed ; the latter taking it for granted he came to be reconciled, and had chosen this distinguished day to render it more acceptable. The bachelor thus addressed the bridegroom. " Brother, we have not met since our disagreement divided us, this day eleven years : I come now to remind you of the circumstance.—Thus,"—striking a poniard into the heart of the bridegroom, who had just power to gain the apartment of his bride, who was then dancing with one of her husband's friends. Scarcely could he exclaim that he was murdered, ere he sunk down and expired at her feet ; and while the company and servants were employed about their friend and master, the assassin coolly mounted his horse, and made his escape.

Alas ! my friend, it is with the patriotism that embraces all my fellow-creatures, and their happiness, that I apprize you, that our present sheaf must be deeply spotted with their blood ! the mingled blood of beauty and deformity, innocence and guilt. The scenery, which is yet in store, was partly painted amidst the tranquillity of returning peace, and partly amidst the horrors of returning war.

Often have I been within sight, not seldom within hearing, of two of the fiercest oppositions that ever desolated the works of man and God. You will not be surprised to learn, that the impression which such scenes has made upon an eye and ear-witness, should have filled his mind with materials that lie fresh in his memory, and bleed in
his

his heart. How many towns, villages, and all that they inherit, have I seen blooming on the one day with beauty, wealth, content, and happy countenances, despoiled, deformed, impoverished, and deluged in tears and in blood, upon another! The pictures of these, taken both in the one position, and in the other, must be given. They shall be delineated with simple historical truth, for neither romance nor fable, in their wildest, warmest colourings, could, can, or has ever reached them.

Possibly the Gleaner is the first traveller who hath yet described the happiness of nations at peace, and the misery of such nations at war, in a residence immediately *before*, and *after*, the violations of public tranquillity. He has viewed as well the havock of battle in its most intense rage, as the cold horrors that succeeded conquest. He has luxuriated in countries, when the horn of plenty filled them with fertility and fragrance, and deplored, even as if his property were mingled in the common wreck, the withering effects of victory, after the enemy had torn up all the works of nature, and of man, the most fair, and the most cherished. He has been amongst the last to quit, and the first to revisit, a threatened country and evacuated town, and has observed the labours of a life! a century! annihilated in a single day! the desolations of every work of art, and the more affecting ruins of human beings! Before he set out on this last tour, of which he has here drawn the faint outline, he had seen public misery, and felt its effects: his reading had furnished him with recorded horrors in the bloody history of his own country: but all this was but the *shadow* of the disaster, which the excursion alluded to, has brought closer under his eye, and yet closer to his heart.

Descending by degrees, in a step that receded in proportion as the enemy advanced, I found myself almost imperceptibly once more in Holland, whose armies, still freezing upon the banks of the Maase and Lower Rhine must,

must, perhaps, again have recourse to the assistance of her great *water-dog*, to whom she has more than once owed the salvation of her Republic; and indeed this sturdy guardian ought to do infinite good, since he cannot be let loose upon the enemies of the state without abundant mischief—an inundation of the country being, next to captivity and its consequences, the greatest evil. Would you believe, after all which has happened since my former gleaning of the United States, after all the faithful traditions of horror, bloodshed, pillage, and blasphemy, which have been placed before them, that I find again here the self same spirit of disaffection grown more gigantic, and with increase of ferocity proportioned to augmentation of force? For the disaffection of more *arbitrary* States, of France herself, for instance, I can more easily allow and account, but one would have thought that a Republic,—attached as is that of Holland to all those things which the French people now most hold in scorn, person, property, life, and religion; and with the bleeding testimonies of rapine, devastation and death before their eyes,—one would have thought, I say, that in such a country, amongst such a people, who have much to lose and nothing to gain, the fury of party, by which they have so often unmercifully suffered, and are suffering at this moment in every limb and artery of the Republic, might have been moderated, if not destroyed. Surely the desperation of liberty, like that of love, baffles all reasoning, and mocks at all sober laws. Even the richest merchants of the United Provinces, men who must, on the very principles of equality, at least, divide the labours and gains of life, with those who subsist only by an opposite set of principles, which levels idleness and industry—even such men pant for the complete triumph of the common enemy, and are ready to sacrifice, not only their fortunes, but their families—to what? to false ideas of freedom, and to revenge. What could they acquire? the gratification of an ancient grudge.

grudge. What must they lose? Every thing else. But so cold and so dark is their feeling on this subject, they would consider it as a cheap * purchase.

But the spreading flame is not confined to Holland! The Gleaner has traced its progress through the provincial, petty towns of Austria, where a slender passage of the Rhine separates the inhabitants from their utterly ruined neighbours, friends, and countrymen on the other side; he has seen and heard the look and tone of determined Revolution: and, if he has at one moment observed one man retreating with fear, he has, in the next, noticed more than one remaining fixed to his household, in hope of the destroyer. In numberless places, believe me, a *protecting* army is an object of silent, yet obvious, hate, and one which menaces captivity is welcome. Along the banks of the Maïse, as of the Rhine, even though their waves may be almost said, from the alchemy of commerce, to flow with *gold*, the very worshippers of that precious mischief would gladly tinge its billows with blood! In Westphalia, in Prussia, he has followed, in every direction, the like power. You cannot get into a public-house, boat, or carriage, but the water and the land re-echoes with the ill-dissembled voice of loyalty, or the avowed and bolder tones of faction.

In short, the fever is more universal than any other that has yet raged in the world. It seizes on all ages, sexes, and countries; and though millions have already died of it, the fury rather increases than abates. I have seen old fellows in their grand climacteric (to whom an easy chair and a warm peaceful hearth, one would think, might comprise all the liberty sighed for), I have seen such receive with exultation every account of a fortress destroyed, a village burned, or a city desolated, even though adjoining their

* The purchase has been made; we shall see how long they continue pleased with their bargain.

their own. Like the malignant Zanga, but unsupported by Zanga's motives of revenge, they

" Love the rocking of the battlements ;

" It suits the gloomy habit of their souls."

In a word, in a circuit of many hundred leagues, I have seen a spirit of revolt to the ruling power, (whether emperor, stadtholder, or king) that rises amongst the ruins, and stirs up insurrection amidst the very ashes of thrones and dominions ! Adieu !

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

YOU told me, I remember, in one of your late favours, that I had mingled in my sheaves many a bloody wreath. Alas, it is but the blushing signal of those events which are doomed to outrage the feelings of every gentle heart. In the character of an historical Gleaner I shall, ere long, be called upon to afflict the reader, and my friend, yet more : the most terrifying truths are to be told ; truths, over which I have wept and shuddered ; but, over which, I nevertheless hope (should the peruser of these pages shed a tear, and shudder also) he will find a balm sufficient to the wound. Amidst the pangs of *general* philanthropy, every *Briton-born reader*, at least, will feel at his heart the beatitude of his *particular* happiness, in being a member of *that* island, which, (although by comparative extent) it measures but as a speck in the map of the world, is the natal residence of the fortunate, and the almost sole sanctuary of the unhappy proportions of the globe.

But,

But, however, my countrymen, and my friends, are to be felicitated on this circumstance, I sorrow to distress them by delineating the sad reverse, and, therefore, will

“ Spare the telling, since it be a pain,”

as long as possible.

The hurry and agitation of public affairs have led me to some anticipations; the crowding incidents of the moment; the now gathering, now dispersing storms of war, have made me break in upon my reserves prematurely; and *that* to the neglect of many a more pacific and smiling scene. To these I shall return with a satisfaction that, I flatter myself, you will share, as it will, for a while, suspend every more turbulent subject, and empower me to conduct you gradually along, till you almost forget we are approaching scenes of devastation. By such means, too, I shall rather break the blow upon your feelings than take them by surprise: nay, more, as our paths to the seats of war lie through some of the most charming parts of Westphalian Prussia, I shall even strew those paths with flowers.

I am now again addressing you from Nimeguen, the last considerable town of the Dutch territory, where, after having employed the rest of this letter, in a few Gleanings properly belonging to Holland, and the Provinces, we will journey onward,

“ Sedate to think, and watching each event,”

and, with our accustomed privileges,

“ Try what the open, what the covert yields.”

You have in recollection, I trust, my Gleanings of the Dutch theatre, when the ghost of Hamlet stalked on the stage of Holland, during the Hague fair. On a re-visitation of that celebrated town some days ago, I found that a troop of German actors had been permitted to take possession of the playhouse, situated in the Casuàry-street, which the French comedians (convicted of Jacobinism,

as

as I informed you) had evacuated. The first piece, at the representation of which I attended, was called, I think, *The Robber*; in which, amongst several very fine-wrought, and as fine acted, scenes, was *one* turning upon an event so preposterous, that I must relate it to you. The hero of the performance is a young man, who, in the first instance, robs his own father, and, eloping from his paternal house, carries his plunder to a desperate banditti, who have their haunts in a deep forest, and with such associates he shares the plunder and the crimes. Notwithstanding his companions have had strength enough over the virtues of his youth to extinguish his sense of duty to an aged and almost helpless parent (and one of the tenderest that ever bore the name), and even to make him forego the endearing society of the lady to whom he was powerfully attached, they had not force of seduction sufficient to eradicate, entirely, the vital principle of nature and conscience, which, at various periods, broke forth in sighs of remorse, and blushes of shame. The "cunning of the scene" affords many displays of these, and in the lucid returns of his heavily-smitten heart, he rescues that very parent, and that very much-loved, though deserted, mistress, from the barbarity and machinations of an elder brother: This brother is, also, by his means, (and by the most equitable laws of human life, as well as of the drama) brought to just punishment; and, by arrangements no less proper, the father is restored to the freedom and honours which his eldest son had ravished from him, and the young lady is preserved from violation. By such means, the parties, long divided by the vices, are brought together by the virtues of this heroic robber. Forgiveness of the father, and of the mistress, are matters of course, and the reconciliatory scenes, which exhibit these, are as naturally sustained as the incidents by which they are brought about, are artfully contrived. Every thing is in the fairest way of being settled to the satisfaction

satisfaction of the characters and of the audience. I never witnessed the *denouement* of a tragedy more comfortably arranged for the feelings. But the author was of a different opinion, for in the moment that you are about to congratulate this good ending of as bad a beginning, the poet starts a difficulty, which I conceive neither nature or reason suggested to him. The almost converted robber, even while supported on the one hand by the love of a father, and on the other, by that of an adored mistress, finds out, that having *sworn* to live and die with his forest companions, he cannot violate his oath; and that, even if he could, his delicacy would not suffer him to carry pollution into the arms of an innocent woman.

Now, if you approve of this *stroke of delicacy*, I could wish to stop at it; but, as a faithful Gleaner, I must proceed to inform you, that our delicate hero by no means contents himself with this declaration; but while his hand is joined by a parent to that of a mistress, who covers it with tears of joy, and kisses of love, he literally

“Throws it like a noisome weed away.”

observing that, although he feels it impossible to marry the lady himself, he cannot endure the thought of her living for another. This new misfortune sinks the father to the ground, upon which he is left to die on the one side of the stage, while the lady stands statue-struck with grief on the other. Neither of these objects go to the heart of our hero. On the contrary, he intimates that there is no way left to pacify his fears on this curious point of delicacy, but the death of this beloved mistress. Hereupon the poet makes her obligingly take the hint by throwing herself into an attitude to receive the blow from the hand of her lover; who, however, rather hesitates about it, upon which the lady presents her beautiful bosom (all heroines you know *must* be beautiful) to any of the robbers; none of whom can be found to

“Scar that whiter skin of her’s than snow,

“And smooth as monumental alabaster.”

When

When men, who live by pillage and murder, are thus tender-hearted, I am justified in applying the quotation; though, I should consider myself as having a sufficient sanction on the *determined* laws of the drama, to enrol amongst their unities, those of heroism and personal beauty.

The Russians, however, all unsheath their swords, and might, perhaps, have been wrought upon to cut in twain the silken bonds of humanity, that held them a moment uplifted, had not the hero come forth in all the *might* of his delicacy, in the shape of a *rant*, (loud and vehement as ever pierc'd "the ears of the groundlings)," to assert *his* sole and exclusive claim to the assassination. Saying which, and a great deal more, he takes the woman of his heart, *gently* in his arms, then buries his dagger *gently* in her breast, then supports her *gently* as she sinks on the earth, where, *gently* placing her on the side opposite that of his dead father, on whose body by the bye, dying or dead, he never bestows a glance, and then *gently* embracing his robber-friends, he stalks off to kill himself at a more convenient season: and thus concludes this *gentle* piece of business: of which if any thing *could* add to the absurdity, it would be the circumstance of having just before found himself wholly incapable of stabbing his worthless brother, because, though stained with the foulest offences against his dear father and dearer mistress, he was, forsooth, a good for nothing—brother! If this is not *refining upon refinement*, and *out-sentimentizing sentimentality*, the deuce is in it! Few of my readers but must allow this was carrying the *point of delicacy* a little too far: and, for my part, if this is the German method of settling the point, I remain a steady admirer of the coarse English fashion of stabbing *any body*, and, indeed, almost *every body*, rather than the woman of one's heart.

But the truth is, this is *not* the German mode any more than it is ours, as I have shewn, and shall still shew, in various

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various instances. It is the act and deed solely of the *author of this drama*, who has therein not only put his heroine to death for his own amusement, but has committed an assassination upon a much greater character, even *nature herself*, and this is one example (out of an hundred) that has made me wish, gentlemen, who have the life and death of their characters, as dramatic writers, in their hands, would be a little less lavish of human, at least of poetical blood, without shewing cause in the courts of *reason, nature, and conscience*. Not that I mean to attach this strain upon dramatic or natural laws, to the productions of the German poets in general. They very frequently write, and act, with the most accurate knowledge of the human heart, and seldom fail to find their way to it, when their purpose is to interest its affections.

I was, indeed, soon recompensed for the above related outrage of probability, by the performance which I saw at the same theatre, a few nights after, when all was

“Nature to advantage dress’d.”

It was, properly speaking, a gala play, being represented in honour of the Prince Stadtholder's birth-day, one of the few very occasional events which bring a sufficient number of people to fill the Hague theatre; for, although it is not larger than Colman's in the Haymarket, there is rarely audience enough to pay for the few pounds of candle bestowed to illumine the gloom, and, doubtless, this is one reason why there is not more light thrown upon the audience of the Hague. On this great occasion, however, there were about *half* as many lamps stuck over the Stadtholder's box as would have been placed on the board of his Britannick Majesty's corn-cutter on the 4th of June; and even the under tier of sconces, that usually stand unoccupied, were filled with wax! In a word, I beheld the astonishing circumstance of a Dutch theatre *crowded*; and, instead of “*the beggarly account of empty boxes*,” I found myself amongst the flower and fashion of the Hague.

After

After being waited for by the actors and the audience the decent time, that is, just long enough to wind up expectation to the proper pitch, without straining its springs, his Serene Highness and his Royal-blooded partner made their appearance, the first in a modest suit of slightly-ornamented blue broad cloth, the last according to the etiquette made and provided, in these cases, glittering in white silver tissue. Brunswick's eldest hope was shining at their side, and his Duchess attended the graceful and lovely Princess Hereditary in the stage-box, decorated, for that night only, to receive them.

But, alas! all this was but the gay disguise of a concealed anxiety; or rather, it was but the trapping and incumbrance of a comfortless situation, too mighty for disguises. Three days and nights previous to this theatrical exhibition of themselves, had the Prince, and Princess, and train been made the illustrious victims of this anniversary martyrdom: and every moment that was not devoted to the bendings, bowings, and other plianilities of the court, was seized upon by the camp, for it was the time when above a thousand soldiers were preparing to replace the devastations of the last campaign in Flanders. The Stadtholder is indefatigable in his military duties; and these, happening to fall at the period when he was to receive the compliments of the nobility and gentry, on gaining the forty-sixth year of his age, you will not wonder to hear that he brought to the play-house a weary head, and, perhaps, an aching heart; the more especially as it was said an heavy piece of public news had been received from the frontiers, which it was necessary to hush up in his own mind, and in that of his august partner in distress, lest it should check the ardour of the troops about to take their departure. There is, you know, a crisis in splendid, as well as other misery, at which the oppressed spirits and faculties take refuge in sleep. It appeared to be exactly this crisis, when the party above-mentioned

mentioned gained the theatre; for scarce had the natal salutations been received and acknowledged, than a deep sleep fell upon both their Highnesses, and upon the Prince of Brunswick. Never did I see three illustrious personages so oddly disposed of. They sunk subdued into a comfortable nap, as if it had been a preconcerted thing to refresh themselves at the theatre with a doze of this sort; and which, to say the truth, they stood sadly in need of. It seems they had been exhausting themselves in public affairs and ceremonies, from five in the morning to midnight of the preceding day. But that the anodyne was very powerful, may be gathered from their enjoying it almost unbroken, through the three long acts of a German opera, spun to the length of as many German miles. Once, indeed, his *Serene* Highness opened half an eye, and cast it, in a dizzy way, first at the sleeping princess, then at the snoring duke, as if to explore the cause that roused him; but, perceiving it was only the crash of instruments, in a general chorus by way of *finale* to the second act, he again bid adieu to unwelcome recollections, in the oblivious arms of that power which is very justly called the kind "restorer of nature." I could not help a reflection on the different allotments of human kind, as I saw the most illustrious of the audience the only parts of it which were unable to enjoy either the harmony, or the pleasantry of the entertainment, and altogether insensible to the surrounding splendours. We rave about, and we are bleeding at every pore, and fermenting in every vein, for *Equality*, my dear friend; we are hearing perpetually of the necessity of bringing the poor on a level with the rich, nobles with peasants, and kings with beggars—ah, God of them all, with how little reason! with how little recollection of the history of *human conditions*! The worst and the most unhappy is probably that which winds up the climax! and so on of the series: since it is most likely the houseless beggar, who eats his

morsel of alms under a hedge of thorns, when the rude hand of winter had torn off every sheltering leaf, in remembrance of the day that brought into the world the brat which he buckles to his back, has a more exquisite relish of that morsel, and is more soothed by the gratulations of his weather-beaten companions, than the Prince and Princess of the Republic of Holland, sleeping amidst the felicitations of a theatre, or, in truth, any prince, or princess in these times. Equality ! alas, were all men reduced to a level *like this*, how soon would those who, till then perhaps, without being conscious of it, had experienced the blessings of an humble state, wish again for the refuge and distinction of poverty. Whosoever has looked on the fatigues, weight, and peril of the elevations amongst mankind, must know this, and it is strange there should be found any one so unreasonable as to envy the exalted this gilding of their care and misery. As to the eminent examples in question, happy to see them enjoy this temporary respite, I was sorry when the fall of the curtain awakened and dismissed them to new fatigues.

Whatever might be their fate for the rest of that night, to new fatigues the Stadtholder, at least, was destined the succeeding morning. The troops which had cost him so much trouble to make ready, were to march at eight o'clock. Without using literary privileges, which allow authors to blot out the sun, or command him to send forth his most effulgent beams (having, you know, a charter from Parnassus to do as we please with the elements) I assure you, in the prose simplicity of truth, that, *really*

“ The dawn *was* overcast, the morning low'r'd,

“ And heavily in clouds brought on the day.”

Nay more, those clouds, very soon after the Stadtholder reached the parade, broke on his unsheltered head, for the indispensable ceremonies of a field-day were to be exchanged, and his Royal Highness (princes not counting amongst their

their prerogatives the liberty of controlling the skies to their purposes) got a ducking more severe than that I have recorded in a former letter. One would again be led to think that "there was more in these matters than philosophy can find out:" for really had the clouds been in combination against him, they could not have spouted down a more inauspicious torrent. It was not, however, of sufficient vehemence to damp his martial attention: neither had it the force to chill public curiosity: consequently it was set at defiance by powers stronger than either curiosity, or martial ardour. Never, on any public occasion, did I see such a collection of human beings. Every passion of the heart, and every feeling of nature, were here met together. In the form either of patriots, princes, men, wives, mistresses, children, officers, or soldiers, you might have observed hate, allegiance, love, hope, and despair. You might have remarked also a few smiles of heroism, amidst many bitter tears of apprehension. The disasters of the last campaign were had in bleeding remembrance, and there were those amongst the disaffected inhabitants, who exclaimed, "See what a brave shew of fellows are waiting *orders to march to the shambles!*" *

Insidious whisperings of this kind had been in circulation for some time, and several desertions had taken place in consequence; upwards of twenty on the night imme-

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diately

* Alas! this exelamation has since proved, in some late instance, so late as the 15th and 16th of April last, but too prophetic; and, although the military entré of the young Imperial Monarch has been marked with glory, one cannot but regret it has been marked with so much of the blood of his allies. Many of the very men whom the Gleaner beheld that day leaving their country have bade it an eternal adieu. It is the fate of war: but one shrinks from the thought; and I wish I had not seen them all alive. It is weakness, perhaps, but forgive me.

diately preceding their march. Nor was this the worst: a dispiriting kind of alarm pervaded the soldiery, who performed the military preparations with reluctant delay. I had noticed many of them standing, the day before their departure, by the side of their baggage waggons, as if they were taking a survey of their hearses, filling them with their beds, &c. as if they presaged they would prove their beds of death. Others were following these vehicles with all their marching apparatus, not with eyes that anticipated victory, but with downcast looks, and solemn steps, to dirge-like measure, as if they were moving after the coffin of a comrade; and the beat of the drum that acts wonderfully upon the spirits in certain moments, now seemed to sound in their ears the dead march.

Examples of every kind are known to be contagious; in no instance, perhaps, more than in their influence upon our hopes and fears: courage and cowardice are communicated in a moment: they are even *transferred* with electric rapidity from one man to another; the bosom of the brave, catching an unwonted apprehension, and the breast of the dastard, glowing with even an unnatural ardour, as the poisonous breath of disaffection, or the exhilarating powers of loyalty, are diffused amongst them. It is a lamentable thing when private houses or public empires are set against themselves. States are only large families, united by the same laws, and bound by the same interest. The connexions of the nearest ties in private life are scarce more close, nor ought they to be more sacred. As the welfare of man and wife, so the prosperity of nations, my friend,

“ When those whom heav’n ordains to will the same

“ Look different ways, unmindful of each other,

“ Think what a train of wretchedness ensues!”

Unfortunately for the well being of these *United States* (which, by the bye, is, and has long been, a misnomer) the

the two parties that are dismembering it are in perpetual counter-action. While the one is diligently labouring to knit the provinces together, the other, perhaps more industrious, for mischief is a very active power, works day and night, though working often under-ground, to render that honest diligence ineffectual : and vigilant malignity will always be more or less successful.

On this important morning, however, the Stadtholder rallied the half-seduced energies of his soldiers ; he saluted them first generally, then particularly ; he complimented, and with great justice, their martial appearance, cheered them with a prince's smile, distributed amongst them a prince's bounty, bestowed, with well-timed address, a prince's eulogy on their known valour, &c. &c.

“ A little flattery sometimes does well.”

He manifested, by fifty little attentions, that he considered them as the faithful defenders of the Republic, and, in short, put in motion every wheel of a good general, a good-natured prince, and a good man. His deportment had a visible effect on the troops, into whose countenances there came, as if by reflection, a sudden and promising brightness : the morning itself began to look more cheerfully, and the officers with their men duly equipped, from the orange branches in their hats, to the neat knapsack at their backs, took their march through the streets leading to Schedam—their first day's march—accompanied to the outer gate of the town by tens of thousands of spectators.

If some few of those thousands heaved a sincere sigh of loyalty for the return of the troops, victorious and uninjured, how many, secretly, or, to say the truth, openly, desired and hoped, they might be vanquished and cut to pieces ! How strange does this seem, how unnatural does it sound ?

"Is it not as if this mouth

"Would tear this hand for lifting food to it?"

With respect to the Hollanders, the liberty to say and do what they like, in defiance of all inhibited things, and, as usual, with the more eager audacity, because forbidden, is * *their's*; and as to their being taxed, do they consider that they live in a country made by industry in despite of nature, who intended it to be only one of her enormous bogs, while the ancestors of this grumbling but hard-working hive, set "doggedly to it," as Dr. Johnson says, to make it into productive land, and a more productive water? a pile of stupendous art, from one end to the other, and not to be kept in repair without extraordinary taxation? Do they grudge this? Would they let the edifice run to ruins, and be buried amongst them? Would they heap up their money bags to sink them with themselves more profoundly in the *returning* bog? Will the French, or their native patriots, mend either their country or their commerce? Let them try! Ingenious, laborious, absurd, wise, foolish, preposterous people!

Here then let us bid a long, and probably a last, adieu, to the United Provinces, on which we have bestowed more liberal observation than they have been wont to receive, but not more than they have deserved, as the most curious and astonishing efforts of a patient, powerful, and vigilant people: A like farewell to Guelderland, for whose prosperity I shall have a warm wish, were it only
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* Not one of the motives that urged the French people had the Dutch,

"To spur the sides of *their* intent,

"Save vaulting ambition,"

which, the Gleaner thinks, will, in *their* case, at least, be found to have

"O'erleap'd itself,"

for the sake of the opportunity it gives of *losing one's way*, and *finding the Man of the Forest*. Blessed be every leaf of every tree which comes under the axe of that man! And blessed be you, my friend! aye, and ye my readers! Westphalia invites; but I cannot quit one country, and take you into another, without separating them and their inhabitants by a little pause in our correspondence.

L E T T E R L X.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE in a former gleanings noted the wonderful progressive relief from low to high land, and from wet to dry, from stagnant canals to running streams, as you proceed in your journey from the United Provinces to the Upper Countries. This is less sensibly felt after a few days or weeks ramble in Guelderland; but could the traveller be suddenly transported from the Provinces of what is properly called Holland, to those blooming edges of Westphalia, to which I am now conducting you, he would imagine, that *one* was the purgatory of sinful, and the *other* the paradise of happy souls: The fabled waters of the Styx and of the Elysium, are not more strongly contrasted. The very air, as well as the water, takes a purer breath. Not that in point of vegetable or rural grandeur, Westphalian Prussia is to be compared to several parts of Dutch Guelderland; but in point of unambitious and ever-smiling scenery, I have never seen any thing

thing superior. The houses and the land, and, indeed, the inhabitants of Holland, resemble nothing but themselves. The charming Duchy of Cleves, and "all that it inherits," resembles the most beautiful unassuming parts of England. You have scarce reached the first Prussian town, which is midway betwixt Nimeguen and Cleves, the name of which is Cuylenberg, ere your native country presses on your heart: you seem to be carried, by some magician, into the midst of its alluring scenery; its whited cottages, comfortable farms, and cultured grounds, are all within your view. You are struck at almost every step with the similitude. It is the agreeable and beautiful, but not the sublime of nature. There is nothing of hill or vale, water or wood, to astonish the traveller; but there are numbers of objects always fresh and always charming, and a prospect of great abundance. I am speaking here of the Duchy of Cleves in a circumference of its best possessions, a *coup d'œil* of more than fifty miles; for, on a clear day, your eye can travel to this extent, if it takes sight from any of the delightful little eminences near the town of Cleves: particularly from a mount in the wood which gives you the command of half a dozen noble avenues, each a mile in length, at the end of which your view is bounded by the prettiest towns in the Circle of Westphalia, and Province of Guelderland. The eye rests satisfied and refreshed; it wishes not to penetrate beyond these beautiful limits. The Cleves wood is, in itself, full of charms, artificial and natural; but by the former I only mean the stately, and somewhat formal, rows of trees, which shade and canopy the almost numberless paths that are cut through it. Yet, admitting this to be an objection to the lover of nature in all her graceful wildness, there are to be found in this wood an infinity of byewalks, where nature is permitted to enjoy her utmost romance, and to sport her "virgin fancies," and which, perhaps, derive additional charms from the contrast with
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the more *disciplined* vegetation. This fine wood is fenced round with the old English-looking park-paling, thatched, as it were, with grey moss, as with us, and, as with us, the chaffinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, and "all the other finches of the grove," as the Critic says, are seen pecking at it on a fine spring morning to build the outworks of their nests. I have haunted this wood at all times and seasons, and trust, therefore, you will be pleased with both a summer, and winter account of it. There appears to be something remarkable in the foliage of Westphalia, to be observed in the most dreary months. With us, even in our most extended forests, the trees and bushes are almost stripped of their withered foliage. In Great Britain and in Holland, autumn scarce leaves a trace behind her when the "furlly winter," as our poet of nature beautifully calls him "with his ruffian train," has usurped her empire. It is far otherwise in Westphalia: The underwood, not only of the enduring oaks, but of all other sorts of more tender shrub wood, scarcely sustain the loss of a leaf; a general ruffet, such as we see in the English groves, when they put on their November robes, covers whole acres till the end of March, when it is most likely nature is arrayed in her spring drefs in Great Britain. Respecting the trees of forest growth, they are here, as in the general roads of France, and in the avenues that lead to our antique mansions of England, planted in the straight line, but their regularity as to height and extent gives them one appearance, at the present moment, singular and agreeable. Three or four days of rain, with intervals of a dry southern air, have given them such an universal blush, that (though nothing like a leaf is to be seen in alleys of several thousand trees, cut into different roads at right angles, and is simply the effect of a swell amongst the buds) you have the promise, that the very next sunny day will *invert* Shakspeare's much-criticised

criticised expression, *making the green ONE red*, by making the *red ONE green*; for on cropping one of these blooming twigs, and pressing the buds with your finger, you perceive them bursting into infant vegetation.

Eight and forty hours of genial weather so changes these glowing branches, that the eye regales in a prospect of that tender verdure, which, in vegetable, as in human, life, gives the freshness and complexional delicacy which belongs only to the most *early youth of nature*; so sweet to behold, and, alas! so soon destroyed: Neither the broad foliage of a more advanced Spring, nor the rich expansion and colouring of confirmed Summer, offer any thing so pure. There are, you know, the same changes, productive of the same effects, in the progress of life, in the several stages of *its* Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Suffer me now to carry you about Cleves Land. Imagine that you are seated on one of the rustic benches, in a retired part of its delicious wood, while I recount to you the gleanings of several tours in its neighbourhood.

The town of Cleves in itself has nothing to recommend it, but the excessive beauty of its situation. It is a large, straggling, ill-paved place, with many good houses and more bad. It is, however, the capital of the Duchy, and under the domination of his Prussian majesty. Though so near to Holland, and with such an example of neatness before their eyes, the inhabitants of Cleves by no means deign to follow it. On the contrary, they are in their houses, streets, and not unfrequently in their persons, the most disgusting contrasts:—but of these disagreeable matters hereafter.

As I reached the environs of the town, the first day my affections were very singularly interested: Indeed, I know not when they have been more powerfully called forth,
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where the objects of their sympathy were taken not from the human species, but from the animal world. About a mile from the Western-gate, I perceived a man and boy busied in doing something to the most beautiful ox I ever beheld: as I came nearer I found they were adorning it with a great variety of fanciful ornaments; a large collar of yew branches, tied with ribbon, and wreathed with other evergreens, were thrown over its neck: painted papers, on which were drawn herds, flocks, and shepherds, and folded into large beau knots, were fixed, I am afraid, *pinned* with large corks to its skin, in various parts of the body: bunches of the same were tied to the tail, braided into the mane, and the brows were hung with a garland of holly, of which there was a twist fastened by red filleting even to the horns, on the tips of which were stuck little May-bushes in bloom.

My attention was presently called off from this, by the bleat of a sheep and its lamb: those creatures were bound to an hedge in a corner of the same enclosure. They were dressed nearly in the taste of the ox, with this variation in the lamb, a collar of several early spring flowers of the field, and some twigs of hawthorn, in bud, and which, betwixt sport and earnest, it was trying to get into its mouth. On asking the cause of all this finery, I was told it was upon account of its being a *jour-de-fete*, and also the day before that of the greatest beef, mutton, and lamb market, in the whole year!

And pray, friend, said I, where is the necessity of dressing the animals in that manner?

'Tis our custom, Sir, replies the man, driving the ox towards the town, and the boy with the sheep and lamb, now unbound, following his example.

I had not time for more interrogatories, being wholly taken up with the antics of the lamb, which frolicking sometimes with its mother, and sometimes with the boy, and sometimes even with its own shadow, brought so close,
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under my eye, and so near indeed to my very heart, the fine lines of Mr. Pope, that I repeated them over and over. Every image of his description had its immediate illustration in the objects before me:

“ The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to day,

“ Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?

“ Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,

“ And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood !”

We gained Cleves as I pronounced, for the tenth time, that impressive verse which gives the moral of the former stanza—

“ O blindness to the future ! kindly given.”

The animals were led, or rather driven, through the principal streets, literally for a *shew*, it being the practice of Westphalia for the butchers to exhibit their meat *alive* the day preceding the slaughter. I pretend to question neither the use nor the necessity of all this ; nor by any means to stretch pity or feeling beyond their bound. I only observe to you, that my affections followed these creatures in their *funeral* procession through the town of Cleves, and could not leave them till on turning a narrow lane, I saw, with a kind of emotion you will easily guess, the door of the place destined for their destruction ; it being a practice in this country to slaughter their meat, and a very filthy one it is, * in the open street ; the pavements and kennels of which are stained and running with blood.

I will carry you no farther into this little adventure than just to note, that being the next day obliged to pass the end of the street, where I took leave of my poor dumb companions, I observed not only several parts of them hang upon hooks at the butcher's shop, but several of the ornaments. Even the flowers that were wreathed about the face of the lamb were now crowded into its mouth, and spotted with its harmless blood. Poor little fellow, said I, thou wert yesterday the merriest of the frisking tribe ! Would I never had met thee !

If,

* The same vile custom prevails in several parts of Holland.

If, in the course of the week, it was my lot to eat any part of these animals, at the tables where I then visited, as it is most probable was the case, consider *poor human nature*, and forgive me ! I am not preposterous enough to advise a being, who is made up of appetites, to abstain from the gratification of such as are necessary to existence, but while we yield to the stern laws of our mortality, let us not, you, I am sure, will not, spurn all sort of feeling, like the man who, on seeing some lambs at sport in a meadow, exclaimed,—“ Ah, ye dear, innocent, beautiful creatures, would to heaven I had a joint of ye to-day for dinner, with nice spinage and butter !”

A very different sentiment sprung up in my mind as I surveyed the amputated limbs of these my late associates. You remember what the heart-melting Otway says on the subject :

- “ Lead, lead me like a tame lamb to sacrifice,
- “ Thus in his fatal garlands, fine and pleas'd
- “ The wanton skips and plays——
- “ Trots by th' inticing, flattering, priestess's side,
- “ And much transported with his little pride,
- “ Forgets his dear companions of the plain,
- “ Till, by her bound, he's on the altar lain
- “ And then too hardly bleats.”

Never can this affecting passage be more touchingly illustrated than in the case of my lamb of Westphalia.

The sheep of this very beautiful country, however, are not so well-looking, nor so good, in point of food, as might be expected from the rich abundance of their pasturage, and the purity of their air. They are longer in the visage, body, and legs than ours : Their fleeces are more ragged, and dirty. How different in colour and countenance, from the fair flocks gleaned in our first sheaf, that climb the mountains, and frisk along the valleys of our Cambria ! A sheep in Wales is really an interesting being ; you see its mild face peep unexpectedly from the fissure of a rock, in the midst of an enormous pile of ruinous stones ; or
you

you have a full length view as it reposes at the mouth of a fine natural cave; or you observe it looking down upon you from a stupendous ridge of rocks, on the extreme verge of which it seems to hang, till you feel something like an apprehension it should tumble into the vale below and be destroyed: but, even while your sympathy is thus engaged in its welfare, the wanton creature, wild as the wind that bleaches it, and romantic as the spots on which it feeds, will bound from the dizzy precipice where it stood, to an height yet more fearful, and projecting its neck beyond where you imagine it possible for it to keep the due equilibrium, will crop the herbage that vegetates amongst the stony ruins, or the flower that makes its flinty bed in the rocks, and will continue to climb and descend places, the perpendicular of which makes your eyes ake, and your head giddy; but the Cambrian sheep takes its *pastime* amongst these apparent dangers, with so much ease and gaiety, you are soon convinced it is rather an object of your envy than compassion.

Now in Westphalia, and in most other parts of Prussia and Germany, these animals, after they have outlived the frolics of lambhood, have less of this playfulness, and, indeed, become very soon a set of serious, ruminating, ragged, and solemn creatures.

The dog that guards them, however, is generally a very pleasant fellow. He is taught to dance, and has many other laughable humours and accomplishments, but in his business is indefatigable. Wholly unlike the curs of England, where the apathy of the master seems contagious, and where, even when following their flock, both appear to be *walking in their sleep*; the shepherd dogs of this country are like so many perpetual motions; if the shepherd wishes to have them driven from one part of pasturage to another, to divide, to congregate, or to conduct them to their fold, his dog begins his office, which is performed in the following manner. He runs round them in a circle, or rather
three

three parts of a circle, leaving the fourth part open for their passage, and he barks all the time. If any straggler loiters by the way, he enlarges his round, till it includes the wanderer, who is brought up with the rest. He does his work in two equal spaces of ground, running from right to left, and from left to right. It is truly a curious operation, and not a little fatiguing, since it sometimes continues an hour together, without a moment's respite from barking and running. But, like many others, it is, for the most part, labour in vain. The sheep are so much in the habit of hearing this eternal yelper, that so far from attending to his cries, I question whether they hear his voice, like those persons who live within the sound of bells. At any rate, they pay no regard to it; for, while he is in full cry, the sheep step as leisurely as if he was six feet under ground; even the ox I have mentioned in a former part of this letter, and my poor lamb, round whom he galloped in the same way, heeded him not. The first turned him as it were, into contempt, and the last into ridicule, looking at him without fear, while his mouth was wide open, and, full of antic, joining him in his race. So that I begin to think our English shepherd's cur does the business more effectually.

While I am upon the subject of the canine race, of which you know I am a professed friend and admirer, let me not forget to inform you of an excellent custom prevalent in Holland, and in Westphalia, respecting those animals in the dog-days, namely, the law which enacts their being shut up during the sultry season. The appearance of a dog of any kind in the streets at such times is punished with just severity. Now, as canine madness, perhaps the most lamentable distemper incident to human kind, is very rarely heard of in the various parts of the Continent that are the objects of these Gleanings, we must impute it principally to the caution here described. "Go, and do likewise," is an admonition worthy the adoption of the people

of

of England, who suffer deplorable instances of distraction and death, arising from the want of some regulation on this subject.

Far, far from the friend of my heart be every malady of the body, and of the mind !

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

CLEVES may be enrolled amongst the watering places, but as those waters contain nothing to distinguish them from a thousand others, whose basis is steel, with a certain mixture of salts and sulphur, I know you will easily dispense with a description of them. Neither will I take up your time by a detail of the dinner or tea parties in the very wood I have now placed you. These sorts of accounts resemble the pictures which were censured for being, though vastly pretty, all alike. Water drinking, or dipping, places have, in themselves, but one character, and a description of any, will, like Mr. Garrick's prologues, serve as well for one place as another. If you turn to any book of travels, through any part of modern Europe, for mineral or salt water, (to save trouble look in the index) and take that which comes first to hand—no matter for the country—you will have a description in point, for what has been said and done on these occasions, since water-diving and drinking came into fashion; the same talkings, walkings, intrigues, divorces, matches made, and matches broken, covert whispers, and open scandals, and all the old story of little and great conspiracies,

conspiracies, since the passions first came into public. There is not left a remark, *generally* speaking, on these subjects, worth a single wheat-ear. So we will pass them by without gleaning, just noting one or two *particular* habits of pleasure that obtain in the neighbourhood of the Cleves Wood.

It is the practice of the Clevelanders to croud on a fine Sunday to some very good tea-drinking houses, situate in the park, to see tumbling boys and girls, and dancing dogs, and learned pigs, and poultry. The spectators place themselves in extensive alcoves, open at both ends: they almost all are to be seen in the *hottest* weather, drinking the *hottest* tea, with a dozen, and often two dozen, *red-hot* tea-urns under their very noses. By way of auxiliary to this heat, the men all smoke, and take alternately a sup of tea, a slice of bread, or cake, and a whiff of tobacco. The married women snuff in proportion; the spinsters, born- and educated amidst fire and smoke, disperse the clouds with which their lovers and parents thus envelope them: sighs of tenderness, and whiffs of the best Virginia are puffed forth and mingle in the same breath, and the young lady melts in the midst of them. I do assure you a kitchen fire in the dog-days is "dew-dropping coolness" to the being enclosed in this *long green oven*; and, what with the scalding water, on the one hand, and of the burning fires on the other, a stranger finds himself almost suffocated. The first time that I myself was stuck betwixt this Scylla and Charibdis, I feelingly saw the force of custom, which reconciled the most delicate young women (for, in point of form and feature, Westphalia has many such to boast) to this hideous practice. They seem as collected during this double attack as Generalissimos of an army in the heat of action. After staying till I was almost boiled on one side, and smoke-dried on the other, I sought my escape in the wood, the most beautiful paths of which, as well public as private, where nature breathed the sweetest air, displayed the most

enchancing pictures, and sung the songs of gratitude and joy among her branches, were comparatively deserted. I am sorry to say that all the concerts, societies, clubs, and other social meetings, are deformed by those insufferable fumigations, with which every house, shop, and even every garden, is infested.

It is thought to be salutary. Had it been confined to Holland, I might have possibly come into this notion, as a corrector of bad air; but when I found it laid all Germany in *smoke and ashes*, and thereby spread over countries "where every breeze is health," I set it down as a vile custom that seeks to hide its filthiness in a weak apology.

I cannot but reckon it less excuseable than the stoves amongst women—a practice not less universal, but which the dampness of the air, in the Provinces of Holland, may render necessary. It is attended also by worse consequences; for there is nothing so rare amongst the Dutch, Prussians, or Germans, as a good set of teeth; and as boys accustom themselves to the use of a pipe almost as soon as they can fill, hold, and light it, their teeth are discoloured at a time of life when the youth of other countries are alike pure in mind and person. This defect is the more obvious in the German young men, because the females of the same age are remarkable for exhibiting rows of that pearly whiteness, which, in Europe, at least, has been usually thought such a constituent in personal beauty. The ladies, however, of Prussia and Germany, being in the habit of seeing a couple of black ranges in the mouths of their lovers and husbands, and to receive a whiff of smoke in their faces almost every time they associate, or are spoken to by the opposite sex (for immediately before and after, and sometimes *at* meals they smoke) do not seem to feel the contrast.

I particularly remember to have been present at this very town of Cleves, when, amongst other company, were two young people, who had been given out as passionately

libnately fond of one another. The lady was playing at her forte piano, her lover, holding a pipe in one of the filthiest mouths I ever saw, and accompanying her in a very pretty German air. This air shewed the lady's fine rows of ivory to advantage, while it exposed her Coridon's ebony no less to view, and at the end of the song, a sly and quiet Gleaner, like myself, could perceive that the company were so well pleased with the performers, and with *themselves*, that, not contented with the general acclamation of the friends, they sealed the private applause they bestowed upon *one another* with so close an approach of faces, that, though their conscious satisfaction was not expressed and sealed in a kiss *heard* (or hardly seen) it certainly was in a kiss *felt*. No one who had been a spectator of this scene, would have agreed with the father of the fair-faced Desdemona, in calling the love she manifested for the moor *unnatural*. She had, like the pretty Clevelander, looked away the sable hue of Othello, and, since she could not find his mind in his visage, discovered his visage in his mind. Poetry, and, especially, the poetry of Shakspeare, which can do every thing, can, of course, do this; but nothing, except that of custom, which the same immortal bard informs us

" Can make the flinty and steel couch of war

" A thrice-driven bed of down,"

or what is yet even stronger than custom, all-commanding love, could make a junction of the whitest and blackest, fairest and foulest teeth, a matter of delight!

Before I take you from this fair wood into the town of Cleves, I must prepare you for a few other customs which you will meet with there, and in other parts of the Duchy; and, indeed, in most places of Germany.

Expect, in the first place, to find the inhabitants here, as in Holland, too civil by half: The courtesy of hat-pul-

ling prevails in Westphalia to a degree really painful. It is a settled point for all natives to make bows to strangers of almost every description, so that a traveller has little more to do in the considerable towns than to cover and uncover his head. Indeed, the hats themselves sufficiently shew the prevalence of the custom, being all of them squeezed into a long roll, as compact as a polonic, on the take-off side, with the continual gripe of civility. In one of my first excursions into this country, I took part of a carriage with a young man just come from the Independent States of America, and glowing with all the unrestrained spirit of his country. His objections went to almost every thing he heard or saw in monarchies: they began with the head and descended to the feet; for he neither endured the uncovering of the one, or the flexibility of the other. I honoured this ardour of his principles, but wished to make them relax a little to the customs of a country. I began with the affair of the hat, which he swore should be inveterately fixed on his head in his passage through Holland, adding, that he looked upon obeisance to every body, without distinction, as a servility below the dignity of man's nature. Let me advise you my friend, and my readers, to be courteous; and to give into this somewhat fatiguing practice. It will repay itself by many little urbanities you will wish for and find: the Germans and Westphalians are an obliging race; and their excess of that civility is better than the contrary extreme. But civility abroad is by no means confined to making you a passing-bow: and if it were, it is a slight tax upon a traveller to endure and return it.

I recollect being much pleased in Holland with a union of two things that rarely meet in any country. During my Hague gleaning, I was at the playhouse, when the beauty of two ladies, both on travel, excited the attention of the audience more than the performance. But the obscurity and gloom of the Hague theatre not clearly
ascertaining

ascertaining that beauty, a great number of the spectators were anxious to see more of the truth, and accordingly had arranged themselves after the play, in two mighty rows, as if by common consent, to see the fair strangers pass from their box to their carriage. In itself, this set and determined stare was certainly one of the rudenesses of curiosity; but in order to smooth away its rough edges, the passing meteors no sooner appeared within the lines, than, as if by common consent also, every hat was taken off, and every head bowed respectfully to greet them. Even if the curiosity, which beauty very naturally excites, did not carry, in some degree, its excuse along with it, it would have been impossible for that beauty to have been offended. In the present instance it produced, just as it should do, a blush of courtesy and consciousness as it passed along, not resenting, though not inviting, the homage which it drew.

Who is there, my friend, that ever has passed but a single winter in London, but must have often seen heroes of the box-lobby forming themselves into a phalanx, hats on heads, and opera glasses at eyes, to stare out of countenance, and out of the house, perhaps amidst indecent observations, both beauty and innocence. Let us not quarrel then with civilities that soften away our disgust; nor even with public curiosity when it is tempered with public respect.

Be prepared, also, for the *kissing* ceremony, which you will find begin in Prussian Westphalia, and extend over every part of the German territories. Neither treat it with ridicule or disrespect; for although it is the custom for both sexes to embrace, and to present both sides of the face for salutation, after passing only an hour together, and though but next door neighbours, it means no more than our exchanging the customary civilities of the moment, *en passant*, in our own country: it signifies, in short, about as much as the mode of professing ourselves
the

the obedient very humble servant of those indifferent people we meet with in the street, or address by letter of business or ceremony.

I must repeat that these national habits ought always to be complied with. An obstinate refusal in a young countryman of mine to accept of a salute was intended by him to express a scorn of the custom itself, particularly in suffering his cheek to come into momentary contact with that of a *man*; but, by the gentleman who offered the salute, it was construed into his having a bad breath, and a fear to discover it.

Now as an imputation of this kind would be more wounding to the self-love of our petit-maitres and maitresses, than, perhaps, an expulsion from kissing all the days of their lives; I advise them to give and lend their cheeks for the kiss of custom without any farther hesitation.

I feel it my duty likewise to prepare you for a little imposition in the hotels and private lodgings before you enter them, as well as for the counterbalancing *agré-mens*.

I must lay it down as a first general principle, that a Prussian and German landlord, if he possibly can, will over-reach you; not so much, I believe, from dishonesty, as from an almost *innate* idea of considering the word *Englishman* synonymous with the word *riches*. An Italian, French, and every other traveller, even a Dutchman, whom, generally speaking, they know is well able to pay up to any price demanded, may always get accommodated at half price, in comparison of the British wanderer—that self-devoted victim of vanity and folly. Of this I will give you an instance, not produced in resentment, for it was rather a subject of pleasantry, but in order to put you, and your friends, and every one into whose hands these Gleanings may fall, on guard.

On

On my first tour to Cleves I wished to make a stop of a few months, and not readily suiting myself in an hotel, I sought private apartments. A tradesman, of whom I had bought some trifling articles, and who spoke very good French, offered to attend me to the house of a man who, he said, had rooms to let; and added, that he would have the honour to be my interpreter.

We went accordingly, and I desired my Interpreter to ask the price of the rooms, when, by way of answer, came forth another question.

Master of the House. The gentleman, I suppose, is French.

Interpreter. No.

Master of the House. Dutch?

Interpreter. No; English.

This information, consisting only of two monosyllables, had the effect of a volume on the man's mind. He intended, however, to be cautious and manage the intelligence; but his features betrayed him.

He doubled upon me every article, as I shall presently shew. I caused him to be informed, that, on the receipt of my next letters from England, I should be able to decide whether I remained in the town, or proceeded farther up the country; observing, that if I became his inmate, it would be impossible to do without a slip of carpeting, or some covering by the bed side.

That may be had, quoth the landlord; and so we parted.

The expected letters arrived, and finding it convenient to pursue my route as far as Emeric, on the other side of the Rhine, I gave him notice two days earlier than my promise, that, as I should be absent a month or six weeks, I would not hazard the letting his apartments to a more stationary tenant should any such offer. Now, that this notice might be formal, it was translated and delivered by my interpreter. Here, I supposed, we had done with
one

one another ; but the next morning, when every thing was ready for my departure, the master of the inn, where I had slept, presented me with a reply to my billet ; written with a majesty of style that would have better suited the *Grand Frederic*, (who, by the way, would have given a much more courteous answer) than the little great man who was the author, or rather dictator, for he understood even less of the French than I of the German, and was at the expence of a notary—*Voilà le decret despotique de mon Maitre d'Hotel*.—But as all great events, in which great personages are concerned, are ushered in with due decorum, I shall allot a separate gleanings to it.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

“ PEUTETRE, Monsieur, que vous vous imaginez qu’il va ici comme en Angleterre, *ou chaque un joue son rolle comme il veut*. Non ! nous vivons sous la regne d’un tel Roi, qui maintient son plus bas sujet ; ainsi aucun Anglois ne doit s’imaginer qu’il peut exercer le Rolle de l’Angleterre, aux etats Prussiens.—Je ne vous ai pas appelé ; vous etes venu de vous même aupres moi ; et vous avez loué les chambres ; et parceque vous l’avez desire que je mettrois des tapis sur les planches, je les ai acheté : le lit demonté est remonté, et puisque vous avez voulu deja occuper Dimanche les chambres, je me suis forte derangé a mes affaires pour les arranger.—Pour toute cela je pretend d’être dedommagé, puisque
“ vous

"vous n'avez pas envie de les occuper ; et je vous demande
 " par celle ci, ou, *vous avez envie de payer le loué pour trois*
 " *mois, ou non ?* Si non, alors je chercherai mon droit
 " a la justice."

" MITSBORFFER."

Cleves, ce 23 Mars.

As a Prussian curiosity, you will accept a literal translation of it, courteous reader, if peradventure thou art not sufficiently in practice with the French language, to feel the might and majesty of the sentiments. You, I know my dear friend, can relish them in all their original bombast.

TRANSLATION.

" Perhaps, Sir, you imagine you may act here as you do
 " in England, where every one does just as he pleases.
 " No. We live under the government of a king—*Such a*
 " *King!* who supports the rights of his meanest subjects.
 " And whosoever dares to suppose he may play the game
 " he does in Great Britain, within the territory of his
 " Prussian majesty, will find himself mistaken. It was not
 " at my invitation you came to my house ; it was an act of
 " your own free will ; and you have hired my chambers.
 " You desired I would cover the boards with a carpet ; a
 " carpet I have bought, and the boards are covered. My
 " bed, too, has been taken down in one place and put up
 " in another to please you, and I am thereby disarranged.
 " For all this, I expect to have my damages made good,
 " and as you do not choose to occupy the lodgings, I desire
 " to know, whether you choose to pay for them ! I speak
 " of the three months for which they are let to you ? If
 " yes, well ; if no, I shall seek my right from the laws of
 " the land, whereof I have the honour to be a member !"

Boooo !—There's for you ! Was ever the Pope's bull
 fulminated with more vengeance !

" Myn

“Myn Heer, said my landlord, had better postpone his journey, till this little, ugly affair is settled ; for there is no answering to the lengths this hot-headed man may go : and to be stopped on the road by the officers of justice would be disagreeable. Officers of justice ! officers of nonsense ! said I. I sent for my interpreter, who, though a native of the place, did not, by good luck, take the part of his townsman. On the contrary, he accompanied me, swearing all the way in High Dutch never to have made any mention of three months, nor any contract whatsoever. He increased his pace in proportion as he increased his oaths, and these running affidavits presently brought us to the scene of action. The landlord was in the very chamber in dispute, which we found, sure enough, sufficiently deranged. Had a score of swine herded in them, they could not have been in a more filthy situation. Neither curtains, nor mat, nor carpet, nor any furniture, but that of which I had at first complained. The fury of the interpreter was equal to the dismay of the Prussian dictator. Our visit to the latter was so unexpected, and our detection of him so unequivocal, that he could not reply to the denunciations of my linguist, who, pursuing his advantages, laid about him like a Drawcanfir. The host, at last, felt himself galled, and ventured the retort *uncourteous* : this produced a rejoinder, that again a replication, which ran through the whole vocabulary of angry eloquence ; in the heat of which I left the combatants, and with great coolness departed for Emeric ; but on passing Cleves some months after, I fell in company with the very gentleman who occupied these memorable apartments, for the use of which, his board inclusive, he paid, to a stiver, *per month*, what had been demanded of me *per week* ! but then, he was a Prussian and I—an Englishman !

I cannot write this latter name, without an almost equal mixture of pride and indignation, pleasure and regret. I grieve that it is rendered less respectable abroad than at home,

home, and that, by the purse-proud vanity, or dissipated pageantry of individuals, the character of an whole nation suffers. More than once, in the course of these Gleanings, have I been forced upon this unwelcome subject; and I must now take it up again, because I can no other way, my loved friend, account to you, or to the public, for a multitude of impositions which lie in reserve, which are absolutely in *waiting*, for my countrymen, the moment they have crossed the Channel, and which, like costly and troublesome companions, fasten themselves to his purse-strings, till they "leave not a wreck behind." For all which, I am sorry to say, *Englishmen* have nobody to blame but themselves.

In the first place they take over with them English ideas of expence into other countries.

Secondly, They take over, also, a large cargo of national pride, wishing to spread the general received notion of English wealth being greater than that of other countries.

Thirdly, They are in a habit of prodigality at home which is too inveterate in waste, to make economical retrenchments abroad: and, even if they set out on a saving principle, they soon glide into the extravagant passion.

Now, from a co-operation of all these, it is really wonderful to consider how wide the mischief is diffused. A Swiss officer and Prussian gentleman counselled me to let a friend of theirs make my bargains and purchases, as we were to travel some time in company, and make stops at the same places. I yielded to this good advice, but counteracted its effect by being his associate. It was found out, by some means or another, that I was an Englishman, and that was more than enough. The persons—whether Dutch, Prussians, or Germans—mean not to over-reach you. They intend only to ask up to the character our countrymen have established for riches. They even design sometimes an extortion as a compliment, because it presupposes the pre-eminent wealth of our nation. They
argue,

argue, too, that while you come so many hundred, or thousand leagues from home, it is not possible you should want money, since, if you did, you would naturally stay at home.

Thus a foolish ambition of keeping up a false reputation begins on the other side of the water, and travels with you to the end both of water and land. Taking London as the center, it has gone in as many directions as there are great post roads, even to the once cheap parts of the British empire, Yorkshire, Scotland, and Wales. In every inch of these, you feel the heavy hand of an English traveller's profusion forced into your pocket. Those necessities of life, which thirty years back might be comfortably procured for the third of their present purchase at an English market, soon mounted to the half, then they rose to three parts; and now, unless you enter into engagements very advisedly, the difference of English expenditure will scarcely warrant the charge of taking so long a journey. Shall I be answered, that the difference in these gradations arises from the difference of the times, refinements, luxuries, &c.? Certainly these increase the evil: but, even at this day, as I stated to you in a former letter, the great articles of life are to be had at more than an half in half average with the English market. It will assuredly be granted, that fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, butter, and house-rent, are the *chief* of those articles, and all these are to be had as I have before described. The fair inference is, that where taxation or refinement have levied one impost, national pride and habitual folly have levied twenty. The natives themselves, both in the above countries, and in those more remote, have candour enough to acknowledge this; but *now*, the habit of charge is as strong as the profusion by which it was at first created; and the simplicity and œconomy of a place once destroyed, like a wounded character, never recovers itself. On the contrary, extortion and extravagance erect a sort of temple to Folly on their

their ruins; and an imposition *taught to others by ourselves*, becomes the custom of a country, till, in the end, foreigners think they have a presumptive right to cheat you. The same spirit that induces us to spoil the places nearer home, enables us to ruin our residences and accommodations abroad. . Our profusion traverses the whole continent of Europe; the Alps and Pyrennees sink before it, and wherever, as in Westphalia, from the natural abundance of a country, or the want of traffic, or distance from a public mart, the necessaries of life are *still* to be got at half price, they would, I am convinced, have remained at a third less than at present, had it not been for English profusion, English pride, and English prejudice.

Under these comfortless prospects of being imposed upon by our own countrymen's folly, even when *out* of England—for I insist on it, they are the aggressors—I do not think I can render to my countrymen at this distance from them—or to you, my friend, whom I suppose to be so near, a greater service—than to note the actual rates of living, and the comparative dearness or cheapness of the several countries in which I have resided. This is certainly another very humble office, but a no less useful one, and either on account of its humility or utility, has been strangely misrepresented or overlooked.

Once more making England a central point of travelling, the expenditure will be found to ascend in a series as you pass along, *i. e.* the farther removed from the center, the less you spend—supposing a less influence from examples of English extravagance.

The difference of charge, even to perfect strangers,—and making allowances for a *predetermination*, almost every where, to overreach you to the verge of the laws of the land,—is almost incredible. What English travelling at *home* comes to, I need not state, either in lodgings, at inns, or on the road. Houseing you safe on this side of the water, you immediately would perceive the difference, were you

you disposed to begin your estimate; for, although you may be chagrined at the necessity of keeping your purse in the hand, in your tour through Holland, were you to separate one charge from another, you would, even admitting some extortion, find the balance in favour of Dutch imposition. No, my friend, thrown, without the arms of language, acquaintance, or experience of customs, on the mercy of the Hollanders, you would last longer, that is, you would be less *speedily* devoured by the Dutch than by your own countrymen, under like circumstances. But though your devoration would be more *slow*, it would not be less *sure*; *i. e.* were you not to buy, and dearly buy, knowledge as you go on, and had you no honest and diligent way-faring traveller to glean the paths before you.

Leaving you, however, as just observed, undefended amongst the Hollanders, you would not so soon be swallowed up as by the English. The difference of charges is remarkable in going only from one province to another, and when you have left the Dutch boundaries and gained the Prussian dominions, you perceive the cheating of one country so much more endurable than that of another, that in this instance, at least, whatever may be your political principles, you would prefer the despotic States to the Republics—and exclaim with poor Lear,

“ The wicked compared with the more wicked
 “ Seem beautiful, and not to be the worst
 “ Stands in some rank of praise;”

I believe I have used this quotation in some former letter, but it becomes apposite again, and you will excuse repetition. *How* well it applies at present, you shall immediately judge. At the best inn of Cleves, my charge, for twelve days, was little more than a guinea sterling; and for which I was accommodated with a very good bed-room, the use of the general sitting-room and an excellent table, adorned with the best company, as well residents as travellers. At one of the largest inns of the Hague, it cost me precisely

cifely that fum, a guinea, for *one day's* worfe living, worfe lodging, and worfe attendance. Having mentioned to you the name of the more reasonable Hague landlord, I trust your faith in my account will lead you to choofe the good and to avoid the bad; and therefore it becomes unnecessary to fpecify the perfon by whom I was thus overcharged. But juftice requires I fhould tell you and the world, that the name of the Cleves landlord is Nyfa.

To prevent the trouble of enquiry, and the vexation of being reduced to contefts at a place of public accommodation, I will take this opportunity to fet down the fixed prices of all the moft reputable table d'hotes (public eating-houfes and hotels) in the provinces of Holland and in Pruffian Weftphalia.

HOLLAND.

			Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Breakfaft	-	-	0	8	0
Dinner	-	-	1	0	0
Bottle of Rhine, or Bourdeaux wine			1	0	0
Bed	-	-	0	15	0
Fire, if in your own room, per day			0	12	0

WESTPHALIA.

			Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Breakfaft	-	-	0	5	0
Bed (fire included)	-	-	0	7	0
Dinner	-	-	0	10	0
Bottle of wine	-	-	0	10	0

In Holland, the train of waiters, fhoe-boys, &c. are at the heels of your bill, and interrupt (though not with equal boldnefs of *authority*) your way to the horfe or carriage. In Weftphalia, thefe fupernumeraries are all paid by their mafter, and included in their wages. The above ftatement then will ferve you through both countries from Helvoetfluice or the Hague, to the fartheft end of the

the Prussian States : and the variations are unimportant in your route to Berlin on the one hand, and to Vienna on the other.

It should be noted, that the money of Holland is nominally, because in the *exchange* it makes little to a traveller's advantage ; but in purchase of the articles of life, it is half in half. Indeed the coin (more especially the silver) is of so base materials, that the circulation is almost wholly confined to Prussia. It is refused currency even on the frontiers of Holland. The Cleves money will not pass even at Nimeguen, where there is a constant reciprocal communication.

It will be proper to mention to you the names and valuation of the Cleves and Prussian coins ; * that you may
be

* I shall here, however, make a general observation on the subject of the coins of Prussia and Germany. The natives (I mean thereby the common tradesmen, who are ever upon the watch for strangers) admit that the Dutch money is in effect double the value of theirs, such, for instance, as that forty stivers Prussia are given for twenty Holland ; but that it is fair to charge four stivers for a commodity which may be had in Holland for two ; a piece of logic which they justify on the ground of your ignorance being greater than their cunning. Luckily, however, the price of public boats, and public carriages, are settled by ordinance, though even this is liable to abuse, and the Seller sometimes passes a cheat on the Buyer, under the pretended sanction of Government. I had occasion to stop at an inn of Malseland Sluice (in Holland) with a good deal of baggage ; and I also took my dinner, or rather luncheon, being too late for one barge, and too soon for another. When I came to pay the bill, I found so many extra charges that I resisted payment till I had asked a few questions.

Gleaner. What is the meaning of this charge ?

Hotel-Keeper. 'Tis by order of the States-General.

Gleaner. And this ?

Hotel-Keeper. The ordinance is also by the States-General.

Gleaner. And this ?

Hotel-Keeper. Is settled by the States-General.

Gleaner. I can only say then, that the States-General are aiders and abettors, if not principals, in the most enormous plunder upon a stranger's property of any people on earth.

To this remark the Hotel-keeper smil'd assent, but plunder'd on. I complained of several particulars to the Commissary of the Town, who
redressed

be prepared; and compare them with those of Holland. They shall be given in the supplementary pages of this closing sheaf, where a number of pickings-up shall be thrown into one or two general letters, properly speaking, a letter of scraps on different subjects, gathered in different countries; valuable, perhaps, when made into a collection, but too minute to stand alone. I have many of these lying in slips of paper, on the backs or edges of letters, in my drawer of memorandas, which I fill as I empty my pockets after a walk, a ride, a visit, &c. &c. and I shall set apart a stay-at-home-day, to arrange and transmit them. Meantime, we are, just now, too much in the heat of business, in Gleaning the things of the *first necessity* (alas! poor dear human nature, of what eating and drinking, and other frail materials, art thou compounded) to amuse ourselves with affairs less solid. If a traveller wishes to become residentiary for a few weeks or months in any of the pleasant German towns, and brings with him his family, the best way is to make an agreement with a *traiteur* (a cook) and live with him, if, as is often the case, he happens to have a good house. This, besides the accommodation of having your repast comfortable and warm, is cheaper by nearly half, as it *includes* the price of a room. I know a gentleman, who says he is well served with breakfasts and dinners, (suppers are rarely taken abroad) and two good chambers, for twenty-one florins (about one guinea at par) per month, in a very popular part of Prussian Westphalia. But even if you take private lodgings, and are only supplied from a *traiteur's* with eatables, you gain importantly on England—as thus, *Dinners*, (which imply a sufficiency for suppers, as you always are

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Q

entitled

redressed both my wrongs, and those of the Republic, by assuring me every iota was imposition; for which he sentenced the Landlord to deductions on almost every article, and attended me in person to see justice duly administered. I certainly enjoyed not a little the confusion of the extortioner, and was malicious enough to remind him at every refund, that he paid me back the extortion money by order of the *States General*.

entitled to keep what is sent you) are twelve Holland stivers a head—about a shilling English. It is called one portion; it consists of four covered dishes, which, with bread, cheese, butter, and fallads (that are always found by yourself) contain enough for two meals; as two portions do for four.

I was present at a bargain of this kind being made at Cleves, with one of the many publick cooks of that place: he was on the edge of becoming a victim to his ignorance in these matters, when an honest Prussian who was present, with a friendly presence of mind, observed to the cook—"Certainement Monsieur est un peu Catholique; il ne manage pas de viande *tous les jours*." I took the hint, and told the man that when I wanted a double portion, he should know it in time to make the necessary addition. This reduced the monthly charge, which had previously been made, to about one pound fifteen shillings.

Let me not fail to apprize you, moreover, that the buying your wine of a merchant, and of an hotel-keeper or cook, is, on an average, difference of more than half in half in Holland, Prussia, and Germany.

At the inns of Holland, you will pay for table-wine, one florin ten stivers (half a crown); at those of Prussia and Germany, from sixteen stivers to one florin; and at the merchants of the first country, for the same wine, eight stivers, and in the two other countries, so low as six stivers, or seven at most: and let it not be forgotten that the eight penny wine is precisely the same, as to quality, for which (with duties on foreign spirits) you pay in England from five to seven shillings a bottle.

There are certain articles so incredibly cheap, even in these times of general scarcity *every where*, that I want almost confidence in my own conviction, or in my trust of your candour, to make just report of them. In various provincial towns, both in the neighbourhood of the Upper and Lower Rhine, the best butter is sold, in the month of

May,

May, at two-pence per pound, a very fine young fowl, at four and five pence, a duck the same, butcher's meat at two-pence, and two-pence halfpenny, a full grown hare at eight, nine, or ten-pence, sometimes at still less, a goose, or turkey, at ten-pence, when at the dearest, and the finest Westphalia ham from three-pence to four-pence per pound. House-rent is in proportion. I leave you, therefore, to judge, how comfortable a family, pinched for necessities, and, perhaps, struggling betwixt the extremes of pride and poverty in England, may live in the German territories. And yet I still cannot help giving Wales the preference for two reasons—first, because it is nearly as cheap, and in a part of my own country, and does not take money out of the British dominions; and secondly, because it contains more general beauty than any thing to be met with without taking a long journey, which, with a family, is in itself the expenditure of more than could be expected from a twelve-month's savings. As the retreat of an unconnected person, or of a family, resolved to establish in a new country, and as Dr. Young says, *fixing would be fixed*, it would be really a saving, without abridgement of comforts, and even luxuries, of thirty or forty per cent. Eggs are frequently fifteen for two-pence, and seldom less than ten: and firing is proportionably cheap. Bread, however, is nearly the same price as in England; I mean such as is made from the white flour; but they grow an inferior kind, considerably darker when baked than our farm-house loaves, which is eaten with a farm-house appetite, not only by the peasantry, but most other people. By way of qualifying its bitter and sour taste, the better sorts of folks place their butter betwixt a slice of the black and a slice of the white bread, and when they wish to luxuriate, as on a dainty, or to distinguish their hospitality to a friend, a twopenny loaf of the entire white is brought forth, and cut into as many morsels as there are persons to be regaled.

It will seem incredible to an English reader, whatever be his situation, to be told that a German bill of fare consists of little more than what is appointed for a meagre day, rigidly maintained; insomuch that the Westphalians, Prussians, and Germans, in general, may be duly and truly said to keep Lent all the year. I am authorised by truth to assure you, from long experience of their table, that the yearly expenditure of a large family, in any of the above-named countries, would scarce exceed, if it could reach, that of an English farmer's household, consisting of an equal number of people, for a single month. An enormous dish of potatoes, cabbages, carrots, beans, and other vegetables, forms the basis of their dinner, which, with all ranks, is taken at twelve o'clock. It is a very great luxury when half a pound of pork, bacon, or butcher's meat is stuck in the midst of this medley, as the grand center of attraction; and yet this precious morsel is rather for ornament than use, rather to be admired and gazed on, like other forbidden fruit, than eaten. A variety of trifles from the garden forms the dessert, which is rather tasted than enjoyed, if there happens to be any thing more *recherché*, more valuable, than a nut or an apple; and a small plate-full even of these become so "familiar to the eye," that they pall upon the sense before you are presented with a fresh supply. I protest to you that I was so accustomed to look on a fruit plate and its contents for such a length of time, at a table in Westphalia, that I knew every speck and freckle about them, as well as the faces of the family. Indeed I had opportunities to see them so constantly, and closely, that each apple and pear became a *memento mori* to the family.—In the beginning of the week, they came fresh from the tree, with their best look and blooming complexions. A very few of them, alas, were cut off in this the prime of their lives. The rest were brought on the second day, not much altered in their shapes or air. On the third, there was a visible alteration
—nevertheless,

—nevertheless, the young folks of the family, for there were many children,

“ Sigh’d and look’d, sigh’d and look’d,

“ Sigh’d and look’d, and sigh’d again.”

but, alas, sigh’d and look’d, look’d and sigh’d, sigh’d and long’d in vain. It was written in the father’s face—ye may not eat: while the indulgent matron cut one into as many quarters as she had sons and daughters, and the next day the father, being in a frolicsome humour, threw an apple and a pear after dinner amongst them, on the floor, where they were as much fought for as Joseph’s coat, and produced as much shame to the vanquished, and triumph to the conquerors, as if they were heroes and kings, battling it away for thrones and dominions, perhaps, on the true estimate, as little worthy of contest. Towards the end of the week, my old friends in the fruit-plate began to drop off one by one; and though it is amongst my habits never to eat of those things which the master of the house discovers to me by his manner he considers as a rarity; in compassion to these poor things, I took off their dusty coats, and thereby prevented a more lingering death.

Some weeks after, I dined at the same gentleman’s house, and though, to be sure, a man would not choose to swear to an apple, I could all but make oath, that I observed, amongst the re-enforcements of the well remembered fruit-plate, one pippen which was so palpable by his marks, that I recognised him as an old acquaintance the moment he came in my view—now be it known to you, this was by no means in the season of the year, when apples are laid up like honey in the hive for winter provision, but when they would in England have come fresh from the tree, at every meal. It is strict economy that urges this extreme forbearance in almost every thing that regards, in short, that either smells or tastes like a luxury. And it is imposed by a very stern necessity, for Germany and poverty are almost synonymous terms, and though, in particular instances, such
a thing

a thing as wealth is to be found, the general run of people in all conditions, are reduced to observe a most scrupulous frugality in all things; their income being usually such as to inhibit the least article of profusion.

Nor is this œconomy confined to the appetites, it extends to the ornaments of life; I had almost said to its vanities, but it may be done in effect to promote these. You shall decide on this, after I have informed you it is the universal practice to undress after a visit. A lady, or gentleman, no sooner returns home, than they lay aside their costly robes, and get into their slippers, nightgowns, yea and nightcaps also. And appear extremely surpris'd to learn it is a general custom in England to keep on their out of door dresses, as they are called in Germany, when they are amongst family friends; nor could I easily reconcile them to my following the custom of my country in this particular; till I had assured them, changing my dress frequently gave me cold. They call this stripping practice putting themselves at their ease:—but it is, in truth, purely done for œconomy.

Frugality is an early part of education in these countries, insomuch, that it is common to observe a well-bred young lady, in some of the best families, wash up the tea-things, immediately after they are done with, and in the midst of the company, who have been using them. At first, I suppos'd this was a menial office, impos'd by a cross papa, or overmanaging mamma; but when I became a residentiary gleaner, I saw it so much the fashion of every family, that I inform you of it as a general rule, not only in Germany, but in Holland also.

The natives of these places not only eat sparingly, as having little to eat, but they eat seldom—and drink as often as they can. The custom of slight breakfasts, vegetable, or rather hodge-podge dinners, and yet slighter, frequently no suppers, has its beginning in Holland, travels to Westphalia, like a slender current, narrowing as it goes,
with

with respect to quantum, and is at its perfection of economy in the empire. The only thing in which they yield to profusion, (at their own expence) is in the article of tea and coffee: this they take almost every hour, but *without sugar*. The women snuff, and the men smoke *over* it. But they usually drink it out of cups that scarce hold so much as an acorn; and though, from the quantity taken, this custom gives perpetual trouble, they still prefer these diminutive machines, which would scarce serve a fairy to sip dew drops. To think of a wide Dutch mouth screwed up to the dimensions of such a sprite!

It is, I find, very true, that the English are every where looked on to be exceedingly carnivorous; and it is true also, that an Englishman will devour more solid flesh in a day, and pour down his throat more inflammatory liquid, than a Prussian, German, or Dutchman, in *three* days. An English traveller, however, soon assimilates to the general temperance of the country, the consequence of which is, that instead of wasting an whole afternoon in an hot room, amidst the fumes of the tables; or sleeping to relieve an overloaded stomach, he feels alert, either for business, or pleasure, and seems to wonder at this change of himself.

I have just mentioned to you the early dinners on this part of the Continent, but forgot to note to you, that the reason assigned for it, is exactly the reverse of what is given out for a four or five o'clock repast in Great Britain. We eat at mid-day, says the foreigner, that we may have a long afternoon: We eat in the evening, says the Englishman, that we may have a long morning. The customs of a country ought certainly to give and receive allowances, but I have found this difference in the hours productive of great difficulties, between some of my countrymen and foreigners; the first insisting that at twelve o'clock was too late for breakfast and too soon for dinner, it could be considered only as an hour proper for a luncheon; and the other

other declaring, that sitting down to such a table at such an unreasonable time was insupportable : for my own part, I am blest with so social an appetite, that it seems made for a ready compliance with the customs of all countries. Is it the fashion of the family to eat at noon ? I sit down and forget that I had not been used to think about dinner till nearer night. Does my meal make its appearance with the candles ? Be it so, I eat heartily, if I am well ; and, if I am sick, I play with my knife and fork, to keep those who are better company. Now this versatility in my disposition leads me into many pleasures and contentments, which less accommodating tempers can never hope to enjoy. It is peculiarly estimable in travelling : for can it be reasonably expected, that without being well paid for it, people will come into the customs of a stranger, and forego their own ? Will you tell them, it is *polite* to go to dinner when they are going to supper ! Or as an individual are you to derange a family, who, in turn, could tell you, that the politeness of their country settles these matters on very different principles. Who is to adjust this knotty point ? You fall out with your dinner, and with each other. How easily would a little candour and courtesy place it just where it should be !—O, good humour ! thou least difficult, yet brightest of the social virtues—thou creator and supporter of every other—where is the land, the habit, the manners, which are not reconciled to the heart, by thy assuasive and smiling power ? Inspired by thee, I feel myself disposed to be happy, and I am so ; to impart it to all with whom I mix in this now jarring world, and I succeed :—And did the fond parent know thy value, as I know it, he would pray that his darling child was rather filled with thee, than favoured by beauty, genius, or fortune ; for what are these but the miserable children of conceit, pride, and folly, unprotected and uninspired by thee !

From

From what has been said on the very necessary, though very much neglected, subject of eating and drinking, it will, I trust, appear manifest, that if a traveller will be content to buy a little experience, which is no where to be had without paying for, and if he will not be too much in a hurry to make his arrangements, and, while they are adjusting, indulge his heart in a few effusions of that good-humour I have been addressing, he may be very comfortable to himself, and no less acceptable to others; but if he will be stubborn, and inflexibly attached to his own opinions, manners, and customs, and not come into those of other people in other countries, he has nothing to do but to live by himself, according to his fancy, and—pay accordingly.

But I forget, that all this time while I have been discussing the subjects of the table, I have seated you in the Cleves Wood, and left you in a worse situation even than the Germans, without any dinner at all. Rise then, my friend, and, that you may no longer want an opportunity, I put an end to my letter, with the usual assurances of being affectionately your's.

L E T T E R L X I I .

TO THE SAME.

TAKING it for granted that you will feel yourself refreshed before you sit down to the perusal of another letter, and that all those who may become its readers will bring along with them good spirits and *goodnature*, I will

will invite your attention to some further Gleanings on the circle of Westphalia.

You are not now to learn that Prussia is a Catholic country, where, however, Protestantism, (in the Presbyterian form) is largely interspersed. The churches are every where the objects that first catch the eyes of travellers, for which reason I suppose it is that you meet so many steeples and towers, monuments and escutcheons, in almost every book of modern travels.

Catholic churches in particular, as being more ornamental, have been so often described by *publishing* travellers, that they are, perhaps, the only objects in the wide field of foreign observation, which have been measured with an accuracy that leaves nothing for the gleaner. Open the books of these authors at whatever page you may, and it is odds but you see half a dozen spires, followed by a long history of their founders, destroyers, rebuilders, redestroyers, revolutions, &c. Two churches and a castle to a leaf is moderate reckoning, and it is well if you get off without a morsel of choice biography, on the quarrels and rogueries, virtues, and vices of the prince, bishops, beggarly priests, or despotic lords of the castle; for the Cacoethes *De-scribendi* (if I may be allowed to sport with the Latinity) is as strong in some wandering biographers, as in juvenile poets, when first they fancy themselves in love, and present you with that picture of their idols, which imagination has drawn for them. For myself, and I suppose others may feel like me on the occasion, I never, without trembling, observe a travelled author *set in* for a long story of churches, chapels, chateaus, and picture galleries, with a determination to give their "moving accidents" by flood and fire, during the wear and tear, and traditionary lying of half a score centuries. And what, after all, are you presented with, but a meagre account, into which the mind and memory of the reader vainly look for something whereon

to rest—something more worthy the human faculties, than annals of the intriguing abbots, mischievous priests, and grinding seigniors, buried under their ruins. I venerate antiquity, but must have something that comes closer to the soul, the understanding, or the affections, than this collection of literary brickwork, and travelling stone masonry. Peace to the ashes of the mouldering universe! Unless surviving virtues, or immortal actions, lie amongst the ruins, and, like the phoenix, only want an honest, helping hand to clear away the earthy obstructions, to spring above them, I would not rescue an altar, or the canonized bones of a Saint from oblivion. Unembalmed by such virtues, and such actions, the dust of a monarch, and the dust of the earth that covers him, is, to me, exactly the same thing; and as to the relics of a worthless being, to what good end could they be brought from the tomb, but as a *maukin* to shew the villains of the present generation, that to such complexion must they come at last.—In that light only, have I sometimes, as in the instance of a John of Leyden, burst the cearments of the grave, and gleaned the coffin of a scoundrel.

Respecting church matters, therefore, I shall certainly not swell the list of historians; but, after I have made one general observation, shall content myself with the relation of a single circumstance.

It is really a most heart-affecting satisfaction in a circuit of some hundreds of leagues, such as I have taken, over different Catholic countries, to see the decent impression that is made on the *peasantry* (which is ever the most numerous body of a state) by religion. Of the higher ranks, who lose their principles and their education too often in the pride of philosophy, I shall here say nothing; but the influence of the Catholic faith on the *subordinate* rank is, almost without an exception, a sober and sincere attention to the duties it enjoins. The earnest, yet tempered zeal, with which the common labourer leaves his business

or

or his pleasure, to commune with his Maker, is amongst the comfortable sights that every traveller must surely have noticed, and noticing must have enjoyed. In the plebeian part of the community, at least, it must be genuine. The infidel philosophy of the great is, happily, above their reach : the hypocritical mummery or profounder chicane of the yet perhaps more infidel priesthood (I speak of the Catholic churchmen), is still more happily above the understanding of the peasant. He can have no views from interest, from the world's applause, or from the world's disapprobation. His religion, after education has settled it in his mind, becomes one of the strongest habits—it soon ripens into his most powerful principles. It is presently a voluntary offering, and one of perfect free will, to God. He accepts its pains and penalties, and never resists their infliction. He is told by his confessor of a sin, and he suffers for it willingly. Neither does he perform its duties so mechanically as may be supposed—He goes to the church at all times and seasons : the gates of the temple are always open, but he is not forced to enter at the stated stroke of the pendulum or chime of the bell. If his soul feels not the impulse ; if it prefers the sacred moment when the hour of public worship is past, he can withdraw himself from the gaze of the world, and converse, as it were with his Creator face to face : and in the Catholic churches, which I have *gleaned* even with a suspicious vigilance, this is very frequently done, and always with reverence. Strangers, drawn by curiosity only, may pass in groupes from all quarters of the earth, and dressed in all the different habits of their country, without seducing the kneeling Catholic peasant from his duty : his posture is unaltered, his prayer unbroken. He rarely lends an ear to conversation, which is too often irreverently loud, and not often an eye to their persons.

From this exterior decency, it is fair to infer an internal piety. It is, to be sure, a world replete with subtle stratagem,

stratagem, and false appearances, but if ever there can be supposed to be a principle "unmixed with baser matter," this surely is the most free from alloy. And if one could select from the mass of enormities, which the present governors of France have committed, and single out an act more foul, more cruel than the rest, I should not hesitate to pronounce their attempt to convert the simple heart to **EQUALITY of Atheism.**

The Augean stable of the Catholic church, so far as it was connected with politics, no doubt wanted cleansing, and possibly some of its most aspiring heads well deserved *Le Glaive de la Loi*, the sword of justice, but to my feelings (and it has arisen out of my observation) better, far better had the convent and the cloister been polluted by the whole chicane of the priesthood, than that so many hundreds of thousands of blameless beings should not only want in future the comfort of a refuge in misery, and of a guide in happiness, but should be taught that the benefits and blessings of the *past*, derived from this sacred source, were the trick of a designing race, and that, for the time to come, the laws of reason and nature, that is infidelity and licentiousness, are to supersede those of a Saviour and Redeemer of the world. Then, by way of proving their proselytism and faith in the new creed, they are, instead of bowing the knee to the cross, to turn from it in mockery, like the revilers of old, or to level it with the dust! Glorious revolution, and more glorious revolutionists! To lay the foundations of a republic in human blood, and erect a temple to infidelity on the ruins of religion! In the ancient fabric were there defects? Why not repair them? Must it fall that a worse may be raised?—but I forget myself—a scourge was wanted in the land, and ye were perhaps the proper instruments to deal destructions: for who can punish iniquity like the wicked?

But

But I promised you to close with the relation of a circumstance, which I owe to the Catholic church. Half an hour's walking by the side of the Cleves wood brings you to a little village chapel, whose bell was ringing out for evening vespers just as I paid it my first visit. Only a few of the congregation were then gathered together. I had therefore time to make an unobtrusive Gleaning. Amongst the usual decorations of pictures, paintings, flowers, and crucifixes, I could not but take notice of the virgin in a chintz-pattern linen gown over a full dress hoop of immense circumference; ornamented with three distinct rows of silver crosses, the middle row abundantly the largest: the crown upon her head was formed of broken beads, and pieces of looking-glass: the child Jesus held an apple in his hand partly eaten, to express what Eve had fraudulently accepted and shared with the devil.

I might have yielded up my gravity at the burlesque manner in which this part of sacred story was caricatured, had not the ridicule, it was so well calculated to excite, been checked by my observing an old man and woman, two young men, and two female children, kneeling with every mark of devotion round the figures. They are of one house, said a person who stood near me, and, in the sequel, I found that that house had to boast an holy family. The very moment that I looked upon them, the spirit of mockery died within me; and a much better spirit came upon me in its stead. I had no longer eyes to criticise the figures, nor an heart to break a jest on their absurdity: As representatives of the blessed virgin and Redeemer of the world, they filled me with awe, and I caught so much of unaffected holiness from these humble suppliants, as to hold sacred the coarsest imitations and symbols of things divine.

It happened to be the *jour de pâque*, on the evening of which festival there prevails in Westphalia a custom, that I felt was worth gleaning for you and for the public. You shall

shall have it here. The Prussian peasants commemorate the solemn event of our Saviour's resurrection in a singular manner. In each village of the circle are to be seen three or four large bonfires, which the inhabitants have been preparing at their intervals of daily labour during the preceding week. The fires are lighted about nine at night; about ten, when they are in full blaze, the populace, and indeed people of all distinctions, go out of the Cleves gates to view them. I was lucky enough at the moment to be on a visit to a gentleman, who, at a small distance from the western Port, had a summer house that commanded the country to the extent of twenty leagues. Every quarter or half league has a village, and the whole twenty leagues were illuminated. It was in itself an interesting novelty, but when the *occasion* was contemplated and combined with it, the heart glowed like the horizon. In the midst of the scenery rose the moon. She was at full, but at the moment of rising seemed another bonfire beginning to kindle and ascend. She soon, however, asserted her superiority, and when she had gained her proper station in the hemisphere, I could not help repeating to myself a few words, applicable to both.—“Hide your diminish'd heads”, ye feeble works of men's hands: but thou Cynthia art of God. No wonder then at thy lustre! but, even as I pronounced this, I corrected my rashness, my injustice—and so are ye, ye feeble fires,—added I,—of God also; and every humble spark shall ascend to heaven!

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE already, more than once, in the course of this correspondence, attempted to check the heady current of national prejudice, which appropriates all that is estimable in human nature to itself, and leaves to the rest of the world only its vices, vanities, and insignificancies. I have given many examples of urbanity, that have been the growth of soils less celebrated than that of Britain, or than what once was France. I have shewn it flourishing even in the unwholesome clime of Holland. Let me now offer you an instance of its blooming power in Westphalia. In truth it is a flower appropriate to no particular country, but will prosper wherever it is duly cultivated. Its natural soil is the human heart, in which it springs up, and thrives, very soon after that heart begins to beat, and would continue till there is no longer motion, were not passions and prejudices for ever at work to check its growth or kill it in the bud.

In one of the most profound recesses of this beautiful country, at the distance of at least forty leagues from a court, thirty from a city, and at least ten miles from a market town, I once found urbanity that would have given lustre to them all. I found her in a cottage of clay, at the foot of a Prussian forest, under covert of which I was shaded from observation. It was on one of the most lovely evenings a wanderer like myself could have desired, and according to my emigrant disposition, I had enjoyed it from the uprise even to the down-going of the sun. The sun indeed of that distinguished day was making

ing a "golden set" just as I reached the precincts of the wood, where I had not reposed many minutes, ere I heard the sound of a flute, accompanied by a voice whose natural sweetness excelled it in melody. The notes were indeed assisted by many harmonizing circumstances. You who are a lover of nature, know what a variety of soothing sounds pervade the air at eventide in the summer.—The pure breath of the zephyr, the distant rivulet, that seems, by its indolent lapse, and subdued murmur, to partake of human sensations,—the drowsy hum of the beetle, which the poet has immortalized, and the general sighing of the leaves, with, perhaps, the horn of the herdbooy, and the lowing of his cattle obedient to his summons—and above all, those sounds which imagination herself *creates*—all these contribute to form that twilight enchantment, which a tender heart, and a benevolent disposition so much delights in; and which, men of the world consider as the day-dreams of madmen.

Had I time to spare from my cottagers, it would be amusing to run at some length the parallel betwixt a lover of nature and a man of the world, and to examine the estimate that each makes of the objects assembled in the last passage. To attempt this in abridgement—

1st. The man of the world, would never be tempted to leave the "cheerful haunts of men" without what is called a jolly party: five out of the six of which probably wishing themselves as many different ways before half the day is over, and, at last, going yawning home thoroughly tired with if not hating one another: for I have so often observed a party of pleasure to be so painful a plot upon the members that compose it, that were I to compile a new dictionary, in which definitions were honestly to be given, I should under the words *party of pleasure* inform the reader that it is meant to signify, *the association of a set of persons met together with tastes and tempers frequently discordant, and interests in opposition, yet determined to*

congregate, for the purpose of teasing one another under the mask of social good-fellowship; which mask generally drops, or is torn off in the course of a few hours to the discovery of the whole conspiracy.—Such is the mere man of the world's party of pleasure: yes, and woman's of the world also!

2nd. A man of the world has no conception of the breath or sounds of,—or in the air, in the way that a lover of nature feels and enjoys them. A man of the world indeed observes that it is cursed hot, and throws up the sashes, or cursed cold, and pulls down the blinds,—the inflammatory bottles, ten times more burning than the sun-beams, are still on the table,—yet, at the fashionable hour he goes forth—where?—To the *public* walks.—For what purpose?—To see the *public*.—But goes he not into the beautiful woods?—Yes, into the *public* parts of them, where he has a chance to see the world he loves so well.—And is he never led by his fancy or his feelings into the sequestered parts where nature modestly and humbly displays her genius and graces? No, my friend, ladies and gentlemen of the world usually avoid these bye-road beauties, unless carried thither by some passion that shuns the day.—And as to clay-built cottages, woodland inhabitants, rustic songs, and lazy waterfalls, they are passed by as fit only for country Corydons, or shepherdesses bemused. Far different is the attractive scenery of a world's man and woman—the broad and beaten track amidst the crush and clatter of coaches, which are so wedged together that they move as if in funeral procession,—walks so crammed that you cannot pass without difficulty,—a cluster of glaring lamps stuck upon trees, to the blush of the moon beam,—the sun himself shut out to make way for a parcel of artificial lights, brought into an unwholesome room crowded with company and card tables,—a kind of elegant pest-house where people infect one another by common consent, and are suffocated on principles of politeness.—These are the appreciated scenes of men and women of the

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the world!—And I ought not to fail observing, that, amongst these well-bred broiled and roasted, who sit with the perseverance of an hatching hen, as if nailed to the sides of the card table,—there are always a certain number of sentimental misses, who affect to have souls superior to such waste of time, and build up a sort of reputation on never touching a card, but when politeness, or a dowager mamma, insists on her making up the set.—These damfels fidget, or glide about the rooms, and ogle their fair images in the pier glasses, till picked up by stray batchelors, or cut out married men, or song-transcribing young striplings, who get into prattling parties, or file off into corners for a touch of the patheticks, or construct the horn work of a future siege in a whispered tête à tête. Most of those light troops assure you of their detestation of the town, but yet run their pretty faces into one or other of its hot-houses every night, and go through a summer campaign amidst more fire and smoke, than would melt down the constitution of the whole board of aldermen. Mean time there is another set dispersed here and there, insidiously laying a mine to blow up reputations, and while the game of the other parties goes on, these engineers prepare a very notable masked battery, and play off their artillery, as if only in a mock action, at your wife or daughter, till they almost surrender at discretion before your face. The play amongst the card veterans, becomes too intense for observing on any stratagems but their own: the card passions are all at work, breaking the unlucky chairs of some, biting the lips, gnashing the teeth, flapping the foreheads, or stamping the feet of others, and while the *honours* are lost by one, and the *odd trick* gained by another, the mistress of the house slaves in hospitality, and struggles through the elegant mob, with more toil and difficulty, than a landlady at an election dinner!

“But somewhat too much of this.” Let us fly from these artificial beings, to the children of nature and the heart.

heart. Suffer me to reconduct you to the simple, yet ever-blooming paths, from which these world-warped tribes have too long led us astray.

Allow me to place you once more within sight of the flute and voice I mentioned to you before, and listen to the magic that ensued. The wood notes, wild as they were, charmed me. I rose and advanced. A few paces brought me within sight of a cottage door, which was wide open. The song and music proceeded, mingled with dancing, of which I could rather hear the happy step, than perceive the enlivening figure. But I was presently observed, and actually as fair a maid, accompanied by as blooming a youth as Arcadia ever fancied, tripped forward without quitting hands to invite me into their dwelling. You are here prepared for

"The white wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

"The decent clock that click'd behind the door, &c."

All these, and more were to be seen, but the insides of cottages in all countries have been so many thousand times furnished and unfurnished, either by real tour-makers, or those who, like the Virtuoso in the comedy, only travel in books, then publish their *travels through other people's books*, (all which, you know, may be very commodiously done at home, without stirring out of their elbow-chairs) and moreover, *book-cottages* are all so much alike for neatness, accommodation, arrangement, and furniture, that I could rather wish you would upon this, as upon a former occasion, make choice of the description you like best, out of the whole collection of voyages and travels that may be in your library, and assure yourself, that whatever comes nearest to a simplicity, which does not exclude convenience, will give you a just idea of my Westphalian cot.

As the first day of the Carme was solemnizing while I was at the village chapel, so that on which I entered this woodland habitation was the last of that festival; and this peasant

peasant family were then celebrating it. Religion therefore, no less than hospitality, and both under guidance of sincerity, invited me to assist at the felicity. Every simple delicacy of fruit and flower, was in an instant placed before me. Their discourse was so provincial, that probably a German citizen of Cleves, might have found a difficulty to decypher it. But the language of bounty, like that of love is universal:

"All heads can reach it, and all hearts conceive."

It is the volume of nature; one of its fairest pages was spread open. Had I run I could have read it: and, believe me, my generous friend, it exhibited instruction well worth the observance of those, who live in prouder dwellings. I found here no broad, coarse ridicule at my ignorance; none at my intrusion. I was a stranger within the gate, but I received the welcome of a friend. I discovered no wish to know from whence I came, or whither I was going, save a short expressed assurance, that when I, myself, found it proper for me to depart, I might be sure of being put into the right way. A very old man and woman, a labourer, who was the musician, the youth and maiden whom I have before mentioned, and three more couple of lads and lasses, formed the assembly. Soon after my entrance, every body found something to do for me expressive of good-will. The aged man gave up his rush arm chair, and insisted on my occupying it; the matron his wife contributed a cushion from a wicker one that stood opposite; the eldest daughter, still in a dancing step, (the carriage of the lightest articles disputed by her attendant youth, in his dancing measures also) brought to the table and spread on it a cloth, white even as her apparent innocency. Another presented me with a bowl of new milk, another with fruits, another came bounding in with flowers, moistened by the evening dewdrop. Bread, butter, and slices of ham, were added to the banquet, and
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when I had nothing left to be done for me, my entertainers did not stand, like many, even British rustics, so taken by surprize, to stare me out of appetite, and with wide opened mouths, as if they could themselves swallow all that they had set before me; but wishing me good appetite resumed their festivities. Never was the banquet of a monarch more harmonious—seldom so disinterestedly; but all at once I missed the musician, and one of the dancers supplied his place, the old man nodded time with his head, then beat it with his stick, and the matron accompanied with her foot. Time flew insensibly—the sun was in an other hemisphere—the moon set—the stars became clouded, and the combining influence of these several circumstances forced on me the consideration, then first remembered, that I was a benighted gleaner, several leagues from the town, whence I had wandered by innumerable cross paths, just as fancy had carried me. The good people read my embarrassment, and chased it away by fresh dances, songs, and music; in the midst of which, up rose the veteran, and with an air of gallantry giving his hand to the aged dame, who had literally been his partner for eight and fifty years, hobbled an alamanche, with much more agility than could have been expected. He then ran into a dance, which they call *Schleifern*, consisting simply in two persons of either sex, taking hold of each other's dress behind, and moving in a circle to slow music: a way-lost man, in a stormy night upon an heath, would have forgot his condition while this dance was performing, had he reflected on the occasion of it, which was a genuine effusion of hospitality to man, and gratitude to God. The young folks became almost wild with pleasure, and struck into many artless gaieties, till they encircled the old ones in a kind of spontaneous dance which gradually contracted the circle, so that in the end they had the aged couple closed within their arms. Every one present formed a part of the love-knot, and had share of the embrace. It was one
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of the prettiest impromptu's of gaiety and affection I ever beheld; and I repeat, that a traveller who had unknown leagues at midnight to measure back without a guide, must have forgot his fears. When the frolic was over, the good veteran led his ancient dame back to her chair, with the same courtesy and natural grace he had conducted her from it, and as she sat down, there was a transitory glow in her cheeks, which exercise and felicity had called into them. It was a momentary renovation of her youthful days, in which she must have been extremely handsome; for time that had robbed her of the colourings, had committed less violent ravage on the proportions of her beauty. Her husband looked at *her* with affection, and then at the company with some little elevation of self-love, at the feats he had performed.

Before these animating trifles (of great figure in domestic happiness) had time to grow cold, the original musician, whom I told you was the labourer, returned introducing an old soldier, who saluted me, at first sight, in excellent French, which almost in the next instant, he translated into very interpretable, though ungrammatical English. He lost no time in telling me, that the cottager had fetched him from an house where he had been passing part of the Carme, above a league's distance, for no other reason than to conduct me back to the place from whence I came; promising me at the same time, said the soldier, a suitable reward for my trouble, but that I shall not accept of, seeing I have the honour, Sir, to be your countryman.

Consider, my friend, a while, the unbought, nay, unsolicited hospitality of this groupe of poor peasants—take a retrospect of their behaviour—finish the picture by supposing you see the old man and his wife, *thanking me* for the pleasure they had in entertaining me: fail not to paint on the canvass the old soldier, offering himself to me as a voluntary guide, in case I should persist in refusing the bed, which both the aged and the young would have yielded to me;

me ; then, on setting out, under favour of the rising moon, let your imagination give form and figure to the whole groupe of youths and maidens, attending me part of the way, still dancing, while the honest minstrel labourer completed the midnight serenade ! and the whole was performed with so much sport, glee, and goodwill, to the sounds of which a thousand woodland echoes responded, that the veriest misanthrope would have been converted into a lover of mankind. I do protest to you, I never felt my pulses vibrate with more enthusiasm. It was with difficulty I forced upon the musical labourer, a small present, or rather payment, for fetching the soldier ; and when all but the last left me, a sentiment of regret struck my bosom, and grew more and more comfortless, as the sound of their retreating footsteps and voices diminished on my ear, and when even on standing a moment to listen—a pause to which my grateful heart impelled me—they could be heard no more, the sensation swelled almost into tears.

The soldier seemed to feel a sort of sympathy, and amused the way with the adventures of his life. They did not, however, begin to interest me so soon as they might have done, had they been related at any other season. He told me, however, that he had lived so many years out of his native country, that he had almost forgot his mother tongue, as you may perceive, Sir, said he, by my bad English. He added, that he had served his late Prussian Majesty, the grand Frederick, almost seven and thirty years, and had the honour to have been shot in almost every battle, and part of the human body ; but was still as heart-whole, and care-free, as any man in the circle of Westphalia. The Grand Frederick, Sir, continued he, has settled upon me a little pension, and given me a snug apartment in the Chateau of Cleves, where, should your honour deign to come, I have always a glass of good Rhenish, to offer an Englishman, aye, and any other

other honest man; and where, if your honour pleases, we will drink the kings of England and Prussia, (for they now happen to be good friends, you know) in a bumper, before we get into bed! Thus ended my little jubilee, to the infinite content of my heart; and, I trust of your's: At least, I can wish you no greater good than that each of your future days may be crowned like this; and that your after slumbers may be as sweet!

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE weekly visitation of the begging friars, and Sunday assemblies, are amongst the things which should be recommended to the notice of those who go into Westphalia, being both really curious in their kind.

In regard to the first, it is an invariable rule for one or other of the mendicant brothers to make the tour of the town in, or near which, his convent is situated. Sanctioned by the custom of his country, he gains admittance into every house, whether public or private, and is "happy to catch you just at dinner-time." He moves round the table with his little box, into which every one puts, or appears to put, something, but evidently more as a thing of course than charity. He neither speaks, nor is spoken to: he glides almost unheard, and unseen, behind your chair, and having finished his collections, which are probably scanty enough, he bows off as he bowed on.

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The second circumstance, viz. the Sunday evening card route, is full as singular, but by no means so silent. It is composed of forty (frequently more) of the most respectable persons of the town, who, after the devotions of the sabbath, which they perform with great exactness, almost, indeed, to rigour, assemble at the best inn, and pass the evening partly over a pack of cards, and partly over a good supper. The last time I was at the city of Cleves, where I have now in fancy set you down, I was an eye-witness to this supplement to the Sunday duties, there being, at that time, no less than seven tables, well furnished with preparation for the nocturnal association. Travellers of any decent appearance are always welcome. There is never any thing like a debauch, and the company separate about twelve. The singularity of all this consists only in its opposition to our *modes* of doing the same thing in Great Britain; and we may truly say the matter is more elegantly conducted in London. Would it not be thought very odd for the nobility and gentry of both sexes, and of the first character, to meet at a tavern in that great city, where, the moment a lady made her appearance, a stove full of hot coals was placed under her petticoats, and, on the entrance of each man of fashion, an immense pipe with a spitting box?

How often, in the traverse of different countries, has a traveller occasion to exclaim, with the poet,

“ I see full plainly custom forms us all !”

And, in truth, it requires the strongest power of our habits to reconcile us to some things that will rise up in our way as we journey along.

Amongst other *preparations* with which my zeal has armed you, let me not omit to beseech that you will make up your mind to the *dirty* doings of Westphalian Prussia, and, indeed, in certain cases, of the whole Germanic empire. I have, in a former letter, invited your observation

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to a comparative view of the countries of Holland and Prussia, in respect of the gradual relief which the eye receives from the fatiguing uniformity of the one to the rising diversities of the other; but this is not the only matter that awaits your attention, O ye readers of this history, and ye sojourners in this land. Would ye see placed before you one of the most striking contrasts in the world, behold it in the general neatness of the Hollander, and almost universal filth of the Prussian and German.

It is impossible for an Englishman, whose eyes are, by no means unaccustomed to the decencies of life, in his own country, to with-hold the tribute of his admiration on the peculiar niceties of the towns, within and without, from his first landing in Holland to his taking leave of its Seven Provinces. The door-ways, the passages, the windows, the inner apartments, the kitchen, the very lumber-rooms (where, by the bye, every stick, board, and other unoccupied thing, is laid in a picturesque manner, as if by the hand of symmetry) the warehouses, where industry is for ever at hard, and very often dirty work; the very out-houses, which frequently connect with the general sitting-room, and in which, perhaps, twenty cows are stalled on the one side, and as many horses stabled on the other, and in which all sorts of domestic fowls, nay, where not seldom the very pigs are nourished; each and all of these places are kept in such order, disposed in such arrangement, and with such uniform cleanliness, that whether it proceeds from the necessity of the climate, in regard to the influence which its humidity otherwise might have, upon the health, or whether from a principle, or only a habit of neatness, it is certainly a charming custom,

“More honour’d in the observance than the breach.”

But the offensive reverse is forced upon you, almost immediately on your quitting the confines of the Stadtholder. The disgusting contrast will strike you in *almost every particular,*

cular, so that if you please to re-peruse the list of the items above stated, taking their opposite, that is, reading dirty for clean, as you go on, you will have before you a picture of Dutch nicety and Prussian nastiness.

And the remark is to be extended to persons as well as things. Notwithstanding the incessant toil, which an unremitting attention to neatness in a flat, foggy country, must occasion, there is, in the midst of their labours, an air of *propreté*. The common servants, even in their drudgery, are always to be seen with clean stockings, which are always shewn to the middle of the leg, flippers, which, notwithstanding the violent motion of the mop and pail, hang on the foot as if by magic, and head dresses which are oftener seen without hat or bonnet, be the weather what it may. Whereas, in the neighbouring countries, the houses are more *mal propre* than the stables of Holland, and the Sunday apparel of the common people (females more especially) is worse got up, and worse put on, than the Saturday night working-dresses of the Dutch peasantry.

In your perusal of this and every other similar account, I must once again warn you that I confine myself principally to the inns, hotels, and other public places, to which a traveller must, of necessity, first repair, or to those private lodgings, which, if he makes any stop, are usually his second movement. But it may be received as a general rule, that if all these places are in one country neat, inviting and regular, and in another utterly different, it is fair and candid to draw this inference, that dirt is the general characteristic of the one country, and cleanliness of the other. Certain it is I have seen regularity, elegance, and delicacy, in the circle of Westphalia; and I have also witnessed the reverse of these in Holland: but these can be considered only as exceptions to the general rule.

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No human being is more aware than yourself, my dear friend, that there are certain *decencies* in civil society, which are always very charming, and in certain cases, not a little embarrassing; but without the adroit performance of which human nature, in some of its highest luxuries, no less than in several of its lowest necessities, is but a very dirty piece of business. Amongst these decencies is one, concerning which an English traveller not yet assimilated to the manners of other countries, and retaining, and ever wishing to retain a respect for the decorums of his own, is at a loss how to write; particularly when those writings will, probably, come under the eyes of his delicate countrywomen. Yet, a little adventure on this *ticklish* subject met me on the way, so extremely characteristic of the manners of, at least, one half of the civilized globe, and so extremely *un-characteristic* of one comfortable corner of the earth, where the *personal delicacies*, if not the Graces, have taken up their abode, that I cannot in fair description help going over this *trembling ground* to give you its Gleanings. Now Yorick would have made no difficulty on this occasion. He could, you know, reconcile his readers to whatever matter he thought proper to set before them; but as I, by no means, possess the magic of that illustrious traveller, I do not feel myself entitled to the indulgences which such magic claims, and shall, therefore, not presume to take the same liberties.

In a certain fair district then, within and but just within the circle of Westphalia, there stands a pleasant and very considerable town, situated on the banks of the Lower Rhine, y'clept Emerick. Its extreme beauty excited in me a first sight wish to make a stop of some weeks; and being arrived just at that period of life, when the comfort of a good night's rest in a good bed is considered as one of the necessities of life, in however tumultuary a manner one passes the day, I preferred private to public lodgings: and, accordingly, after due refreshment, went
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out in search of them. My broken German dialect stood me in good stead on this occasion. I soon saw a lodging bill, and knocked at the door, but the master and mistress of it being from home, I had to blunder out my meaning to four domestics, who I fancy babbled a jargon less intelligible than my own; though no country could appropriate it, it was a mixture of all, but the proportions of the compound went more to Dutch, Cleveland, and German, than to any other language. In this patois they gave me to understand as well as they could, that the heads of the house being absent, nothing could be done till their return on the morrow. I was, by convention with a party of acquaintance, to sleep that night at the distance of two leagues, and left the house without any favourable prepossessions, resolving to take a future opportunity to look for other lodgings. But judge of my surprise when the lord of this unpromising habitation made his appearance in my chamber, before I had risen, the next morning, to assure me he was in despair at my disappointment in not seeing his apartments, which he protested to God were the most pleasant, most airy, and most beautiful of any in the Westphalian circle, and he verily believed in the German territory. Then ensued the following question and answer conversation, which I will endeavour to render intelligible without a *says I*, or *says he*, to the irksome repetition of which I have as mortal an objection as Marmontel himself: Would I could as happily prove it expletive! Are these apartments well furnished?—Delightfully in every part of them.—Then I wish my little temporary menage to be sometimes at home: is this possible?—Every earthly convenience, Sir.—Perhaps, then, I might now and then dine *en famille*?—Nothing so easy.—You have, no doubt, a proper table?—I only wish you would do me the honour to come and judge for yourself: I honour the English, and live very much in the English fashion: ROST BIF on the table every Sunday.—It were needless

needless then to ask if you can give me a good bed?—The best and softest in the circle—that's all.—Indeed, then they need not be better.—No, truly, and I have had such lodgers to lie upon them; No less than the flower of the nobility of all nations—Le Comte de A—, la Comtesse de B—, Madame la Duchesse de C—, the duke of D—, the earl of E—, bishop F—, baroness G—, and a string of the first titles, all the way to Z.

As the man ran through these illustrious initials, in alphabetical order, I begged to know if he was indulging himself in a laugh upon that stale trick of travellers, the assuming false titles while they were making the grand tour,—and, if so, the satire was well enough directed against such a pettifogging ambition, which, however, was pretty well punish'd already, as these fictitious *grands* are generally charg'd in every bill upon the road.—Laugh! no, I never was more serious as to the whole alphabet of great folks having at different times occupied my apartments, although they did not happen to come into them in the exact Dictionary form, and order afore-said: And as to a travelling title, while a lady or gentleman pays up to the price of nobility, there is no question but she, or he, are right noble, and honourable.

Although I now perceived there was a spice of the wag in mine host, I began to think there might be some part of his house, which did not at first strike the view, and which might spurn all sort of connexion with the miserable shop at the door of which I had entered: In short, I now fear'd that instead of finding the mansion too bad, I should find it for a quiet, observing, and unobserv'd Gleaner too good. With that kind of alteration of air and tone therefore, which an honest and well-temper'd man glides into, when he supposes he has undervalued any thing by an overhasty judgment, I informed the master, that I was apprehensive his rooms would be too spacious and splendid for my purpose,—that I was by no means
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any one of the superb personages of his alphabet, but simply an Englishman in pursuit of health, and the pure air and water which so greatly contribute to them; but for which I could not afford to pay too dear a price.

By no means too dear, you will have them, sir, in a manner for nothing—and as for air and water, I say nothing—vous verrez—I won't say any thing—not a syllable—perdie, vous verrez—you will see.—I do not suppose there is such air in the heavens, nor such water under them—vous verrez—that's all.

Then you may expect me at Emerick the next morning.—I kept my word. Mine host was standing in expectation at his door; and scarce gave me time to speak, before he ran with me through the shop before commemorated, and which after all was the only way of entrance. Then he took me into a poor, white-wash'd brick bottom'd, rough pav'd back room, with one window, opening to the Rhine, but so loaded with iron bars without, and so guarded by a net work of rusty wire, that you could only get a peep at the river *au travers*. Then recommenc'd the Dialogue, there's an apartment for you sir,—there's a *salle superbe à manger, ou pour voir le monde*,—yes, there's a noble dining-room, or to receive company.

Not allowing me a moment's time to reply, he dash'd with me into a sort of kitchen at the back of this superbe Salle, and throwing open a door at one end of it, bade me take care of my head, which was a very necessary caution, the doorway making it convenient to save that head from being broke by doubling the rest of the body. He mounted a ladder, and taking my hand, hawl'd me after him. Up we both went as absolute a perpendicular, of near forty stairs, as ever led to the mainmast head of a first rate man of war. I do assure you, the strong wing of a pigeon would have required a little breathing as it ascended. My landlord allow'd of none, but kept exclaiming—now,

now

now we shall come to a charmante Kamer,—a charming chamber.—At the end of our clambering we reached a room that had neither bed, chair, or glass; I was about to express my surprize at this, when, anxious to shew me all his lions, my hurry scurry guide hurried me to a *very little apartment indeed*, the door of which he was proceeding to open with his accustomed rapidity, when a voice from within exclaimed in a tranquillized tone,—Arrête un petit moment, sir, if you please: To which courteous request, the landlord, recognizing the voice, and bowing towards the door, replied, Ne vous derangez pas, Mademoiselle: Pray, Miss, don't disturb yourself,—and while the young lady settles this affair, we may look about us, sir, quoth he, —there you see, good sir, is the Rhine again, and you have it also, as you shall presently see, in the room adjoining. What do you think of my water now, sir? And as for air, can any thing be better contrived?—do but observe the delectable situation of this same—ah sa—continued he, addressing the late occupier of the very little apartment, who now made her appearance,—ah sa—now you shall judge of the agrémens of lodgings,—be so good to step in, sir,—there's neatness,—marble pavement—sides of best Dutch tiling,—and observe still the delicious Rhine rolling under you.

Here he pointed to another outlet, where, I must confess, I should never have thought of looking for a prospect;—But the master of the mansion absolutely piqued himself upon it.—There, sir, what do you think of that? —In your very bed chamber—almost within reach of your bed, Monsieur,—there's comfort,—there's recommendation!—Affurément bien commode, said the young lady, joining in the conversation with all the ease in the world. —Indeed she had left the door open on her coming out, purely with a design to assist the great character her friend and relation, as I afterwards understood he was, had given it.—The man concluded his eulogy by again intreating to

know what I thought of it? Hereupon, I observed to him, that though I could *not* say they settle these matters *better* in Westphalia than in England, yet they do settle them in the former place much more at their *ease*.

The lady had just left the room, so that my answer was addressed only to my officious groom of the chamber, who was extremely surpris'd, when I told him that the little adventure of the little lady in the little apartment could never gain credit, were I to relate it in my country; nay, could never have happened in any decent part of the kingdom of England, except by an accident, which would have cover'd even a girl of ten years old with confusion, and made a female of maturer age ashamed to lift her eye to the discoverer, if he happened to be a man, for some days after: I added, that the sense of decency was so nice in my country, that very serious illnesses had sometimes been incurred from the dread of some such exposure. *Ma foi, cela est bien bisarre: i'faith, that's whimsical enough*, said the man.—He then shew'd off the rest of his house in the same inflated style of panegyric. And pray where are the superb beds? They may be had, sir, in a month, and I might have the beautiful salle below, and the charming chamber above, and the delicious apartment thereunto belonging, for so very trifling a sum as seven hundred florins a year, and my diet for seven hundred more. The enormity of the demand, being no less a sum than would purchase the fee-simple of the whole house, shop, and little apartment into the bargain, brought our discourse to a short conclusion. I could not but feel it as an insult levelled at his opinion of English folly, and left his house with telling him, I was sorry we had taken up so much of each other's time to so little purpose. He seem'd to think so too, and dropping his vivacity and his courtesy at once, suffer'd me to depart even without a bow. My friend, I beg pardon: and your's, my good Reader: I dare say you are *nice*, but I presume also, you are *wife*;—the delicacies

delicacies of your country,—the graceful decency of its manners and customs, deserve to be appreciated; but, inasmuch as they are brought into comparison and contrast with the disgusting freedoms of other nations, they will be yet more valued, and appear more amiable.

In truth, people of both sexes, on this side the water, have scarce an idea of those decencies, which by habit, if not by principle, discover themselves even in the lowest domesticks of Great Britain. Throughout Holland, Prussia, and the Empire, even more than in France, the men and women display almost *ostentatiously* those objects which we conceal with the greatest care. As if proud of the natural defects that are considered as humiliating with us, you will see them carrying to and fro, in open day, and as a sort of pageantry of *display*, all the arcana of the bed-chamber; whether you are in sickness or in health it is the same thing, and I have remarked that the servants who preside over these shews (in England they would be *mysteries*, and disposed of as if by magic)—the servants, I say, generally choose to exhibit their machines at breakfast, by passing from one room to another, not so much as supposing it *possible* your delicacy can be distressed about the matter. Our sense of propriety on this occasion passes for *mauvaise honte*. May it never be exchanged for either confident impudence, or habitual grossness, which though less culpable, is not less offensive! In a word, may that *shamefacedness*, which the holy writers have used to signify one of the most lovely virtues in opposition to the boldest vice, ever continue to be reckoned amongst the prejudices of British education! A prayer in which I am sure your own modest nature, and chastened manners, will heartily join your affectionate friend.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

IN our first sheaf I collected for you a Gleaning of the village superstitions of Wales. I will now offer you those of Germany, especially in the country of Juliers, Le Marck, &c. bordering on Westphalia. The country people of those places have the most solemn faith in forceries and witches, who though in their proper shape are only a pack of very old women, can assume any form, either bestial or human; but are, it seems, most fond of appearing in the character of cats. Some of this witchery is carried to such excess, that many people in the country of Juliers will on no consideration intermarry with a person, who may be suspected of having a forcerer's blood in his veins; nay, the most advantageous matches have been refused, and the attractions of love itself been resisted, rather than a daughter should go to the arms of a man who has ever had a witch in his family, and the genealogical tree was never more cautiously examined, and traced by a birth-proud noble to escape the disgrace of pollution, than it is to avoid an alliance with a forcerer or forceress. If there can be found in the history of twenty generations, only twigs sufficient to make up one hereditary besom, or broomstick, on which the witch by descent might horse two of her fingers; not only the shuddering parent, but the trembling lover, would consider it as strong a bar to his marriage, as if his mistress had been taken in incest.

They believe also in loup-garou's or men-wolves; a gentleman of the first character here for learning and integrity, but who, unhappily for his country, is now no more, (Mr. Bauman, of the Privy Council of Cleves, and first

first pastor of the reformed church,) related to me the story of a man at Cologne who assumed the character of a loup-garou, and who lived by the pillage of whatever in that character he could lay his hands on for many years, inasmuch that he had amassed great wealth, as well in money as valuable moveables; but he was at last assaulted and taken, by a countryman who swore he defied the devil and all his works, and who had been long marked with a general opprobrium for this daring disbelief of evil spirits. This man was encountered by the loup-garou, on the day he was known to have sold a quantity of corn at the Cologne market, and to have received the money; but so far was he from tamely yielding up his honest profits to either man or beast, that instead of flying with terror before the wolf-man, or dropping his moneybag; he held the said bag at the extent of his arm, which was a powerful one, and felled the thief to the earth, with that very gold and silver which he would have purloined. When he somewhat recovered the blow, our heroic farmer threw him like a stunned calf over his horse, even in his wolves clothing, and delivered him over to the magistrate, who, after the due course of law, ordered him to be hanged in his loup-garou dress, in the public market-place of Cologne. One would have thought this disaster would have opened the eyes of Superstition; but, alas, eyes hath she, and seeth not! Neither are her votaries to be driven from the steadfast faith that was in them by the detection of a single impostor. On the contrary, the Colognians believe, at least they have a tradition at this day, that the real loup-garou, being angry with the man that was hanged, got into him, and in order to be revenged, put it into the head of the farmer, that he might be taken up as a thief, and come to an untimely end; but that the instant the halter was round the pretender's neck, the *spirit* of the real wolf-man slipped out of him again, and enjoyed his triumph, to think how cleverly he had brought his enemy to the gallows.

lows. Thus the very circumstances that ought to weaken superstition give it strength.

Their credulity embraces also several other imaginary beings, particularly of the fairy tribe. These, however, differ from our's in some of their manners and customs. They are of the same species, but inhabitants of a different country, you know. The most popular of the fairies of Germany are supposed to be little men and women, who inhabit the iron and copper mines, and are, in general, very gracious and obliging. For instance, they will come in the night time into houses, and when a maid servant happens to be on good terms with them, that is when she believes in their power with all her might, they will clean her plates, and dishes after an entertainment; put her rooms in order, and even give her an idea of it in her sleep, so that as a fairy was never known in this country to fib, though with us they are somewhat given to lying, she indulges herself with a nap extraordinary; and is sure to find all her work done to her hands when she comes down. They come also into shops, warehouses, &c. with the same industrious and good natured intention. The taylor rises and finds the half finished suit ready to take home; the cobbler his shoes, &c. Nevertheless, when ill-treated, these powerful little spirits are cruelly vindictive, and will hide, mangle, and destroy every thing before them: instead of assisting the artisan, they will pull his work to pieces, instead of befriending the poor maid servant, they will trepan her with fair promises, that thus cajoled, they may tempt her to lie in bed that she may get a good scolding. In fine, those persons who take any delight in knowing our neighbours are on the whole upon a level with ourselves, may please themselves with the thought, that if foreigners have all the virtues, they have likewise all the weaknesses of human nature.

I should not forget under the article superstition, to mention that in the pretty country of Skuytz, southward
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of Westphalia, they have an idea that cats are to be reconciled to a new residence only by coercive measures. In pursuance of which notion, a widow woman, at whose house I lodged, imprisoned a poor cat three nights and days in a dark room, to the entire destruction of my rest, and almost to the cat's insanity, in order to make her in love with her new house. Now in England, you know, where cats are not a whit more remarkable for an amiable disposition, we should have stroked the poor animal till she purred approbation: we should have permitted her to feed and sleep the first night by our fire-side, and so hospitably treated her, that at the breakfast table next morning, she would have found herself one of the family.

Not that I would have you suppose I am an advocate for the feline race, except on general principles of justice and mercy. A dog is often an *example* to his master, and a proper object of his love, honour, imitation, and good faith. But a cat I take to be (with very rare exceptions indeed) both a traitor and a sycophant. She is won to you only by fawnings, and if you punish her on ever so just a cause, she either strikes immediately, or owes you a grudge, the unexecuted malice of which she can hold till an opportunity of vengeance occurs. Even when you imagine you have gained her affections, she will desert you, like a faithless lover, and elope from your arms.

Perhaps you may not think this the proper moment to introduce an anecdote of one of these insidious creatures. You may suspect me of imitating the Grimalkin disposition by sitting down in malice. Were I about to become an accuser it might be so: but what I have now to mention exhibits no charge, though it will report an unlucky event.

In this very town of Cleves, which with its environs will detain us some time longer, I was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair; which I shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from
other

other annual meetings, where people assemble to stare at, ~~cheat~~ each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house who had a great share of good-nature, indulged their curiosity: a curiosity, indeed, which every body participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom, which blazed in the genius of this birdcatcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger. Bijou (jewel) you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering. In a word, deport yourself like the bijou (the jewel) of canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

That's good, says the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour.

Give

Give us a tune:—The canary sung. Pshaw, that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The canary whistled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man. —Slower—very well—but what the plague is this foot about, and this little head.—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel.—*Bravo, bravo*, my little man.

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His heart and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of time and movement; and, “the sound was a just echo to the sense,” according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition.—*Bravo! bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.—The musicians swore the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. And do you not show your sense of this civility, Sir? cries the birdcatcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor bijou, says his owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtsy.

The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush—That's my fine bird—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with an hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou, himself, seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and
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shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pean* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, carelling his feathered servant; now then, take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the man took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking off which he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again) the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco pipe, while he smoked with another, and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of opposition. Though the dining room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awaked pity in a misanthrope. He spread him half-length over the table,
and

and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee what will become of me? Thou it was who ensured my welcome in the best company. It was thy genius only made me welcome. But thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied only on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled in my breast at this moment! but trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be *myself*, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O, bijou, my dearest only bijou, would I were dead also!

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn birdcatcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and taking out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird calls, and other instruments of his trade, (all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn,") and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

These were now much softened, as is ever the case, when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness: when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe to you, that every one of the company sympathised with him. But none more than the band of *musicians*, who being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise,

exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from among them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought out with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his art." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful but with a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming—No, poor bijou, no—thou can't not peck any more out of this hand, that has been thy feeding place so many years—thou can't remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou had'st deserved it. It shall be *filled*,—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it.

The good man rose from his seat, which had long been uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example; it is not a subscription for mere charity, it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow, and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike, virtue and——ought to be rewarded—said his

his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, every body most chearfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair (as much as money could), the bird-man's loss. The last person applied to, was a very beautiful German young lady, who as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes, (at least one to every action of our lives, that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all) Suspicion would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but candour who reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush not of avarice and deception, but of benevolence graced by modesty. Curiosity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which was a *golden ducat*, that by its date and brightness had been hoarded. Ah ha, said curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or another, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person, who could not, have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth—*Thou art the woman!* There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears, as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world, for they gave lustre to her's, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the sun.

Well then, if no body else will own this neglected ducat, cried the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady abovementioned, I will: whereupon he took it from
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the heap, and exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection.

While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor birdman, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure: his eye sometimes directed to the massacred canary, and sometimes to the company: at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but he had gained the goodwill of many human beings. That bird, it is true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail its fate. He accepted the contribution-purse, by one means or another filled like the sack of Benjamin, even to the brim, and bowed but spoke not; then folding up the corpse of the canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen is felt and understood, but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. My very soul pursued the sounds, and so did my feet. I hastened to the outer door, and saw the bird-man contending about returning the money, which the *founders* of the benevolence (for such were the musicians) had subscribed.

I have nothing to add to this Gleaning, but a piece of information that belongs to it; the very next morning I was a witness to two traits of the heart of the master of the mansion where these transactions had passed. A nobler minded man lived not—Alas, he is no more. On my coming down to breakfast the day after, I saw the footman departing with the *cat who killed the bird*; not, said the gentleman, to put her to death for an act that was natural to her; but to put her where I know she will be out of my sight, for I never could look at her again without being reminded of the most uncomfortable part of yesterday's adventure: poor bijou! I have not a doubt but all we have

have done atones but scantily for the loss of such a friend. Just as he said this, the niece, whose person and mind I have already gleaned for you, came into the breakfast room: And now, said the old gentleman, to finish this business. Look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair in any manner you liked best: and though I think the way in which you disposed of it the very best you could have chosen (nay no more blushing) I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my old superstitious head that the blessing of the Giver of *all* good will stay with us while such a ducat remains among us? I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is superstitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it shall be your's—and in the meantime, that you may not lose your fairing, in this little purse are ten others, that, though not so distinguished by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of Ophir, may serve well enough the common purposes of life.

Much of this was spoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more: but she loved the hand which in the first instance had enabled her to be generous too well not to reward it. Was not this, indeed, an illustration of the virtue of the man of Rofs, who

“ Did good, yet *blush'd* to find it fame?”

To apologize to you for this story, as I have said on former occasions, would be to insult you and myself. I rather expect your thanks.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

AND you tell me I am not disappointed. I *have* your thanks. Under such encouragements, I resume the pen with alacrity. It is inconsistent with the plan of this correspondence to set down a formal list of roads or routes, or to present a meagre catalogue of cities, towns, and villages. When you are at a central place, as Cleves, for instance, you can scarce take an unpleasant course in such a Duchy, and if you are disposed to make the tour of Westphalia, on a plan of pleasure, or health, it is nearly immaterial whether from this its capital, you verge towards the South, or to the West, the East, or to the North; so abundant are the beauties on every side. But, previous to a more extensive excursion, there are in reserve for the deliberate traveller a great variety of rural beauties, which lie entirely out of the ordinary track, and which are, therefore, generally passed, not only unseen, but unheard of. To some of these I shall direct you, because they deserve your attention, and will, probably, never otherwise have it. A stranger no sooner gains Cleves, than he sets off for Dusseldorf, Maestricht, Aix la-Chapelle, or Spa; and all the sweet side scenery, and enchanting villages behind are left neglected, because they do not happen to lie in the broad high road of a large town: and to drive from one large town to another seems to be one of the grand resolutions of modern travel. For this reason I presume it is, that a real lover of the still small voice of nature may reside in an out-of-the-way village, in any part of the Dutch, Prussian, or German dominions, and never so much as
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hear it mentioned, even amongst the *traditions* of the place, that an English traveller had sojourned therein for a single day. Hence (to speak only of the hundreds of deliciously-sequestered spots, that are situated in the neighbourhood of Annheim, and of Nimeguen, one way, and of Cleves and Emeric another) you may as well look for the Emperor of Morocco as for an elegant foreigner, or any resident foreigner at all, except here and there a straggling family, whom necessity hath driven into retreat. But whether observed or not by the dust-loving eyes of vanity and fashion, nature goes silently and bloomingly on. I would recommend *you*, my friend, and all other of her genuine admirers, to seek her in the agreeable country of Kuyh, in the little principality of Boxmeer, and in the enchanting bounds of Prussian Guelderland. All of these, indeed, possess beauties, that to be won, must be wooed; for they are several leagues out of the common, or, if you please, of the *fashionable* track: but then they are in the direct road to nature, and their paths are peace.

I performed the whole tour of Prussian Guelderland on foot, and I know not the period of my life that has been so truly pastoral. I stopped at every town and village, and verily think I should have been welcome at every house. You are convinced of the general fertility of the soil by the abundant fleeces of the sheep, and of the salubrity of the air by the florid countenances of the people. Though the country ~~must~~ in a general view, be called level, it is furnished with great variety. Long, meandering green lanes, pleasant interspersed thickets (principally of fir and oak) Arcadian-looking cottages, all in the best repair; venerable castles, an infinity of towers, steeples, spires, convents, and ancient abbeys; meadow-grounds, often compacted into little verdant enclosures, often expanded into spacious fields; the whole fertilized by delicious streams, fed by their parent flood, the Maïse, which, were it near my natal banks, would become a rival

to the Thames—all these attracting objects diversify the view. It must be owned that a league of uniformly dreary heath ground frequently intervenes; but even this is relieved by herds, flocks, and shepherds; and, by the power of contrast, the sterility becomes a not uninteresting object in a traveller's picture.

For the inhabitants, I scruple not to propose them, in addition to my former observations, amongst the models of imitation for the good people of England, in point of pleasantry, and useful courtesy. I should be worse than ungenerous, I should be ungrateful, were I to refuse them their merits on this head. In the course of one day's Gleaning, as if destiny had planned it on purpose to shew me some specimens of real urbanity, amongst a set of persons who had certainly never studied it as an art of politeness, but cultivated it as a gift of nature, I was blest with the happy faculty of losing my way frequently. As I passed along from a little village called Geysteren, to another named Venrai, a shepherd, perceiving me long before I saw him, came running to assure me that I was out of all tracks, and then enquiring my destination, attended me on my way, till it was too direct for any one, but a man who deviates by design, to miss. His sheep-dog quarrelled with my little spaniel, and the shepherd, desirous to teach him some of his own good manners, held him by the collar, and harangued him on the subject of rudeness to strangers; during which eloquence he growled yet more, as cross creatures generally do when forced to hear good advice. By that happy knack of getting into a *wrong* road with which I am gifted, I was obliged to ask for the *right* just at sun-setting. I saw a peasant at his door. Pray, friend, is this the way to Venrai?—"This is the first house that belongs to quite a different town, sir. You are a mile further to the left than you ought to be." Off set my peasant without saying another word, and did not stop till we had gained the first house of the hamlet I had enquired for.

for. "You must now go *right out*, sir," said the guide, and, before I had time to thank or reward him, he was out of sight.

Earlier in the day I had enquired of an ancient woman, on her way to the church, the road to a little village called *Wel*, on the banks of the Maïse. She informed me, but suspecting I might not understand her, she stood, unasked, till I had taken the right path. The good woman then went away satisfied that she had done me a service. By a sort of characteristic fatality, I made the second turning the reverse of my information. "To the right about, sir," quoth the old woman, who espied me from another place, where she had made a stand. You, my friend, who know my methods, will not wonder to hear that I followed the impulse which led me to run across the fields purely to take hold of her hand, and give her the thanks of my heart. By an impulse no less genuine, and perhaps more generous, she went back to my ground with me, and would not leave me till she had made, *as one would have thought*, another mistake impossible.

Yet I contrived it. The bewitching story of Marmon-tel's shepherds of the Alps, which I read to relieve a long walk over a heath, conducted me, just at the termination of the said heath, and of the said story, into a farmer's yard. Being Sabbath-day, the farmer was regaling himself with folded arms, and a short pipe in his mouth. Supposing I had business with him, he conducted me into his house, which was surely kept by the goddess of *propreté* (neatness) if such a divinity there be. I explained, and apologised. He smiled, and thanked me—"But you must be weary, sir; repose, and refresh." In an instant, as if by magic, the table was spread, and so white a cloth; bread, butter, and milk so good, and a welcome so cordial, that I must beg of you, if ever you make the tour of Prussian Guelderland, to attempt wandering, by happy negli-

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gence,

gence, or, if that fails you, by well-timed contrivance, into a farmer's yard; no matter where, as this man is but a specimen of his countrymen.

Nor were these examples of urbanity all: at noon of the same day, I was rescued from the most imminent danger, by a good natured fellow, who informed me I was making the best of my way into a quagmire. Nor is this courtesy confined to the peasantry. It extends to all classes. At no ungleanable distance from my proper path, I was attracted by a magnificent castle, and, relying on the courteous, general character of the country, I entered its venerable and awe-inspiring gate. The family were at Liege. The domestic chaplain only remained at home. He was saying grace, and crossing himself, just as I entered his apartment.—Pardon the *ill-tim'd* visit of a curious English stranger—was my opening speech. “*Well-tim'd*, I hope it will prove, as I am sure it is welcome,” was his reply, rising from his seat, and placing me in it. I had already, in my kind of running way, taken refreshments at half a dozen cottages; an apple at one, a cake at another, a cordial at a third, and so on; but the good chaplain “so gaily pressed and smiled,” as he set a clean cover, napkin, silver fork, and spoon, before me, I could not but accept the invitation. After our repast, learning the object of my visit, he made with me the tour of the chateau, which, had it been inspected by a critic in paintings, pictures, and an amateur of Gothic architecture, would have been the journey of a day. In our way back to his room, we passed into a very noble garden, with the fruits and flowers of which he loaded my pockets and hands; and when, after a parting glass of wine, I left the apartment in which I had first seen him—“Remember, sir, this has been parson's fare; the next visit you make, the owners of the castle, whom I so faintly represent, and who are to be here to-night, will do you more honour.” The name of this fine castle is *Wel*, on the West side of a
very

very picturesque little Prussian village, upon the banks, and almost upon the brims of the Rhine, that majestic river, which, you know, common geography tells you, and truly tells, rises from two springs in the Alps, and runs North to the lake of Constance, then West to Basil, afterwards North between Swabia and Alsace, then passing through the Palatinate, the Electorate, and the Duchy of Cleves, at last enters the Netherlands, five miles below Cleves, where it becomes broad and rapid. The direct course of this noble river is above 500 miles; it is generally one quarter, and, in some places, half a mile broad, and from one and a half to seven fathoms in depth. It is navigable to Basil in Switzerland, which is four hundred miles, by long boats with round bottoms, which commonly go at the rate of four miles an hour, and, in these, passengers are conveyed at the easy rate of one stiver (one penny) for five miles: but the navigation of the Rhine, like that of the Danube, is interrupted by nine cataracts, the principal of which is at Shaffhausen, in Switzerland, where the whole river falls from an height of 75 feet. But what is there in the whole of this description, my friend, that fills the imagination, or warms the heart, like the philanthropy of the chaplain of the castle? The simple stream of good will, that flowed from his bounty to me, indicated a soul, whose "genial current" had it not been checked by more obstructions than the cataracts of the Danube, or the Rhine, would have fertilized and enriched more than those mighty waters. I have pursued the course of both these rivers, for many a beautiful league. I have gazed, with all the fondness of a real lover of nature, and, with something of a poet's eye, on their numerous objects. I have painted, with an ardent pencil, some of their landscapes; I have often wondered and admired, but never yet did I see, or feel, on their bosoms, or on their banks, unless proceeding from similar sources—the sources of philanthropy—any thing so touching as the little scenery
of

of an hour, in and about the Chateau of Wel, so true it is that

"An honest man's the *noblest* work of God."

But, alas, fortune, according to her caprices, is either the lavish fountain that feeds the stream of human benevolence, or the stupendous and immoveable cataract, that contracts its course, and circumscribes its power. Of our Prussian priest, I have only further to say, that every look, word, and action, proved

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;

And I have not a doubt that

"Heav'n has as large a recompense bestow'd,

in the testimony of his own conscience.

Friends he ought to have in abundance, but he has gained one more, while there is the breath of life in the Gleaner. Nay, I am willing to extend the date of my gratitude towards him beyond the grave; for if any thing that hath been done in this sublunary sphere is worthy to be remembered in another, it is surely the fair deeds, and authors of a generosity, that is free from being polluted by the droffy materials of the present world. If so, what a claim has the unbought, and unsullied act of this blameless priest on the memory of your friend, when his powers of recollection shall be immortal! Since the day on which I received the bounty I have not seen the benefactor, but I often please myself by reflecting that my sense of his goodness will be amongst the sacred pleasures that I may reasonably hope shall not "quit me when I die."

We must not take leave of the Rhine till I have mentioned the amusement in reserve for you, on the borders of that Imperial river. The continual commerce and passage of people over the different ferries of that, as well as its neighbour, the Maïse, is very diverting; and though you sometimes seem in a country where, if one of the villages

was emptied of its inhabitants, they would scarcely fill a boat, you will perceive multitudes almost every half hour during the Summer, pouring in shoals to the strand. I was much entertained in a ramble I made to the pretty village of Elton, which is in the neighbourhood of Cleves, and one of the most distinguished beauties of the Duchy, part standing upon an almost Cambrian-looking mountain, and part in a delightful valley. It is situate on the other side of the Lower Rhine, on passing which, I found myself in the Pont-Volant (Flying-bridge-boat) with, at least, an hundred people, the greater part of whom were singing hymns, psalms, and Ave-Mary's, in chorus. Never did I behold such a collection of sorrowful countenances, nor hear such a concert of solemn cries: and I should have been justified in supposing the whole party to be mad, had I not been told they were only penitential. They were Prussian peasants come from their pilgrimage to Kaveler, a village, (where I may use the word *millions*, in speaking of the numbers) which yearly receives the homage of the German people, of all ranks and sexes. It is the Mecca of this quarter of the globe. The groupe in question were just come from a confession of their sins, and were filled with compunction, or with conscious absolution; and as the first or last of these operated, they were sunk to the dust with shame, or treading in air with joy. On their landing, they formed themselves into two bands, singing in procession, and with their hats off. I gleaned them all the way from Elton in the vale to Elton on the Hill, and never beheld so moving a curiosity. Nevertheless, a small circumstance happened, that, for a moment, disconcerted the gravity of their progress. In ascending the steep, one of the penitents made a false step, and came down in so unlucky a way, that Religion herself must have smiled, as, indeed, she did, in the persons of those her sternest, and perhaps truest votaries: for there is a certain spark of wag-gery in human nature that can no more help the force of
ridicule,

ridicule, on the sight of a ludicrous object, than hunger can resist appeasing appetite, when the means are in its power. And this fall was ludicrous enough, being, indeed, an exposure of what has, by proscription, and by habit, been long considered as the most ridiculous part of human nature: at least the one that has been most subject and obnoxious to ridicule. The poor penitent, indeed, would, I believe, have laughed herself, but that she looked on her fall as a judgment, and so contented herself with doubling her Ave-Marias, and continuing the procession with more zeal than ever.

I will not trouble you with the long list of religious miracles believed to be wrought by the Virgin in favour of the good Catholics that resort to Kaveler. However great these may be, the present race of French certainly have no faith in them; but on the contrary, when the armies of the Republic took possession of this place, the plunder was not only carried to the holy altars, but to the sacred figure itself. The shrine was stripped of all its long collected treasures, and, as scarce any votary goes empty handed, these were immense: besides which, a rigorous contribution was levied on the inhabitants; an exorbitant supply of stockings, boots, shoes, blankets, muskets, &c. for the army was insisted on; the image of the Virgin was sacrilegiously polluted, and that of the Saviour of the world very narrowly escaped the mock ceremony of the guillotine; the modern Israelites, however, repeated their unhallowed practice, which I think I have before mentioned somewhere, of plating the red cap of licentiousness on its head, and writing on its side (as resolving to refuse even the Son of God his *title*) Voila, notre *Ci-devant* Seigneur. — Behold he who was *formerly* our Lord. His sacred head was ransomed at no small cost. When this place was retaken by the Austrians, the visits of congratulation and condolence drew together an almost incalculable multitude of supplicants, from every quarter of the German Empire.

Empire. Perhaps, the devotion on that occasion must go into some excesses; but I leave you to judge whether the extreme of penitence or of plunder, is the evil most to be palliated.

The day succeeding this I strolled some leagues farther, into the country, and being overtaken by one of those passing showers, which in spring time collect, drop, and disperse almost in the same instant, I took shelter in a road-side hut, in which I caught the labourers just sitting themselves down to dinner. There were thirteen persons, including the maid servant, who having set her food on the table, took her chair amongst them. Their repast consisted of nothing but one very large dish of potatoes, for which they returned God, both before and after eating, as much, possibly more thanks than he receives from many of his creatures, on whom he bestows the richest delicacies of his creation. It was truly a picture, and a very beautiful one, drawn by the faithful hand of nature of social happiness and religious decency, (for which the peasantry of Germany are remarkable) amidst the heavy duties and toils of life. I have only given you a single specimen of a universal and invariable practice.

With respect to government, all kings and high authorities will have, at least, an equal number of enemies and friends. Of the former, the present Prussian monarch has his share; and yet, as far, at least, as the interior regulation of his kingdom is concerned, there seems very little just cause of complaint. Where a standing army is enormous and perpetual, there must be proportionate levies on some part of the people, to support that division of the citizens that take up arms in protection of the rest. Yet, I know not the part of the earth, where more liberty of speech or action is indulged than in the Prussian territories. Political subjects are, indeed, forbidden, but this, as usual, only gives edge to the desire of doing what is inhibited: accordingly the monarch is cut up and carv-

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ed at every public table in Prussia, with as much freedom of abuse as even a modern patriot could well long for. The ease with which the *little* folks appear to live, notwithstanding the exaction of royal rights, might be envied by the *great* folks of any nation. Their houses, and cottages are actually overstocked, *crouded* with furniture; and although there is little or no sitting in the common public houses, each ordinary beer-house, I am convinced, contains double the quantity of pots, glasses, china, &c. which would be necessary to equip an English kitchen. In short, the only misery-struck houses to be seen in Prussia, or, generally speaking, in the German empire, are those of the nobility and gentry in *declining* circumstances. In their abodes, indeed, your generous heart would in vain seek for the comforts and accommodations of the peasantry. Dismantled castles, chateaus in decay without, and nearly emptied within, tawdry beds, time or moth-eaten tapestry, rusty armories, broken pillars, and every sign of high birth in low circumstances, are exhibited to your aching sight. Yet the labour and difficulty with which the proprietors of these fragments endeavour to conceal these distresses is wonderful. To such as have feeling hearts it is even pitiable. They keep up the family carriage, the family train of domestics, and the family liveries, which are overloaded with ornament, and almost starve themselves to feed their vanity. Hence on a going-out day, the magnificence of which is the œconomy, the almost famine of a month, a passing spectator would mistake gaiety for happiness, and grandeur as only a superfluity of wealth. But never could it more truly be said, that “all which glitters is not gold.” All this inconvenience and indulgence arises from the cruel necessity they are under to preserve the *ways* of men of family without the *means*. A Prussian gentleman may not, consistently with ancestral dignity, enter into any sort of profitable commerce to eke out a slender patrimony: for trade, though

though it might enrich the pocket, is thought very much to impoverish the blood ; on which account these martyrs to family honours go half naked and more than half unfed. And while the proprietors of a few miserable and mortgage-eaten acres are starving upon their inherited pittance, and are right honourably in want of the necessaries of life, the plebeians, who are not forbid to make their blood still poorer in order to preserve its purity, may carry on all the gainful arts without any other loss than the chance of being starved upon principles of good-breeding.

The little signiory of Boxmeer, about seven leagues from Cleves, and five from Nimeguen, has claim to much of your attention. It is singularly situated : it is only a short mile distant from a part of Holland. You have but to ferry across the Maïse, and you are in Prussia. On the other side of a small hamlet, you are in the dominions of the Emperor. To the right and left about a league you are in two other distinct signiories, and in itself it is a principality so absolute, that life and death is in the power of the reigning Prince, (who is of the illustrious house of Hollenzollen) and whose disposition makes his despotic power a mere shadow of authority ; for he is the parent of the people, and they enjoy all the privileges of an happy Republic. Yet even in this little well governed state, there are patriots who have been once visited and plundered by the French ; yet who are still wishing the return of those ravagers. How unaccountable !

The Boxmeer farmers cultivate a most beautiful seed they call *sparcette*, which yields two crops in the season, and the after one is generally the best. The verdure is more exquisite than any thing I have ever seen : it resembles in figure our wheat when very young, but surpasses it abundantly in colour. The cows prefer it to grass, and return for it most excellent butter.

There are two Carmelite Convents in Boxmeer, one of which is for women. This latter I gleaned : (the other has

has nothing glean-worthy.) At the gate of the Convent for the men, I met a gentleman with whom I had been formerly acquainted: he appeared very pensive, and begged I would defer my visit to the convent till the next day, and take my coffee at his house. I attended him. On our way to his villa, he told me that the object of his visit at the Convent was to converse with the superior on the subject of his niece, who was to enter upon her noviciate the next day. You remember Fanchette, perhaps, Sir, the handsome girl whom on your former visit to this village, you use to call the Boxmeer Blossom. Her sister if you recollect had buried herself alive; for you know my opinion on the subject—some little time before you left us—and to-morrow she finishes her career, by taking the veil. So that I shall lose both my domestic comforts for ever without any hope of seeing them again; and you know how dear their company was to me, especially since my son continues a profligate, and has deserted me—I was both affected and surprised at this intelligence; for the Boxmeer Blossom was fresh in my remembrance and I recollect the regret with which I saw her sister pursue the fancy she had taken on enclosing herself. This latter, indeed, was somewhat of a pensive cast, and had if I may so say, a bias to seclusion, with the supposed incitement of a tender disappointment: but the former was gay by nature, even to eccentricity, and was addressed by the man of her heart, with the sanction of her uncle, who was both able and willing to unite fortune with love.

On entering the uncle's house, we were told by a servant that Fanchette was gone on a circuit to her neighbours to pay them her eternal adieus, but left word that she should return to make her uncle's coffee. She performed her promise with so much exactness that as the words *uncle's coffee* were pronounced, she was almost in the act of pouring it out. Her air had lost none of its pleasantry,

pleasantry, her features none of their beauty: she was still the blossom of Boxmeer.

I will relieve you again from the irksome iteration of says I, says he, and says she, by giving you our chat in dialogue.

Uncle. I began to fear, Fanchette, that you would have been seduced from my coffee-table on this, alas, last evening, by some of your young companions.

Niece. O fie! how could you think so! though every body asked me, and on refusal, would have accompanied me here, but there was so much weeping and wailing about nothing that I really begged of them to stay at home.

Gleaner. Nothing do you call it, my blossom, to know one of their friends is going out of the world to-morrow morning!

Niece. Ah ha, Sir, so you are come back. Why, really by all your regrets, one would think I was already at the point of death, and going to be buried.—It is as vain, I suppose, to tell you as I have told others, that I am going to be happier than I have yet ever been.

Uncle. But is it not both death and burial?

Gleaner. I ask the same question?

Niece. And I make just the same answer that I have already done to hundreds; but as you are resolved to have it so, my death let it be. I hope, however, Sir, you will do me the honour to assist at my funeral? I will present you with a ticket of admission to the ceremony. And in the mean time, as I have a great deal to do, as you must consider all my worldly affairs are to be settled to night, we must make haste and get the coffee over.

Gleaner. What is yet omitted then? I shall be sorry to lose your company.

Niece. That is very obliging, but you know that when I am to be buried in a few hours it takes some little time to prepare one's self.

Soop

Soon after this she made her exit, but in a few minutes came back to beg I would indulge her with a moment's conversation in the garden.—I remember you perfectly, said she, and feel uncomfortable that you should imagine I treat lightly the act I am about to do: but, besides that, from my very inmost soul, I look upon as a festival, what my friends call a funeral, I love my uncle most dearly, though he continues to oppose my happiness in the only point wherein it consists, and as I cannot resist his tears, though I can his arguments, I have no other way but an apparent unconcern. Comfort him, therefore, as the last favour I entreat of you; persuade him to reconcile himself to my felicity—and God preserve you.

She hereupon gave me her hand, and waving it so as to forbid reply, went smiling out of the garden and sought her chamber.

The next morning she rose the second in the house. As I am usually the first of every family, go where I will, from a long-indulged habit of "enjoying the cool, the fragrant hour," we had another short *tête-à-tête*, in which she informed me she had just come from taking an everlasting leave of a featherbed, sheets, and shift, which were to be exchanged for very opposite pieces of furniture. The ceremony of throwing away her dress cap, and all its *plumery*, as a sign of her renouncing the vanities of the world, was still to be performed, as had previously been settled.

Her deportment was more awful than on the former day, but her tempered air, and sober step, took nothing from her personal attractions.

I soon lost sight of her, on a promise to attend her in her last moments. She said the necessity, as well as the time of assumed vivacity was now past, but that she felt a wish I should gratify my curiosity, and again recommended her good uncle to my care, observing, that, though he was too fond of the world, he was one of the worthiest persons in it. She then departed for the convent, which, indeed,

indeed, almost joined to her uncle's house and I found that the ceremony would begin in two hours.

You will perceive that I had an interest in becoming witness to a scene like this; and I feel, while I write, that you are not without a wish to receive a faithful Gleaning of it. Depend upon it then in my next. In the interval, and always, your wishes are mine.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

JUTS as I was entering into reflections on the subject of my last; and had brought myself to believe, that every individual ought to be the architect of his, or her own happiness, seeing the ideas about it were as different as mens minds, features and understandings, the bereaved uncle came down stairs in deep mourning. The idea of an interment had settled itself in his soul, and he indulged it. I could perceive he had been weeping, and that it was not only the "customary suit of solemn black" which he had put on. He took me by the hand, after more than an hour's pause; during which, he either rocked himself up and down in his chair,—covered his face with his hand,—or sighed heavily.

It is among the solemn maxims of my life, never to reason with a man in this kind of situation. One may as well talk of sobriety to an intoxicated person, as of patience and resignation, or the folly of grieving, to a mind overborne by sorrow. The Convent-bell arous'd him, and still holding my hand, (his own trembling as he spoke)—

Hark!

Hark! the poor Fanchette's funeral-bell tolls!—we must be going! I obeyed in silence. A great multitude were waiting in the antichamber of the convent: but by favor, and by interest, (both which have their effect, even in the temples devoted to those who have *renounced the world*;) we were immediately admitted into the gallery, and obtained seats that commanded the chapel, wherein the ceremony was to be performed. Indeed our places were directly in front of the very part where the sisters were to take their station.

Only two of the Novices were in the Chapel, and those were strewing the floor with fresh-gathered flowers, and ever-greens; and at that end of the apartment where the chief objects of the day were to be displayed, was a large piece of green carpeting. Soon after these preliminary preparations, which have all their effect on the mind, as tending to inflate curiosity, the ceremonies of the entrance, (which were not a little imposing likewise,) began. First came in the superior of the convent, then the nuns, according to their order, and then the two sisters, who were conducted by two sisters, to a little altar in the centre of the room, separated from the gallery, only by a slight and open partition. Isabel, so was the elder sister named, was placed on the right, and Fanchette on the left. We had a complete view of both. Each had a lighted taper in her hand, and their head-dresses were distinguished by the blue hood, and the white. There was enough of family similitude left in their features to discover their relationship: It had been much stronger, but the resemblance was, in great measure, diminished by their opposite situation in life. Isabel had now been twelve months in a manner *out of the world*, and in the practice of all the austerities of the Carmelite order; and, though these are not so rigid as some others, the regulations they prescribe are more than sufficient to take out of the cheek that bloom, which human society, nature, and the heart, so liberally bestow upon youth:

youth : besides which, Isabel had something of a constitutional pale, corresponding to the pensive colour of her mind,—if I may so express myself. Fanchette, on the contrary, although she had yielded to a sentiment that determined her to devote herself, had too recently taken her leave of the world, and of the gay and freshening air it breathes—(in the country at least,)—and was, moreover, by disposition, so impassioned, that the contrast betwixt her and Isabel was the more striking. The eyes of both were extremely dark, but although those of Isabel were (from the extinguished complexion of her cheeks,) more deep, and perhaps more interesting, than Fanchette's, they were of a more subdued and dying lustre : Fanchette's were "as the radiance of the risen day", and her sister's, as the parting beam of a sun, prematurely clouded, even at noon.

On their reaching the altar, the superior of the men's convent addressed the two sisters, in an exhortation replete with unaffected eloquence, and to which they gave the most fixed attention. This done, Isabel, who was to take the veil, arose, and between two of the sisters, came forward to make her profession; which, though in Latin, was delivered with the most admirable articulation, and classical propriety, kneeling before the Priest. Then followed the prayers appointed for the occasion.

The Priest having laid the proper dresses of the order on a table before him, allotted them. Meantime, the superior took off the white, or noviciate veil, and enrobed Isabel in black, but over this under vestment was placed the white cloth cloak, and the neck and head dress of black linen. A broad belt and the beads were then settled. The Priest dipped a brush in holy water, with which he sprinkled the Devotee: and during this ceremony, the most solemn airs were played on the organ, in which the professed joined, apparently with her whole soul. She was reconducted to her seat, where she remained at her devotions, while her sister underwent the ceremonies of

the Noviciate. These differ little from the other, except that she was invested with the white head cloth instead of the black.

But, previous to the assumption of these, she delivered a box to the Priest, from which were taken the richest ornaments she had made use of while in the world. The holy Father threw them on the floor with an air of disdain, and with yet greater indignation Fanchette trampled them under her feet, as objects unworthy her future attention. In a former part of the ceremonies, while her sister was putting on the eternal veil, I observed that the before animated countenance of Fanchette became suddenly pallid, but while she was renouncing these her worldly ornaments, the blood sallied into her charming face, as if to give in a more powerful evidence of her entire disavowal of all the pomps and vanities of life. And now succeeded several grand, and truly spirit-stirring chorusses, of Priests, Nuns, and of the congregation. High mass was next performed in the body of the convent below. This pageant, with all its priestly ornaments, tingling of bells, and the seducing apparatus of incense and of sacrifice, are so well known, and have been so well described by various authors, that I shall pass on to more new and interesting objects. Amongst these your heart will distinguish the two sincere and sorrow-struck lovers of these beauteous victims. Both were present; the one in the vain hope of prevailing on Fanchette, even while at the altar, to change her cruel resolution; the other to attempt this also, or at worst to enjoy the afflicting luxury of *seeing* his Isabel tear herself from his hope for ever; not, as I was informed, without a faint idea of the possibility that the sudden sight of *him* whom she had once fondly loved, might change her vow, in these the last moments of her power, to consecrate it to love instead of religion. These young men were both of respectable connexions, of decent fortunes, and of blameless characters:

characters: the name of Isabel's lover was Bernard, and that of Fanchette, Lacrew.

They had both placed themselves so as perfectly to see; but only one of them to be seen by the beloved object. Lacrew relied upon an open attack, and, therefore, kept constantly in view of the fair citadel; Bernard conceived more hope from an ambuscade, and, therefore, by way of masked battery, entrenched himself behind a pillar on one side of the gallery, from whence he could make a sortie at the moment he judged most favourable. His motive for thus attempting to carry the place by surprise was strong; he had been extremely ill, and Isabel, to whom a report had been made of it, had reason to suppose *herself* the cause, particularly as his sickness increased from the day, that, (in reply to his strongest urgency, to spare his life while yet in her power,) she had *refused*, but, confessed to a confidential friend, that, though she felt more emotion at the account of his distress than she *ought* to do, she could not suffer him to work her from her pious purpose. But the person who carried this account to him, conveyed it, in the *usual way of secrets*, to another confidential friend, who deposited it, in *solemn trust also*, to a third, who, with the *like sacred injunctions*, communicated it to Bernard himself: and although this report, at the time that it indicated some remains of feeling for him, denoted her resolution to seclude herself for ever from his sight, by an act, which, as before observed, would put it beyond her power to make him happy, he conceived from it, (what cannot lovers imagine?) that, since she was thus aroused to some sensibility of his sufferings, only at a *description* of them, how would it be called forth at the unexpected *sight* of a once beloved and now agonized object, whom she had every reason to suppose in his sick chamber, at the distance of thirty leagues? he resided at the farthest part of the country of Juliers, and she had every reason to imagine he

was unable to leave his room. And so indeed, except to accomplish an achievement of *desperation*, he was.

But those who have ever felt the influence of the fairest hope, in the moment almost of such desperation, will not wonder that the poor Bernard, in opposition to the advice of his medical, and other friends, and even of his own weakness at other times, now found himself strong enough to leave an apartment, wherein he had, in a manner, been bed-ridden several weeks; and to throw himself not only into the open air, but into an open post-waggon, as they here call the public-stage, and which, (being without windows, and undefended from wind or weather, and very absurdly constructed,) is a *disease in itself*. He gained the village of the convent, it seems, late in the evening that preceded the morning, "big with the fate" of his heart: yet, that heart prompted him to take a moonlight view of the outside of the convent, which contained his treasure. He appeared not to have suffered from these exertions, or, at least, the suffrance and agitation *within* absorbed every external disaster for the moment; so true is the remark of our great master of human nature, that,

"———When the Mind's free,
"The Body's delicate";——

and this unhappy lover might justly exclaim with old Lear in the storm,

"The tempest in my mind
"Doth from my senses take all feeling else
"Save what beats there:
"For where the greater malady is fix'd,
"The less is scarcely felt.

Lacrew, who lived in the village, and was almost a next door neighbour, had less occasion for stratagem; and having had almost daily denials from his mistress, was more reconciled even to the loss of her; not without a mental resource, however, that he firmly believed a woman of her disposition, would soon sicken of a monastic life, and

and that long before her year of trial had passed, she would return to the world, and of course to him; for she professed to love him better than any thing *in* that world: yet she fancied something yet dearer to her *out* of it.

Her lover, indeed, expected, as he afterwards acknowledged to me and the uncle, that she would, even during the ceremonies of initiation, find something in them too formidable for the gaiety of her character, especially if he placed himself full in her view. In this, however, he was mistaken. His mistress had him almost the whole time under her eye, but seldom looked towards him, and when she did, she withdrew herself with an haste and resolution, that confounded and chagrined her admirer.

The sisters having gone through the accustomed ceremonies, rose from their kneeling attitude, and retiring some paces back, each threw herself with a determined earnestness, but not in the mockery of tragic violence, at full length upon the carpet, and on their faces, and, had this falling scene been in rehearsal actually on the stage, by the most expert tumblers, and posture masters and mistresses of the Theatre for six weeks, it could not have been more adroitly performed. Thus humbled to the ground, they imprinted on it an audible kiss to express their lowliness of spirit; and to signify they had renounced the lofty follies of the world, to whose pomps and vanities they were henceforth dead: the better to carry on which idea, two of the nuns, the one in her noviciate, the other in her veiled state, tolled the passing-bell, even while the bodies of the sisters, thus symbolically buried alive, were covered with a pall, as if the breath of life was really gone from them.

It was at this interesting and awful moment, that the lover of Isabel broke from his concealment, and shewed to the astonished spectators a countenance, in which was painted every passion of the heart in despair: but he did not speak.

The

The burial-service was chaunted to the notes of the organ, which, assisted by the vocal powers of the priests nuns, &c. might be truly said to enter the spirit and elevate the soul. It was impossible for an English auditor, whom the Gods have made somewhat poetical, not to apply to the occasion the beautiful description of Pope; and for an instant not to adopt the doctrine it inculcates:

“ O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
 “ Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 “ Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the Sky !
 “ And faith, our early immortality,
 “ Enter each mild, each amiable guest,
 “ Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !”

The whole congregation were indeed extremely affected at this part of the ceremony. I was touched even to tears. As the veiled Isabel rose, her eye settled for an instant on Bernard, who had pressed forward by this time through the croud, and stood with his face directly parallel to his mistress, who might be almost said to rise from the dead. Considering circumstances, he must to *her* appear in nearly the same situation, and the sensation might have been something like what we may suppose affected William, when Margaret's ghost stood at his feet.

And now it was Isabel discovered that human nature was not yet extinct in her, and that all the imagination of Pope was converted into truths which shook her frame, and agonized her heart.

“ What means this tumult in a vestal's veins,
 “ Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat,
 “ Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat ?
 “ Yet, yet I love ?”

These questions, and this answer, certainly succeeded each other in her bosom in the language of nature, though not expressed in numbers.

It was plain to see—

“ She had not yet forgot herself to stone.”

Bernard

Barnard was quick-fighted enough, in the midst of his grief, to perceive this, and attempted to turn it to his advantage. Abelard himself, could not with more address have "opposed himself to heaven," or more dexterously assisted "rebel nature to hold out half her heart." Though from what followed, you will see Barnard had not, like the above-mentioned lover, the power,

"To teach her 'twas no sin to love."

it was manifest, nevertheless,

"Back through the paths of pleasing sense she ran."

and it is no less certain, for the instant, that

"Not on the cross her eyes were fix'd,"

but on *him*.

Yet though thus assailed by the unexpected view of, as *she* thought, an expiring lover, and at a time when every principle, and every feeling of her soul had surmounted trials, which required every *assistance* from surrounding objects, rather than to find amongst them, wherewithal to *distress* her, (in, perhaps, the only vulnerable part—her pity for the misery, of which she might well suppose herself the occasion,)—although, I say, these strong events might, for a short time,

"Blot out each bright idea of the skies,"

far from indulging in the oblivious draughts of passion, or reiterating the loose imagery of Eloisa, or avowing with her that

"From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,

"And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

"Love found an altar for forbidden fires."

The transitory terror, tenderness, alarm, or sorrow, which she felt at the sight of poor Barnard, at such a time, in such a place, might well claim absolution, if not assent, from the power who had just received her vows.

"Devotion's

"Devotion's self might steal a thought from heaven,
 "One human tear might drop, and be forgiven!"

She did not long, however, suffer the once dear object of her love, to "dispute her heart," which, assuredly, a life passed in chastity and innocence, long before she dedicated it to her God, had rendered more acceptable than that whose supposed effusions, the poet has so enchantingly poured forth.

After she had gazed about half a minute, in which short space more was painted in the face, than at any former period of my life I had seen, though the work of hours, she closed her fine and humid eyes with a fortitude, which might have induced the angels to sanction the momentary and human sympathy, which had bathed them with tears, but she was unable to repress one gentle sigh, the weight of which was felt by my whole heart as it issued from her lovely lips. Whether it was the sigh tender, or penitential, the sigh of regret for the sufferings of her lover, or of self-reproach for having allowed it to escape,—it was the most graceful, most penetrating I have ever known. It will heave for ever in my memory, and Isabel's face was, (on her rising from the ground) so near me, that I stood within the very breath of it. Had I not frequently seen that the gayest minds and manners take, with occasion, a more firm and solemn cast, than those from whose general gravity one *expects* the most fixed and unmoved conduct, I should have been surprised at the unaltered mein of Fanchette, who, though more airy, more lately an inhabitant of the world, and who

"Warm in youth, had bid that world farewell,"

(her approved lover still before her, exhibiting himself in the most pity-moving attitudes,) Fanchette relaxed nothing of her attention to the business or duty of the day. On the contrary, her look to Isabel denoted all the admonitory

nitary counsel, which the moral echoes, or, as the Poet calls them, *more* than echoes

"talked along the walls."

Eloisa could never have heard, or fancy that she heard, the hollow sound from the shrine, more distinctly than I thought I perceived the *sense* of that sound in the charming features of this lovely girl :

"Come, sister, come, they said or seem'd to say,
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away.
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid.
But all is calm in our eternal sleep,
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear,
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

How applicable to the occasion ! Nor was it long ere Isabel, as if these verses had actually been recited, illustrated those which follow them, in the celebrated epistle of the lovers of Paraclete,

"I come, I come, prepare your roseate bowers,
"Celestial palms and ever-blooming flowers.
"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot," &c.

Not so the lovers :—Bernard, after a long struggle with his heart, exclaimed, in sad and broken accents—Ah God !—Ah God ! and ran out of the convent ; nor was it long ere his example was followed by Lacrew.

The ceremonies, thus interrupted, were soon resumed. The sister-votaries were re-conducted to their chairs, where both joined in the prayers most devoutly.

And now the holy wafers were given, and the solemnities of the Catholic church in the sacrament began. These ended, the sisters rose, kissed the robes of the priest, bowed themselves before the Crucifix, embraced each other ; then the superior, the nuns, noviciates, and pensioners, all of whom were received with smiles, that seraphs seemed to have assisted, while a dozen handsome girls, residents for a convent education, strewed flowers over them, as they

they advanced to the last ceremony, namely, that of *crowning*, emblematic of *that crown of glory*, with which we are assured the good are to be distinguished in the world to come.

By way of supplementary matter, it is to be noted, that the ceremony was performed on the birth-day of the veiled sister, a circumstance that gave it additional solemnity. The rest of this awful day was passed, agreeable to custom, in all manner of innocent festivity; by way of testifying that so far from feeling any regret for having renounced the world, the sensations were in unison with the ceremonies; and, indeed (had it not been for the affair of the heart in the cases of the two luckless lovers) I should believe that custom and example had their usual effect, in conjunction with zeal and imagination, to make a monastic life preferable to every other, in the estimate of the inhabitants of the convent. What confirms me the rather in this is, that the year following, being at the self-same monastery, I beheld the self-same Fanchette, after her twelve probationary months' residence, volunteer the same sort of ceremony, and with the same apparent satisfaction, and, though she had lost some of those complexional roses, which seem to bloom best in the world, she had gained more of those lillies, which never fail to grow in the cheeks of a nun, either from seclusion, or severity, or a mixture of both. There was an air of peculiar content in Fanchette, at this *confirmation* of the choice she had made in the beginning of the former year; nor was there less satisfaction in the countenance of Isabel: in short, the most scrutinizing eye might have assured the heart, these two sisters, in changing their plan of life, had only varied, not diminished, their happiness.

On bidding them (as probably it will prove) an everlasting adieu, at this second visit to their convent, I borrowed once more an applicable passage from our great poet, and I cannot but believe every line found its echo in the

the minds of the beautiful devotees. Nor do I think, since the epistle of Eloisa was written, there can have happened such an exact illustration of its best, and most interesting sentiments; since, in the sister nuns, were demonstrated all the spirit, the softness, and the beauty of Abelard's mistress, without any of her cupidity, sensuality, and libertinism; and the exquisite apostrophe which follows was the work only of fancy in Eloisa, but of feeling in Isabel and Fanchette.

- " How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
- " The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
- " Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
- " Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
- " Labour and rest that equal periods keep,
- " Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,
- " Desires compos'd, affections ever even,
- " Tears that delight, and sighs that soar to heav'n.
- " Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
- " And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
- " For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
- " And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.
- " For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
- " For her white virgins hymeneals sing.
- " To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
- " And melts in visions of eternal day."

Since my first idea of poetical excellence, my senses and my heart have attested the beauty of this passage, and, indeed, of the whole poem; but never has it been so impressive as since the above-described incidents.

Amidst the whole, however, of the fascination, I could not but notice a small spice of worldly vanity, in certain parts of the ceremony, such as one of the *poor lowly* brothers being appointed to place the embroidered robes of the *High Priest* over the *banks of the chairs*, to give them a more graceful flow, as the wearer sat down. I observed, also, methought, something of earthly pageantry lurking in the *caution* with which the female veil, whether white or black, was *fixed before*, and *folded behind*; as well as in the attention to graceful posture, with which the professed

threw

threw herself on the carpet ; for, though, as I before said, it did not partake of the nature of a theatrical exhibition, it had the air of having been a little studied, because it was impossible not to see that some care had been taken that the vestal garment might preserve an interesting negligence : but when we consider that the same kind of regard to attitude and position was betrayed by the dying Pompey, we may certainly allow it to two fine young women, who gave up, *for ever*, the conquests of their charms, at a period of life, when victory most solicited them. And, after all, their attentions to external finery were but the *ashes of human vanity*—a few remaining sparks, that just shewed themselves, and were then extinguished for ever.

The cost of the festival is always defrayed by the nun, or novice ; and the friends, relations, and a few chosen priests from the neighbouring convent, composed the guests. To this eating and drinking scene, a little masquerade, in which all the nuns are allowed to assume borrowed characters, ensues. This done, the guests retire, such I mean as are not of the convent. The religious withdraw to their cells, and the next morning re-commence those duties, which know no recess throughout the revolving year, till a similar occasion produces a similar jubilee.

It was a sad and forrowful day for the uncle of these sisters ; he endured not to remain in an house stripped of its chief ornaments and associates, and which had the further *désagrément* of standing, as before noted, in full view of the convent, which he considered as at once the prison and the tomb of his relations. In a few weeks, therefore, he removed to another part of the country, where he still bears about

“ A discontented and repining spirit.”

But such an effect might naturally enough arise from such a cause. Far, very far from both be the bosom of my friend !

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

ADJOINING the little signiories of Boxmeer, is the pleasant country of Cuych*, a small, but productive territory, once in the possession of Spain, but now a part of what is called the Generality, a country subject to the Prince of Orange, and an object worth gleaning. It may be about the size of Hertfordshire, and is, like that, replete with unpretending graces. You would feel its resemblance to England, even more, closely than the other parts of Westphalia—the same pleasant pathways, meandering through cornfields—the same soft pasturage—modest risings—humble and flowery hedge-rows—the woods and copses filled with the same kind of birds—the river Meuse no less fertilising than the Thames, nor less beautiful—the same sort of whited cottages, moss and house-leek growing over the thatch.

If a footpath and river-bank traveller is disposed, occasionally, to survey this country, he will find a thousand beautiful scenes, which crouds had never yet to boast.

It is extremely pleasant to trace, as one journeys on, these similitudes and dissimilitudes of one's native land; here recognising, in certain objects, our old acquaintance; there paying, in others, our first salutation to entire strangers;

* Herman de Cuych gave name to this country in 1058. John, the son of Wennemaer yielded it, long after, in exchange of other territories, to William of Guelderland; but, at length, the Dukes of Burgundy becoming proprietors, they united it to Brabant. After this again, it was given as a pledge to the Count of Buren, whose only daughter and heiress married William of Orange, in 1551. Thus it was that the charming Cuych country became annexed to the possessions of the Prince Stadtholders.

strangers; and whether these happen to be of the vegetable or animal world, a tree, a flower, a wood, a meadow, a stream, a river, a flock, an herd, a cottage, or its inhabitants, the generous heart expands to greet whatever has delighted him at home, or entertained him abroad.

In turning over a little corner in my travelling writing-case, I find a small bundle of papers, superscribed materials for a *scrap letter*, which is to consist of various minute Gleanings, too insignificant to stand alone, but which, collected and tied together, may be of some value. After the *long ears* of corn have been gathered, you have seen the patient Gleaners return from the field, with a few hands-full, not of stem or substance to be bound with the rest of the sheaves, and yet too good to be lost.

To these minutiae, therefore, I shall consecrate the remainder of the present letter, desiring you will indulge them with the favour by which you have distinguished the rest.

In Holland, Westphalia, Germany, and their dependencies, it is customary for the common tradesmen and servants to drop their sabots, slippers, or shoes, at the threshold of the apartment, where their employers, masters, or mistresses, are sitting, and pad along, with a trembling sort of circumspection, as if in fear of leaving a plebeian mark of their footsteps behind them. And at every word you speak, their hats, whether in the house, or the open air, are so painfully doffed, and pinched by their veneration, or their custom, that I have a thousand times smilingly put their hats on their heads, and requested they would consider a good rub of their shoes at the door-way was a sufficient passport to any room wherein they might be introduced to me: but the habit or civility is inveterate, and I verily believe they would pay the same homage to the empty apartments, had they occasion to enter them, in absence of their supposed superiours. I repeat that I am no advocate for indiscriminate familiarities, nor for Republican

publican rudenesses, but I love the poor, at least as well as the rich, and I feel myself, as an individual of a majestic species, humbled in *their* degradation. I would have them subordinate, because I think society demands its classes, but I cannot endure they should be servile: and, after all, it is often affected, for sometimes I have, at a second or third Gleaning of these bowing, bare-headed and bare-footed gentlemen and ladies, found, heard, or seen them as saucy, proud and vain-glorious, as if they knew how to descend from their heights only to promote their interests, in the hope of over-reaching you in a miserable sou or stiver.

In each of the above countries you will be obliged, as before observed, to have one man to dress the hair on your head, my good reader, and another, (if peradventure thou art of the bearded sex), to scrape it from thy face. But the last mentioned personage, who they call surgeon, is every where so insufferably vain, formal, and *mal adroit*, that a penny barber in England does his business ten times better, and twenty times more expeditiously. The Continental shaver, whether Dutch, Westphalian, or German, is one quarter of an hour bringing his instruments of surgery out of his pocket and arranging them; another in the apparatus of wiping, whetting, setting, and proving upon his hand, before he puts the razor on your chin; another in the operation, and at least the fourth quarter in putting his surgical matters up again, and all this you must go through patiently or worse will follow; every resistance costs you a drop of blood, remonstrance is not even listened to, and a request of haste is a slice from your chin, or a gash in your throat. I have had more reason to bewail a nervous complaint that shakes my hand, since I came into these countries than ever. I certainly mangle myself deliciously whenever I attempt to achieve this daily labour myself; but I yield to the pedantry of these executioners, only because I consider being murdered by the hand of another is better than shedding my own blood;

as it is less heinous, you know, to suffer assassination than to commit suicide.

Seriously, it is a most provoking and clumsy operation abroad, and I have as often wished myself beardless, as I might once have wished the contrary. And as to any *consideration* that the head or face, these surgeon-barbers have in hand, is human, a butcher, who might chuse to shave the chops of a bullock, before he slaughtered it, would be more gentle. Your barber-surgeon pinches you by the nose with as little remorse as a farrier draws the nippers round the nostrils of an horse; he squeezes your head as if he was binding up your brains, after a contusion; and holds back your neck, as if he was going to cut your throat, which, indeed, he generally does, in proof of his great powers of pharmacy. In a word, blessed are those ladies who happen to have no beards, and happy those ladies or gentlemen, who when they travel can operate upon themselves!

In almost every great road town upon the German Continent you will find an English shop, where you may be supplied with English manufacture. There is a very excellent one at the Hague, kept by Mr. M^rQueen, which may almost be termed an *universal warehouse of British commodities*. It is true you pay somewhat high for these, but you are to consider first their superior excellence; secondly, the hazard, loss, and expence of their transportation; and, thirdly, it should be noted, that as the Dutch and German customers buy almost every thing *for life*; that is, make an expensive article last as long as *they last themselves*, and pay bills about once in ten years, (when they condescend to pay at all; for no tradesman dare send in his bill *undemanded*) if articles were not highly rated, an English trader abroad must starve.

It is observable, that the inns abroad kept by Englishmen, or people who speak our language, are dearer than those kept by natives, about fifty per cent. and it is remarkable,

markable, also, that the English landlords over-reach their countrymen more than a stranger. See you avoid them. There are at least six Scotchmen, and three Irishmen, to one trader English born, dispersed over foreign lands: *the first thrive, the second live, the third barely exist*. Can you account for this? The *truth* of the remark reaches from one end of the Continent to the other, with scarce an exception. I think I have found out the reason, but it might seem invidious, and a prejudice to mention it.

There subsists in some parts of Holland a curious circumstance respecting divorces—an husband who is desirous to obtain repossession of either an eloped, parted, or wandering wife, is to send a written summons to her, inviting her company to bed and board; if she refuses, he is to go in a boat on the river Meuse, to any distance he pleases, then he is to call the said wife three several times, and if he receives no answer, or if she does not appear, he is to come back, as fresh and fair a batchelor as before he purchased the wedding ring; and is at liberty to choose another mate, whose hand he may accept after the publication of the bands and marriage ceremony. The truth of this almost incredible story, is too general to be disputed by any body but those who cannot believe what they have never seen. And yet there are numbers of my dear countrymen who will suppose it a Gleaning of the author's imagination. To which I shall only reply, that in the small town of the Brielle in Holland, there are not less than half a dozen couples who have been thus re-married.

But as a celebrated traveller (Lady W. Montague) justly observes, we travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing: If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic; not allowing for change of company, or of customs that happen every twenty years in every country; or remain fixed for ever, though, perhaps, not before noticed. The ceremony

nies attending visitings, and burial condolences, deserve mention. In Prussian Westphalia, a letter is sent by the survivor informing the friends of the deceased that such a relation has departed this life; but it is the etiquette *not to reply*. Your sympathy is taken for granted; and thus, the affair is not only conveniently shortened, but a great deal of trouble is saved to both parties.

With respect to visits, it is the established punctilio for new comers to make the first advances to residents, exactly inverting the etiquette of England; and the reason assigned for this practice is, that new settlers may have the privilege of declining company should they not wish for society, or of extending or narrowing it should they desire acquaintance; your visit being always returned immediately, and if you do not visit in the course of the first month, it is presumed you prefer solitude.

Perhaps this may be an improvement on the plan of England, where every one has free liberty to gratify curiosity, often at the expence of real courtesy, for numbers go once for a well-bred stare, drink their dish of tea, and shew they have had enough of you, by never cultivating you unless you happen exactly to suit their taste, which is often the result of their singularity, or caprice. Whereas, in these countries, you have leisure for previous enquiry; you can select your acquaintance, and if it is not of the best kind the place affords, it must be your own fault.

Another inconvenience attending your not being fortified with the language of the country, whether Dutch or German, is the imposition you are liable to, especially on leaving a town or house, where you may have had any running accounts. The people you have dealt with pretend to understand *you* fully when you *make* your bargain; but when you come to collect your bills, they protest that you have mistaken *them*; and this error is always to their advantage. For instance, you agree with a surgeon-barber at so much per month to shave you, and with a shoe-boy to clean your boots, &c. You reasonably conclude the price

price settled between you includes every thing: but at the end of the month you are charged so much for putting soap on the face, and so much for taking it off; so much for rubbing away the dust from your shoes, and so much again for blacking them. Let it be clearly stated, therefore, that, in your country, shaving and shoe cleaning mean what they express.

The price of timber in Westphalia, and the countries that environ it, is amongst the things calculated to surprise an English traveller. A noble fir of between thirty and forty years growth, is thought rather dear at six florins, about ten shillings English: and an oak of more than half a century, is rated at about twelve, or at the most fifteen shillings. Inferior wood in proportion. The birch tree is here found in abundance, and contributes much to the beauty of the country, drooping with an air of poetical melancholy, almost with as much elegant sadness as the weeping willow. The natives of Westphalia tell you, that the juice is good to drink, the foliage good to see, and the branches good to burn: they seem no less sensible than ourselves, also, that the twigs have other virtues chiefly adapted for the use of nurseries and schools.

Simple curiosity is alike in all countries. You remember the account I sent you in my first sheaf of the astonishment of an whole family of Cambrian rustics, at the sight of a shining steel watch-chain. I found a companion for this picture of *wonderment* in the surprise of some Westphalia cottagers, who surveyed a common bamboo stick with as much attention and awe, as if it was a wand of enchantment; and feeling the knots with a trembling hand, as if there was magic in every joint.

You will be pleased to hear the *universal* reputation which is enjoyed by the manufactures of your country. I think I slightly glanced at this subject before. Whatever is English becomes every where abroad an object of admiration. I have witnessed this in various instances, but in none more than in the rhapsody which the sight of three

pair of English shoes produced in an honest cobbler of a little town in Prussia.

These articles, neat as imported from London, lay upon my table just unpacked, as this child of nature entered my room to receive orders for a trifling repair in my boots. He incontinently caught up one of the shoes, and for some minutes was too much absorbed in wonder to speak. He turned the shoe about in silent admiration; felt the sole, which his *look* denoted was of the best leather possible—examined the stitching, the form, the elegance, the solidity, the simplicity, the lightness, the straps, the quarters, fitted it to his hand; as he did which he shewed signs of the most perfect approbation—then by way of comparison, held it down to his own shoe, and as he did so, gave testimony of the most ineffable contempt, even for his own performance, which was, perhaps, the highest compliment that could be paid to the performance of another. His features, and action, had actually all the force of Hamlet's parallel of the old Fortinbras his father, and the usurper :

"Look but on this picture and on this, &c.!"

His physiognomy testified that *his* work was no more to compare to the British Crispin's

"Than he to Hercules!"

It was long before he could attend indeed to any thing respecting himself, and after his rhapsody subsided a little, he seemed to undertake even the cobbling art of taking up a few loose stitches in an *English boot* with reluctance.

Nor does our country triumph in this handicraft fame without the best-founded pretensions, since in every article of workmanship we cast them at a distance that rather gives the sensation of despair than energy. Doors, windows, their ornaments, their necessaries, their comforts, their finishing, their application, their fitness, their build-
ings,

ings, their elegance, all yield the palm to the superior arts of the British artificer. And if there is a general rule without an exception, I am, from very long and diligent scrutiny, inclined to think it lies in the unrivalled excellence of our manufactures in the comforts and conveniences of life.

You have heard numberless anecdotes of the late Prussian monarch. A stronger idea of his insatiable military ambition cannot be well given, than in exclaiming to one of his officers while surveying the prospect from his chateau at Cleves; "very fine, to be sure, noble woods, pretty gardens, fair towns, well-filled rivers, and all that, but I can never think it a good prospect while any part of the objects it includes is the property of another sovereign!"

I will just note to you, that amongst the pictures of this chateau, is a very fine one of Jesus and the virgin, and on the reverse, a full length portrait of the painter himself, suspended in the middle of the room to shew at once the genius and the vanity of the man!

Of the German Theatre I have little to observe, farther than that it excels in *passion*. You must have often noted the defect of the English actors, (I speak generally) when not immediately in discourse or action in the scene. They seem to think that their character comes to a pause at the end of every speech, and they wait for the cue words to resume it: these are no sooner given, than they kindle in a moment. They wait the match and go off like a cracker. Then all is dead and inert, till the other personages have settled the business in hand, whether an affair of love, hate, hope, or despair; nor does the passive character they are speaking to, ever interrupt the progress of the passions, or shew any sensibility thereof, except by stepping a pace back, or a pace forward; by a stamp of the foot, a thump of the breast, or a smack of the forehead.—But on the Theatre Allemande all is life, vigour, and ardency:

cy: yet rarely overstepping the modesty of nature; and the bye play is so skilfully managed, that where the poet himself sleeps, the vigilance of the actor guarantees his nap, without any diminution of his poetical fame.

I am aware that this is the case, sometimes, in the British theatre, but it is more rare; and commonly speaking, Homer himself could not there nod, had Homer been a dramatist, without some of the performers slumbering with him, and causing the audience to slumber also.

High however, as they estimate the manufactures of Great Britain, the untravelled Prussians and Germans appear to have but a very confined idea of its extent: for in the first place, many of them imagine, that it is rather necessity, than choice; rather policy, than curiosity, which takes such numbers out of England. They believe the population is too great for the place; that *our* little country being overstocked, the superfluous wander about the earth in search of *more room*. Almost every person tells you he knows an Englishman!—that is to say, in the course of his life, every man has met with one of the British wanderers, or, some solitary family resident abroad. The Germans immediately presume this person, or family, must be known also to *you*. If you answer in the negative, they wonder, which certainly implies a contracted idea of Great Britain as a territory, however they may think of it as a nation.

The Germans bring up their children with great tenderness, but in a manner to prevent the effects of effeminacy, or the ordinary ailments proceeding therefrom; I have seen the sons and daughters of gentlemen run through the dews of the morning without shoes, stockings, or any under garments, but shirts and shifts: chasing each other round the court yards, gardens, &c. in this *almost* natural state, after a night of incessant rain. About noon, when there seems the less real necessity to wrap up, they begin

to

to put on, just in the proportion as other children throw off, but they all look as healthy as if they were educated in the way of England. The mothers of Great Britain will shudder at this relation, yet, could the custom be reconciled with decency, which surely were easy, it might deserve adoption. Colds and coughs, which are not only bad disorders in themselves, but the parents of worse in England, are rarely heard of along the continent of Germany: And after you have turned your back on Holland, the gout begins to lose his excruciating power, till, in advancing further north, he is, in a measure, subdued; at least, a victim bound hand and foot by this tyrant, who hourly brings so many of my compatriots to the rack, is rarely seen. Must we not impute this general exemption from one of the sharpest pangs to which our frailty is heir, to early exposure of the body and limbs to all the skyey influences?

I think I have not yet mentioned the mode of serving at table in Holland, and Prussia. Vegetables are eaten first, no person offers to begin till all are helped; meat comes next, this is cut into very thin slices in a plate, and passing round the table, every one receives, or declines. If a second, third, fourth, or fifth sort of meat is on the board, there are as many plates-full sent round it,—the servant watches your glass, filling it when empty: the bread is cut into exceeding thin slices, and no healths are drank except at parting.

An elegant English family settled in Holland, has lately given a *Dutch drum* or route, of which the lady of the house has favoured me with a description: As it is well told, and a curiosity in itself, I will here present you with a Gleaning: and in her own words.

“ Dear Mr. Gleaner,

“ At your desire, I am sitting down to give you a description of what is called in this country, a *contre visite*. That I might accommodate to the customs of the place, I

invited

invited the assistance of a good natured Dutch neighbour, who helped me through all the ceremonials: And being no less a personage than the Burgomaster's wife, she was wholly competent to the business. I shall write in way of general direction, as to what is to be done, &c. &c.

"Two of the largest rooms in the house are always appropriated to the occasion: the better if they communicate, as is indeed usual abroad, but that is not material. Card tables are to be set in the four corners of each room; the middle being kept perfectly clear,—the place of honour is always determined to be on the right hand side of the pier glass: From each side of this glass you are to place two rows of chairs, with a square box called a stove, at the foot of each chair; and, if in winter, you are to take care these stoves are well supplied with burning turf, or rather with the live ashes of turf; and, if in summer, the fire is to be omitted, as a Dutch woman is too much in the habit of canting up her legs on these abominable little footstools to sit comfortably without them, and in the cold weather, she could neither use her hands, or arms, without smoke-drying her feet.—By the gentlemen's seats you place spitting-boxes; and, as if these would not hold enough, a dozen or two of spitting pots are to be set on the side tables, or to grace the corner of the card equipage: several slates and pencils are also to be provided. All the plate you can muster is to be crowded on the grand sideboard, and at least an hundred tobacco pipes, with tasteful devices wrapped about them, not forgetting half a dozen pound boxes of tobacco, with a suitable service of stoppers.

"These preparations being settled, you are ready to receive the company, who begin to appear at your Dutch drum about *five in the afternoon*! The reigning burgomaster's wife enters first. You are to receive her at the door, after a good run to meet her, (by way of testifying your joy) with a dead stop, and you are to take care that your curtesy is at least as profound as hers; the better if a little deeper. And if you would adopt the fashion of this country,

country, you should revive one of your boarding school sinkings at the commencement of a minuet, or one of your school reverences to your governess on leaving the room. You are to take her by the hand, you are to say you are extremely honoured by the visit, and then *kiss her three times* ! Then lead her to the right hand side of the glass, —order a burning red-hot stove to be put under her petticoats,—(the genteeler if you condescend to place it yourself,) and then receive the rest of the company, *stoveing* them and *kissing* in the same manner ; more carefully however *placing* them according to their *rank in town or village*, than if they were so many British peeresses to be settled by the High Steward, at the trial of a sister peeress for high Treason. When all the chairs are filled you may order refreshments.

“ In the first place, tea is to be presented three times round the room. This over, the card tables are to be arranged, the stoves refreshed, the pipes lighted, and the spitting boxes begin to work. You are to present *four kings* to the burgomaster’s wife, and the three you mean to play at her table. To the next lady, in her rank, you present the *queens* : But make a memorandum, that, when once seated, nobody stirs from her table till the party breaks up at ten o’clock, so that you are fixed as a statue for almost five hours. The refreshments are to be handed about every *quarter of an hour*, but to vary, as to the collations. One quarter gives coffee, another wine, another liquors, another orgeat, and at every time the company eat and drink with unabated appetite ; and those who offer the most good things of this world, are made the most honourable mention of, in the annals of *contra visitum*. The ceremonies of taking leave are like those of entrance.

“ It is to be observed, that when you give one of their visits it is not from your own invitation : the reigning burgomaster sends you word, if convenient, he will come to you such a day. If you accept the challenge, you are to send off your cards, in which you invite *the town* to meet him ;

him; who very obligingly obey the summons, whether they ever saw you before or no; or whether they shall ever see you again.

“All the smoking party keep their own room, but leave such a strong sense of their orgies behind them, that it is necessary your house, (if your nose is not a native of Holland,) should perform a quarantine of a month before it can be purified.

“A *contre-visite* seldom includes supper, but when a supper is to be given in Holland, it always comprehends cards and tea, with the immense et cetera of about eight times coffee, as many cakes, wines, jellies, &c. &c. &c. and supposing these to begin at half past five, and supper to be on the table at half past ten, though the intermediate hours are fully employed in eating and drinking, it does not in the least prevent the supper from being devoured, as King Richard voraciously says, “marrow, bones and all,” for though in general life, at home, the Dutch eat but little of solid food, they pay it off abroad with most incontinent rapacity. Indeed, they seem, like certain wild beasts in training for the grand gorging day, when they are to be turned out upon criminals, to reserve themselves for these great public occasions: and a Dutch supper, at the end of five hours stuffing, might very well furnish out one of our Lord Mayor’s feasts, and satisfy all the mansion-house monsters on any one of the important days,

“Big with the fate of Turkeys, and of Geese!”

By way of specimen, I shall conclude with a Dutch Bill of fare, of which I made a N. B. in my pocket-book, immediately on getting home from the last cramming-bout to which I had the honour of being invited. I shall only premise that we were only 14 persons at table. Mem.—It was a supper.

TOP.

A very large fillet of veal *bak'd*, and forc'd-meat balls.

An immense fallad.

A forc'd pike, of 25lb. weight.

Pan full of stewed pears.

Yard wide pye, of all meats, birds, and beasts.

Pan full of apples.

Another monster of a pike, four sauce, 20lb. ditto.

Sallad bowl of different pickles.

Whole quarter of sheepish lamb, roasted.

BOTTOM.

N. B. Nothing left but the large bones and plates.

To which pleasant, but faithful description, I shall only ask with the Poet,

"Is this a supper, this a genial room?"

"No, it's a temple and a hecatomb!"

"Treated, carefs'd and tir'd, I take my leave."

There are dispersed over the provinces of Holland, of Prussia, and of Germany, various towns, bourgs, and villages, which amongst other privileges possess that of affording protection to fugitives for debt: and there are some which offer an asylum even for crimes. Of these Vianne, Cleves, and Neuweid, may be mentioned amongst others. They are either free towns, or independent seigneuries. The former have usually taken their rise from the exigence

Stew'd Endive.

Plumb pudding.

Near a peck of boiled potatoes.

Pears boiled in the shell.

Half-yard sweet pye.

Vast dish of forc'd.

gence of the state, which has often made the Prince a borrower of the people. The Emperors frequently wanting supplies of money to carry on their wars, or for other occasions, have hired large sums of great trading towns, and paid the debt in certain extra grants, privileges, and immunities, making them independent of the governors of the provinces or districts where those towns stood, or in their neighbourhood. Accordingly such places remain free; exercising all kinds of sovereign power, with the right of enacting laws, constituting authorities, courts of justice, and coining, as well as of offering a sanctuary to strangers, debtors, &c. &c.—I am sorry to inform you, that this latter privilege is not seldom made a revenue of the town, or the seigneur, or a perquisite of office. But it must be owned the fee is not large,—a guinea or two for instance per person, which makes your person sacred beyond limitation, provided nevertheless you conform peaceably to the laws of the land where you establish your residence, which it is certainly not only decent but easy to do, as they are no way rigorous in themselves, and the protected places are for the most part situated in a fine country.

Vianne, for instance, is built on the banks of a fine river, on the confine of the beautiful province of Utrecht, nearly half way betwixt Rotterdam and Nimeguen. It remains possessed of all rights of Seigneurship independent of Holland. It is supposed to be the Fanum Dianæ, of which Ptolemy makes mention.

The towns and villages of the Dutchy of Cleves already live in my description, and I trust in the reader's memory. And should misfortune find it necessary to take refuge in either of these he will pass his days or years of exile amidst the beauty and health of nature.

With respect to Neuwied, independent of giving

"The poor, and the unhappy,

"A privilege to enter,"

it

it has claims on our attention, being one of the most agreeable towns, and placed in one of the most charming countries of Europe. The account of it is sufficiently popular, but the best Gleaning of it is by the author of the journey, or rather voyage of the Rhine, a work I have already commended.

“It is in this town, says he, that the writer of these pages—a victim of French despotism, has found refuge, honour, and happiness; after having been despoiled of 1,400,000 livres, and driven from a country that was dear to him. It is in this free and sacred land he at length is permitted to reside in peace with his rescued family. And here, also, it is, that he announces a virtuous Prince, and a gentle race, to philosophers, men of letters and of humanity—to peaceable citizens, and to ingenious artists—to honest labourers, and to the worthy of all descriptions, who like him may be expelled from the scenes of rapine and desolation.”

The gratitude of this author for the protection he received, has not seduced him into effusions of praise, which exceed the truth. The sweet sejour of Neuweid merits all he has said of it. It is situated on the borders of the Rhine, betwixt Bonne and Coblentz. The country is agreeable, the inhabitants sociable, and the air wholesome. Vines and orchards surround it. Hills and vallies smile on every side. The water is particularly excellent, the corn good and abundant. Butcher's meat in all its variety, and a no less plenty of vegetables, fruit, fish, fowl, and game. Lodgings are reasonable, and elegant. The prime of every commodity from the famous fairs of Bonne, Coblentz, Mayence, and Franckfort, as well as from Holland, are to be had at Neuweid, as they can come by water to your very door. And to crown the whole the reigning prince is a man of politeness, urbanity, genius, peace, and benevolence. He is descended from one of the most honourable and ancient houses, and what is better,

he

he is in every sense of the term an HONEST MAN! Of the prince, of his family, and of his palace of Mount-Repose, (two leagues from Neuweid) a thousand fine things have been said by the ingenious writer above-mentioned, but after what I have just termed him, would not all these go to an anti-climax :

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

Amongst the objectionable things which an English traveller will find in Prussia, Westphalia, and through all the Catholic countries, is the frequency of holy-days, feasts, fasts, and fairs.

I would have every creature adore his Creator, according to the customs of his country, and resort to the places of worship as often as his piety inclines. But I cannot fail to regret that the church should exact an observance of mere ceremonies which trench on the duties of social life, being convinced that a performance of these is a part of religion. It is the result of reiterated observation that enables me to assure you nearly the half of a servant's and labourer's time is taken up in the churches, and very frequently made the pretext for a neglect of necessary business, and, indeed, promotes idleness. I have always noted that the most church going people in this country are the worst domestics, the most supine, and the most superstitious. How it happens I know not, but religion in this country seldom works the blood into enthusiasm: the being righteous overmuch in Germany more commonly produces a moody torpid stupidity. Methodists and other fanatic sectaries are rare. These bodies amongst us produce, you know, ebullitions of zeal that ferment to distraction. It is in England a raging madness; in the German dominions a gloomy melancholy; and with respect to society, the latter is the evil most to be lamented. The first is a violent fit, and passes soon away, and though the returns of the paroxysm are quick, the intervals admit of some

some activity in secular affairs. But the German malady after sending a man from his honest employments, his master and his family, two or three days in the week without counting Sunday, continues him in a kind of religious apathy all the rest of the year. On the holy-days it is with great difficulty a cook will dress dinner, or a chambermaid toss up the beds. If you want bread it must be made and baked the day before: to put an hand in the oven would be sacrilege, and to fetch a pail of water an offence laid up amongst others for next confession. The consequence of all this is, that after they have run in and out of the church till they are weary, you will see them in lazy circles stand about the streets with folded arms and gapeing mouths, or sleeping in their houses, kitchens, &c. At intervals, however, they wake to the recollection of the Saint in whose honour the fête is instituted, and renew their aspirations. It is common to hear them break forth in the midst of any ordinary occupation, even during the few days their religion suffers them to work, into an hymn or spiritual song. I once passed some months in an house where a peasant servant to his other businesses, added that of a barber; and under whose razor, (being in a small country place,) I came almost every day. He had been used on my first employing him only to reap the chins of the rustics, and any thing that could cut stubble would answer that purpose; for, besides that it is the general practice for the gentry of Germany to shave only once a-week, a German chin after it has been shaved would turn the edge of a Dutch razor. When the man, therefore, came upon a face that called for daily scraping, and found it had been used to gentle usage, he looked upon it as so arduous an undertaking, that he called in all the might of his religion to strengthen his arm, and incontinently retired into a little chapel adjoining the house, both before and after the operation; first for going through his job with judgment, and then in thanksgiving,

thanksgiving, for having performed it without cutting my throat. On these occasions he always sung two staves of the same psalm, and with so much violence of lungs that one would think he imagined heaven would be deaf to his prayers. Indeed I often thought so too, for, notwithstanding his bawling, if my chin and throat came off with no more than half a dozen slashes, the blood gushing at each, I reckoned it a morning of escape. But this fellow would sometimes burst forth into a musical howl at mealtime, with the meat in his mouth; and yet, having a few acres of ground now and then to reap and mow, also, if too much sun, or rain, or frost, or snow, thinned his crops, he would be as full of growl against the good God of seasons, as if he were—a French Republican!

Fairs, or what they call Kermisses, are very proper supplements to their fasts and holy-days: not that those are more numerous than in England, but because it is the custom for the servants to visit every kermis, at whatever distance, where she or they have a friend, or relation: and as each kermis lasts a week, and as it is thought very hard if the permission is not given for at least a couple of days at each, you may guess in what a situation families are left betwixt one practice and another. If by accident you call on a friend, and stay dinner, the cook is gone to the kermis, or to the church, or else it is a fast-day, and she can do nothing, but drink coffee *eight or ten times*, and go to the kirk.

Yet a kermis, particularly a village one, is worth seeing. It is an annual association of all the scattered parts of a man's family and friends. I attended one in Westphalia, on a principle of that general curiosity which carries me every where. But having no village connexions while at Cleves, I wandered about a little place in the neighbourhood during kermis time. The first joyful groupe which I saw gathered together arrested my step. I stood leaning on the gate of a large farm yard, at the farther end of
which

which I observed a number of persons sitting round a table, and others dancing, and almost every body singing. The first glimpse of a stranger brings an invitation, especially on public occasions. This urbanity is almost universal in Westphalia. I followed a courteous introducer who led me to the master and mistress of the house. Their testimonies of welcome came so fast upon me, that had I eat and drank of half the different good things which were set before me, I must have been *killed with kindness* on the spot. I soon understood that I was at the house of a farmer, whose happy family from great grandfather to grandchild, were amongst the guests: and all these different characters on the stage of human life, were dancing on a grass plat behind the great barn, and all such as were or had been married, arrayed in their bridal dresses. One of the brothers' wives introduced a suckling of two months to the great-grandfather, who was enjoying health, in the sight of four and thirty relations, and in the 87th year of his age! It was a *banquet* for a good natured spectator to see the joy with which the old man danced the little creature on his knee, then presented him to the other parts of his family, according to seniority, that the youngling might have a *kermis-kiss* from all his kindred. But the pretty mother! How I wish that you had seen the mother during this transaction:—not on account of her prettiness, but because the finest blushes that ever circulated from the heart into the countenance, and the softest tears that maternal fondness ever brought into the face of a lovely young woman, would then have been enjoyed by my friend! and it was her first child! and it had been a match of love; and the babe, according to its parents wish was a son, and according to family wishes also, it bore the name of its great-grandfire, and was thought, by affection (who takes likenesses you know in a moment) to inherit the hue of the eyes and some of the features. The attitude, half bending over it, in its circuit, as it passed

fed from the arms of one relation to those of another, was a subject for painting, and might have been highly finished; but the extacy in which, at the end of the ceremony, she received, and the kisses with which she covered it, were beyond the reach of human pencil, and required all the powers of nature who works in colours “dipt in heaven.” After this every body drank health, and many more happy *family fêtes* to the old man; who, in return, pledged a bumper of Rhenish to the company; one of the sons assured me that the veteran’s maladies were slight, and always cured by a visit to one or other of his family. His medical son *prescribed* this affectionate remedy: thus when his own home became a little solitary, the good old man went to another: and as all the family live within a short distance from the ancient mansion of this their forefather, there is a cure within reach for every disorder; he gets rid of a cold at the house of one child, of a *fever* at that of another, of a touch of the rheumatism at a third’s, and at a fourth’s of an head-ach. Upon getting a little more into the private history of the house, (from a guest who was my next hand neighbour, and just animated enough with wine to become a benevolent historian) I found that the grand children were worthy of the fire; for that all the brothers, of which there were nine, had entered into a social domestic compact, the particular articles of which had been committed to writing; that in the course of affairs, they were mutually to serve each other, either with a sum of money, or any other assistance, suited to the nature and necessity of the case. And as if Providence intended to try the virtue and sincerity of each, all the brothers in turn *wanted* and *found* a friend in the good offices of each other.—Ah, my friend, we have not got all the simplicity, happiness, and virtue to ourselves: and God forbid we ever should have. How blessed to share them, as they *are* shared, with all the human race!

I have

I have gleaned various instances of their being dispersed over these divisions of the globe. I have shewn to you the natural affections blooming in Holland, Cambria, and Westphalia. Permit me now to present to you one more example, of which I was an eye witness in the first mentioned country.

In a trip from the Hague to Rotterdam, and from thence to Haarlem, I was just in time for the after-dinner boat to get a place in the cabin, and to see an aged mother and her daughter give and receive the farewell looks, expressions, and embraces, to and from some friends and relatives. Never did I see the feelings of the heart shine with more lucid brightness while each was in view of the other; nor descend in more tender tears when they could behold each other no longer. As the boat moved on, the groupe on shore followed as long as they could at the edges of the canal, and the party in the cabin thrust their heads out of the door to catch the kind looks and sayings, till the horse being hooked to the schuyt, they could no longer keep pace with us. The succeeding moments were passed in deep sighs on the part of the mother, and tears on that of the daughter, neither of whom took any more notice of me, nor of any other person in the cabin, than of the cushions they sat on. A person in the corner told me these people would, perhaps, never see each other again for some years, as the mother and daughter were going to settle in North Holland.

I was prepared to hear him say North America at least; but to people *untravelling*, a separation of fifty miles is an immeasurable distance. And the sympathy of divided affection extends the space to infinity! The silence was long, and I honoured them for it; had there been a cranny in their hearts for the entrance of common place curiosity, or for conversation with a stranger, I should have deemed it a robbery of what was due to their absent friends. I perceived the daughter to strain her longing eyes towards

the only opening at which there might be a *possibility* of catching a parting glimpse of her relations, and I discovered at the same time, that I intercepted her sight—would to heaven that stranger did not sit betwixt me and my friends, was the sentiment written in every line of her face : but as she continued to look, I gave her all the chances she could expect by moving my position. No sooner had I done so than she exclaimed—I see poor Catherine's cloak, and the skirt of Sally's gown, through the window ! The glow of that friendship which is so deliciously animating in the days of our youth, flushed her cheeks ; but it was sweetly blended also with the gratitude, which, at that period of our lives, gives such a colouring and grace to the complexion ; after this she farther won my regard by such a pensive cast of the head, and direction of the eyes, as plainly indicated her heart was returning to the Hague, with her friends, and she took little or no notice of any thing, or any body else, during the rest of the voyage.

I have slightly mentioned to you somewhere the love of ornament amongst the Dutch, as inconsistent with the weight, not to say heaviness, of their appearance. I think this over-finery is to be discovered principally in their liveries, which are often gaudy and rich, *sometimes* elegant. It is exhibited also in their furniture, barges, chimneys, china, and mills. It even shews itself in certain indescribable places, yet, generally speaking, all these things are so out of keeping with their own figures and fashions—such, for instance, as their deep brown or blue suits of Dutch homespun or Prussian, their unyielding features, immense breeches, preposterous petticoats, stupendous hip-pads, and measured pace—that they seem as little of a piece as if the said homespun jerkins, &c. were to be trimmed with gold and silver foils and fringes.

As to the *waterfaring men* (fresh or salt) they are *bebuttoned* from top to toe, each button, not excepting those of the waist band, a third part larger than an English crown-piece, and
always

always of solid silver. One whimsical fellow, who was master of a fishing-smack, used to exhibit himself with a suit of coarse blue bays, or serge, the coat buttons of which were Zealand rix-dollars (a piece of silver the size of our crown) the waistcoat was buttoned with florins, the trousers with schellings (larger than our shilling) the waistband and flaps with pieces of thirty stivers (half-a-crown), his check shirt with dublikys (silver two-pences), and his shoes were fastened by twenty-eight stiver pieces, cut into clasps, and a gilder for the button of his hat; which hat was, in itself, a curiosity, being folded into three corners, in the way that grocers make up their penny-worths, into long bags of white-brown paper, which, you know, are,

“ Small by degrees, and *whimsically* less.”

Indeed even the *higher* class of Hollanders are too full of button, wearing four where an Englishman would content himself with one, and placing them so close that it is quite a labour to fasten and loose them.

I have praised the Dutch neatness; it is *worthy* of praise; but occasionally carried to excess. It now and then goes into caricature. You have always the fear of the pail and scrubbing brushes before your eyes. On the grand cleaning day, which here is Friday, the maid servants are to be seen puddling below, ankle-deep, and spouting above at the windows as if they were playing off an engine to extinguish a conflagration; although the great end proposed, is only to wash away the dust that may have gathered on the sashes, in the course of the week. An English traveller who comes from the comfort of a dry room, or whose state of health would suffer from damp, must reconcile to this *désagrement* as well as he can; as he will, from an intention of civility, be shewn into an apartment just washed, he had better double his defence, by an additional pair of socks, or stockings; for the Dutch landlord would deem it rude to take his guest into a room
that

that has not been laid under water since the last company went out of it, and were you to argue against the thing, he would set you down as a dirty traveller, who did not know how to behave yourself in a clean country.

Through every part of Holland, the natives are great observers of symmetry. Is a brush, for example, part of the furniture of a room, it will be found hanging up, equidistant with another of the same size, shape, and fashion, to answer it.

"Cup faces cup, each saucer has its brother,

"And half the cup-board just reflects the other."

This matter is also spoken to in former Gleaning.

But with respect to the modes of *dressing*, it is out of my memory whether I have before mentioned a great and general resemblance betwixt the Welch and German peasantry. At least eighty out of every hundred of the latter are habited in the dark blue, or deep brown of the former, and have a number of customs in common, which is the less to be wondered at, when we consider the mixture of the two nations, when the Saxons, sometimes by treachery, sometimes by invitation, and sometimes by invasion, became masters or partners of Cambria. But so many ages having passed away since the Saxon heptarchy, and even since the expulsion of the Germans, whether friends or enemies, from the principality of Wales, it was curious enough for a traveller, who had just been gleaning that country, to find such a general resemblance in the dress, air, habits, and even features of a people so remote, and with which, modernly speaking, they had not, nor ever could have, the slightest intercourse.

"They who came over out of Germany into Wales (says
 "Caradoc) to aid the Britons against their enemies, the
 "Picts and Scots, were partly Saxons, Angles, and Juthes;
 "from the first of which came the people of Essex,
 "Suffex, Middlesex, and the West Saxons; from the
 "Angles,

“Angles, the East Angles and the Mercians, and they
“that inhabited the North side of the Humber; from the
“Juthes, the Kentish men, and they who settled in the
“Isle of Wight.”

Thus the English nation and its appendages, like the English language, appear to be a compound of every other country, and, particularly, of Germany. From settlements, marriages, descents, &c. it is reasonable that there should be preserved some family customs and family features. A likeness of countenance may be traced, indeed, through all classes of the Empires of Germany and Great Britain: and the former being certainly (taken as an whole) a brave, ingenious, and generous nation, I was pleased to trace the similitude, and admit the original alliance. Time has worn out the resentments; but whatever brings to memory a bond of connexion, and of amity, though formed between individuals or countries three thousand years ago, has a charm for the heart. Had I but the hem of a garment in my possession, that had been worn by the greatest foe of my family on the day of reconciliation, or at the moment that he came to my ancestor (whom he had injured) to avow, and to repent of, the wrong, and to promise future loving-kindness,—that fragment of the dress should have a place in my wardrobe, and be held as a memorial.

With regard to the ancient Germans, were we to take a comparative view of them, and of the ancient Britons, we should find a similitude in the features of their minds as well as manners, especially in the grand articles of war and religion. The heroes, sages, and priests of one country, had their counterparts in the other; had Cambria her Druids, Bards, and Chiefs, that devoted themselves to wounds and death, for the sake of God and their country, conformably to the sacrifice, the chivalry, and worship of the times, the Germanic nations had holy, brave, and wise men who corresponded to these characters, and afford additional

additional evidence of their having borrowed manners, maxims, and superstitions, from one another.

In order to throw lustre on the parallel. I will pick a little historical Gleaning of what I remember. We venerate the tradidionary independence which animated the ancient Welch. The ancient Germans cultured the same spirit. The Roman historian reports them to respect only those duties, which they imposed on themselves. The noblest youths blushed not to be numbered amongst the faithful companions of some renowned chiefs, to whom they devoted their arms and service. A noble emulation prevailed amongst the companions to obtain the first place in the esteem of their chief; amongst the chiefs to acquire the greatest number of valliant companions. The glory of such distinguished heroes diffused itself beyond the narrow limits of their own tribe. In the hour of danger it was shameful for the chief to be surpassed in valour by his companions; shameful for the companions not to equal the valour of their chief. To suovive his fall in battle was indelible infamy. To pretekt his person, and to adorn his glory with the trophies of their own exploits, were the most sacred of their duties. The chiefs combated for the victory, the companions for the chief. The noblest warriors, whenever their native country was sunk in the laziness of peace, maintained their numerous bands in some distant scene of action, to exercise their restless spirit, and to acquire renown by voluntary dangers. Gifts, worthy of soldiers, the warlike steed, the bloody and ever victorious lance, were the rewards which the companions claimed from the liberality of their chief. The rude plenty of his hospitable board was the only pay that *he* could bestow, or *they* would accept. War, and the free-will offerings of his friends supplied this munificence.

But, to use the language of Bishop Hurd on another occasion, and apply them to this, lest you should think my love of antiquity has operated like enchantment, in regard

gard to the ancient German chiefs and companions, I must desire you to consider the courage and conduct of the modern ones, who have so long, and so nobly, and almost without a day's recess, repelled the hordes of France, when almost *her whole population has been forced into the field*. Can we discover, in times past, a braver, a more faithful, or a more persevering body of men, than those subjects of Austria, who are, at this very moment, under command of Beaulieu, Clairfait, and Cobourg? Each of whom might certainly hold a place in the temple of Victory as distinguished as any general that Rome had to boast. Nor could the boldest of the race of Cadwallader be dishonoured by an alliance with the sublime progenitors of these illustrious descendents.

It is painful to observe that the religious zeal of the old Germans was as wild, savage, and *fatal*, as that of the ancient Britons, and that the fanatic ministers of the one answered to the Druids of the other. Both were alike able to persuade, that, "by some ridiculous arts of divination, they could discover the will of the superior beings; and both taught that human sacrifices were the most precious and acceptable offerings to their altars. The Germanic, like the Druidical temples, were in dark and ancient groves, consecrated by the reverence of succeeding generations. "Their secret gloom, the imagined residence of "an invisible power (says Gibbon) by presenting no distinct object of fear, or worship, impressed the mind "with a still deeper sense of religious horror." I am sorry to discover a yet stricter similitude between the priests of Germany, and the Druids of Wales: the former no less than the latter, we are informed, had been taught by experience the use of every artifice that could preserve and fortify impressions so well suited to their own interests; and it has been finely remarked, that the same ignorance which renders barbarians incapable of conceiving, and of embracing, the useful restraints of law, exposes the naked
and

and unarmed to the blind terrors of superstition. The German priests, improving this favourable temper of their countrymen, even in temporal concerns, which the magistrate could not venture to exercise; and the defects of civil policy, were sometimes, supplied by the interposition of ecclesiastical authority.

We find, too, that ancient Germany, like ancient Britain, had her bards, whose genius, character, and office, were extremely alike in one country and in the other. It is not easily to be conceived, says one of Rome's best historians, how this singular order of men, (speaking of the German bards) contrived to kindle the enthusiasm of arms and glory in the breasts of their audience. It was in the hour of battle, or in the feast of victory, that they celebrated the glory of heroes of ancient days, the ancestors of those warlike chieftains who listened with transport to the animated strains. The view of arms, of victory, and of danger, heightened the effect of the military song, and the passions which it tended to excite, the desire of fame, and the contempt of death, were the habitual sentiments of a German mind.

We may easily suppose, that with the help of a glowing imagination, which was not wanting, the audience imputed to the bards of Germany all the power which poetry herself has, in some of her noblest flights, attributed to the bards of Wales.—

“ Cadwallo's tongue
That hush'd the stormy main,
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capt head.”

Nor have the Princes of Germany degenerated from their ancestry, none of whom have higher claims on the love of the people, or the eulogy of the modern bards, than the amiable and youthful monarch, who now fills the imperial throne. Of his warlike achievements, during the present campaign, the trump of fame has sufficiently informed

ed

ed you, but there is a trait of his *heart* in private and domestic life, which I receive from the most unquestionable authority, and which will endear him to you more than a thousand victories.

Joseph the second, who was an œconomist, left to Leopold (who did not live long enough, after he became Emperor, to dissipate them) an unincumbered diadem and immense treasures. These all concentered in the present Emperor, to whom was bequeathed the disposal of them so unconditionally, that the dowager empress his mother was, in a manner, rather a dependent on his bounty, than possessed of powers in herself to claim as widow, wife, and mother. No sooner did the youth find himself thus dangerously placed, than he resolved to put it out of his *own* power to act unbecoming the son of an Empress and Queen. Convening, therefore, his court and council, he appropriated an early day for his coronation, or rather nomination to the emperorship,—the regular ceremony being performed long after at Frankfort,—and he intreated the honour that the Queen Dowager would assist at it. The assembly was brilliant, the young monarch rose in the midst of it, and holding in his hand a scroll, thus addressed himself to his ministers, in the presence of thousands of his subjects.—“ I perceive a passage of great importance is omitted in the will of my royal father. No suitable, independent provision has been made for my beloved and imperial mother. The long tried virtues of that noble lady, the tender confidence and domestic love, in which she lived with my father, convince me, that it never could have been intended, that so good a wife, so kind a parent, and so excellent a woman, could be left in a state of dependence on her son. Much more likely is it that the son should have been bequeathed to the commands, indulgence, and management of his mother. Or if it *was* intended that the son should *receive* the whole revenues of the empire, it could only be in confidence that he would
act

act as her agent, and see that her private, her natural, and proper rights were paid into her coffers with the least care and inconvenience to herself.

“In the latter case, I hope I should be found, throughout my reign, a faithful steward of my dear parent and of the people; and, supposing, for a moment, this case a possible one, I cannot be insensible to the exalted affection and esteem the late Emperor and King must have for me, that he could, after death, confide the fortunes of such a wife to the trust of his son. But human nature is so frail, and the trust is so awful, that I tremble while I possess it; and cannot, indeed, be easy, till I have disburthened myself of the weight it imposes. To this end, my loving friends, ministers and subjects, I have herein bound myself, (shewing the scroll) by an instrument of the last solemnity, to become responsible in a yearly sum suited to her rank although inferior to her deservings. And I have, as nearly as may be, made this disposition from my private funds, and from sources the least likely to infringe on, or to affect, the treasures of the state, which I hold in trust *also*,—for the honour of my empire, and the prosperity of Austria; yet I consider myself as called upon by my subjects to explain, account for, and justify every expenditure, before I make an arrangement in favour of any part of my own family: But I feel at the same time, that it is an act of duty and justice on my part, which will be crowned by the sanction of all my people.

“Here then, madam, continued the royal youth, dropping on his knee as he descended from his throne, and presenting the scroll—here is the deed by which I relieve myself from an insupportable burthen,—the idea of your majesty’s becoming the victim of a son’s weakness, indiscretion, or ingratitude: and you will find that I have, by the same act, taken the liberty to appoint you the guardian of my youth, in all that can properly be called (if any thing can) my *private fortunes*. I retain in my hand the *public*

treasures,

treasures, because the weight of them would, from the multiplicity of demands, be attended with fatigue to you: but I shall not fail, from time to time, as exigences may arise, to derive benefit, in their application, from your known wisdom, goodness of heart and judgment, and your love of the empire."

With regard to the public, one might very reasonably expect from such an outset, what happened in the progress of the reign of this monarch;—we were prepared for his having almost emptied the coffers of his private property, and almost stript his palace of his furniture, many of its necessaries, and all its luxuries before he invited the assistance of his people to carry on this unparalleled war, for their sake, for his own, and that of human kind! It is a literal fact that he sent all his gold and silver services of plate to the mint, and now contents himself with common porcelain. Should the *invasion of the rights of men* continue, he will, probably, be reduced to earthen ware, and to shew that his spirit in the field is equal to his generous sacrifices at home, he left a beloved wife, in the most affecting crisis of a woman's life, to be the first in danger as in honour. He is now only in the twenty-fourth year of his age,—surely nothing but a Carmagnol could wish to shorten the life of such a monarch, or of such a man! but the *name* of King includes tyranny it seems; and every head "that wears a crown," according to the new system, deserves to lose it! The rule does not admit of an exception. Notwithstanding which, I shall hazard the *treason* to wish that the present Emperor of Germany, the present King of Great-Britain, and of every other Prince *like unto them*, may survive, not only the malicious plots of their enemies, whether secret, or avowed, but the *enemies themselves!* and, I trust, I should have firmness and loyalty enough to breathe this wish! this prayer! though it should bring
me

me to the edge of that instrument, which, for a similar offence, has immolated such hecatombs of victims.

Yet there are, amongst the subjects even of this beloved Sovereign, many thousands of persons who would aid and abet these extirpations of royalty, in planting a dagger in his heart!—The Brabançons, the people of Liege, and many large bodies of the *higher*, as well as *lower* parts of the empire, conceal their treason in applause, and their discontent in flattery, but lie in wait for an occasion, like the folded serpent in the grass, to sting the bosom that nourishes, and arrest the arm which defends them. This is so true, that in Germany, as in other parts of the world, the foe *within our gates*, and even our familiar friends, who can smile upon their master and be villains, are more to be dreaded than the external enemy. Against the open violence of the latter we can guard, and force may be opposed to force; but, from the insidious machinations of the first, the hour of confidence may be that of treachery, and the moment of apparent endearment may mingle poisons, wounds, and death with embraces.

Amidst so much unnatural conduct in different parts of the world, it is as *refreshing* as rare to meet with an instance of loyalty, in *any* part of it. Such was the splendid and spirited offer of the little town or rather village of Broek in North Holland, whose beauties and singularities I gave in a former Gleaning. The inhabitants of this place sent word to the Stadtholder and the States General, that if either the armies, or the treasuries of the provinces, wanted assistance, the patriot gift of twenty or thirty tons of silver, and five or ten of gold, should not be wanting!—but, alas!—on the *per contra* side of this solitary fact, what a long list of murmurs, rebellions, massacres, and of treasons, might not be set down, even in the span of earth and water that appertains to the Dutch!—to go no farther. And though the last revolution threw *them* fifty years behind hand in wealth, and credit, and an hundred in felicity,

city, and cost them thirty-two millions of florins besides, they are, *bursting ripe for another revolution!*—adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Cologne.

WE have now given a general Gleaning of Westphalia, as well as of Holland and Guelderland,

“Tried what the open, what the coverts yield.”

From Cleves, Wezel, Emeric, or any of the port towns, right to left, you may bend your way to Spa, Chaud Fontaine, Aix la Chapelle, or any other place which fashion, the arts of men, and the streams of nature have made popular; but of which the description, the virtues, &c. are as familiar as the springs of Islington. From hence, also, your path lies easy and direct by water or by land, to all the *other* parts of Germany, including its dependent circles. From this town of Cologne, the *world* is all before you. To this ancient and imperial place you may come even from Rotterdam, (by boats of business or of pleasure,) along two of the noblest rivers in Europe, the Meuse and the Rhine; the delicious course of which I should certainly describe more particularly, and indeed have Gleaning materials to this end, but that, since I collected them, a work has fallen into my hands which I recommend to yours, because it is written with elegance and truth; and because it may now be perused with pleasure by *all* my readers, as I am informed a good translation of it has just made its appearance in England. It has for title, in the original “*voyage sur le Rhin, depuis Mayence*”

Mayence jusqu'à Duffeldorf,"—a voyage or journey by the banks of the Rhine, from Mayence to Duffeldorf.

But although this ample tract of land and water lies, as I said, before you, it is not *now* either an easy or an eligible path; for "storms and desolations rest upon it." At the time I paid it my earliest visit, you could not take a direction, amidst a thousand routes, that did not present even *more*, than the ingenious work just mentioned has spoken to, of every *agrement* a traveller can desire, but now—in short, my loved friend, the charm is dissolved,—I have strayed with you amongst fragrance and fertility, and pursued the devious walk till we have literally

"wander'd into a sea of blood"!

Forgive me. I own it was a stratagem; but done in kindness. I wished, as long as possible, to make you forget and to keep you from these confines of "sin and death", to which we were approaching:

"Veil'd in a shower of shadowing roses".*

You have, hitherto, scarcely perceived that all along I have been conducting you to the very scenes of action, where even at this moment, "the battle bleeds in every vein".

"Hark! heard ye not yon giant tread?"

"Heard ye not yon footsteps dread?"

"Tis War.†"

I need not inform you, dear friend, who have ever a clue to my wanderings, that soon after your receipt of my last, I in a manner escaped to England, and during my very short stay there, sent you an ‡ history of my sensations; but no sooner, as you know, had I refreshed my spirit at the sight of so much peace and plenty, gratified my heart by the transient view of some who were dear to me at home, and heard of some important successes abroad, I followed

* Thomson.

† Mason.

‡ The history here alluded to, is that which appears in the introduction, what the Author has called Gleanings at home.

followed once more the bent of my "truant disposition", and revisited the scenes from which I had been driven: It was as you recollect in the midst of a month that would soon have ripened all the fruits of the earth, and made "the heart of the husbandman sing for joy", had not his hopes been destroyed, torn up by the roots and trampled under the foot of the merciless enemy. I repassed all my ancient paths, and to a certain distance found some traces of the lovely scenery I had left, and which I have already Gleaned for you. I advanced a little, and soon came to the *extreme edge of peace*. Words, were they written by Shakespeare's pen, could not duly describe the change which had taken place in the space of an hundred yards farther, measuring from the spot from whence peace, plenty, and nature, seemed to have taken flight, as if, like other terrified emigrants, they had sought protection in our Queen of Isles.

A small arm of the Rhine separated me from a territory that had, some few weeks before, been the scene of an action, which, though short, had been bloody. I passed over,—and the rest of the river for many a league, blushed to fancy like the Rubicon. The earth for several miles gave note of what had been doing in absence of the Gleaner. An harvest, alas, of the sword instead of the scythe had been made, and whole ranks of human creatures, as well as the grass and corn, had been mown down,—an iron harvest!—Flocks and herds had been so effectually driven away, or destroyed, that although it was celebrated as a country for the choicest cattle, and I had so often *seen* them cover the banks, neither the lowe of * an heifer nor the bleat of a lamb was to be heard.

VOL. II.

Z

A few

* By way of shewing you how these worthy gentlemen, who are said to be fighting for the liberties of mankind, *then* conducted themselves, when they took possession of other people's property, I have gleaned for you a correct copy of one of their edicts, issued on the day after their entering Prussian Guelderland, even when they came as friends, on a visit of *confraternity*.

A few sad birds, in melancholy notes chanted a funeral dirge over their ruined bowers and thickets, most of which

Au nom de la Republique Françoise!

Il est ordonné aux administrateurs, treforiers, et receveurs quelconques, des droits, et impositions dans le Gueldre Prussienne, &c. de ne verser leurs recettes, qu'entre les mains des personnes commises par leur différentes communautés; à l'effet de faire le levée des contributions imposées au nom de la Republique Françoise, jusqu'à parfait et entier payement.

Il est aussi expressement defendu de faire sortir des dites provinces aucune bestiaux, vivres, ou fourrages avant d'avoir satisfait aux engagements qu'elles ont contractées vis à vis de la Republique Françoise, sous peine d'encourir sa disgrâce, et d'être traité comme ses ennemis.

Le General commandant l'avant garde de l'armée du Nord,

(Signé)

LE MARLIERE.

Au Quartier General à Ruremonde, le 23me. Decembre, 1792, l'année première de la Republique.

TRANSLATION.

In the name of the French Republic!

This is to give notice, that all administrators, treasurers, stewards, agents, &c. whatsoever, in Prussian Guelderland, shall not give any receipts or pay any money, except into the hands of the commissioners appointed and authorised on the part of the French Republic, until the whole contribution be paid, as ordered by General La Maliere.

And it is by virtue of the said authority, strictly forbidden to let any manner of provisions, beasts, or forage, go out of the said provinces until the said engagements with the Republic of France are fulfilled, upon pain of incurring its disgrace, and of being treated as its enemy!

So much for French brotherhood.

In the very little village of Swoegen, consisting of half a dozen poor farms and a few cottages, was a levy, (besides their quota of the provisions,) of 1500 florins.

In that of Mierlo, not much larger, 2000 florins.

In other parts of Prussian Guelderland, 200,000 florins.

Forage, 100,000 florins.

Besides eating, drinking, during the possession of the country.

N. B. Most of the beautiful trees, walks, shrubberies, &c. destroyed by way of frolic, as these honest patriots amused themselves during the leisure of victory.

which had been "hewn down and cast into the fire." In one of these groves, being at a walking distance from the neighbouring town where I made one of my gleaning pauses, I had in a former visit been at some pains to form a seat of fresh fods, to discipline the foliage on either side, and canopy the branches above, chiefly because it was in the neighbourhood of two or three nightingales, who sang their forrows to each other, and because a stockdove had built in the back ground. And it had the farther *agrément* of a brook, that after an hundred fantastic mazes, amongst the meadows and fields adjacent, took its course along the underwood, through which I could see it stream as I sat, and I could besides hear it dispute and struggle with the impediments it found in its way. Of these it complained so gently, as very well to associate with the notes of my dove and nightingales. Although I had thrown the arching of my alcove, as far forward, cave like, as I could, with a design to exclude too obtrusive a visit of the sun, and of the world, I could observe at the openings of the oak branches part of a fine field of springing corn, and catch a glimpse of some steeples on the one hand, and several farm-houses and cottages on the other: So that the *sout ensemble*, you will conceive, afforded to a man of poetry and peace all that his heart could desire. In this retreat I had passed many a sunsetting, and not seldom a sun-rising hour. I returned to lament the change. All that side of the grove which screened and furnished branches for my alcove, was cut away by a sanguine banditti, who came, *sword in hand*, into these environs. The hand of wantonness had hacked off with the sabre whole nurseries of firs and poplars. Most of the houses had been burnt down, and the wretched inhabitants plundered of all their little stores. Some were dead of wounds, some of grief, the rest wandered about the world in search of the very few, who, with the disposition, had the power of benevolence.

The fields which I left so full of vernal promise were despoiled; not an handful of grain remained for a *Gleaner*, who was now literally left to pick his scanty subsistence amidst thorns and briars; and though the steeples of some churches were yet to be seen, they could be viewed only as the monuments of that dreadful sacrilege which had been committed within. I entered one of these, and found it had, in real and dreadful truth, been turned into a den of thieves. The altars were broken down, and the fragments stained with the blood of its ministers; the ruthless soldiery had converted the most holy places into the most obscene; indecent allusions and impious mottoes were pencilled on the windows, doors, and even on the sainted reliques; and the images of the Redeemer were demolished, with every mark of mockery and scorn*. Several
tombs

* In that sheaf of our Gleaning, gathered in and sent you from Wales, I forgot to mention, and, indeed, it will come in better at this place, that when I was at Bangor, the Warder of the cathedral of that episcopal city told me, that one of its ancient bishops was struck blind by a thunderbolt from heaven, for the sacrilegious act of selling the bells. The consternation of the Warder, on recounting this as we stood discoursing under the bellfry, could scarce have been exceeded, had the thunderbolt fallen on his own head. What would this honest son of simplicity have concluded, had I been then able to inform him, that the French were cutting off the heads, and mangling the limbs, of *their* bishops, not for selling the revenues of the church, but for daring to assist at, and administer divine worship, for attachment to their king, for believing in a Saviour of the world, and for not turning apostate to their God: nay, furthermore, that they condemned the holy men, most eminent for talents and piety, to the stake, the cannon, the musket, or the guillotine; and, lastly, that so far from sparing the bells on account of their sanctity, that they convert them into instruments of murder—the murder of the best priests, the best citizens, and the best of men! And, by way of closing the climax of sacrilege, were I to observe that a number of these citizens finding themselves sicken from the vapours of the charcoal, and the putrid stench of the dead bodies, which they were turning out of the coffins, that the lead thereof might be made into bullets, and balls—would not the poor man, with a better reason than superstition has to offer, conclude that poisonous nausea thus seizing them, was a signal mark of divine judgment. Before the era of liberty, Frenchmen would have considered it in that light likewise.

tombs were torn open, and the "canonised bones," which had been deposited for centuries, were hung round the pulpit, and the ruins of the altar-piece!

The habitations were in the same dismantled state; all the valuables that were portable had been carried off in waggons, tumbled into the heap of promiscuous plunder, and nothing remained but the *wreck* of the fixtures, and the miserable proprietors who had escaped the pillagers, mourning, or famishing over them. One sweetly-rustic abode, that I had, the preceding year, *distinguished* as the dearest residence of a numerous, humble, yet not indigent family; the proofs of whose industry and content I had seen shine in every plate, glass, table, chair, and cupboard, and where I had been accustomed to see a groupe of healthy and happy faces, was become a general ruin. The father was marked down, by some of his base townsmen, as an avowed lover of his country, and had, on a late exigence, joined some of his neighbours to make head against a party of foragers, who would have driven off the herds and flocks. This was so foul a crime in the eyes of the French, that they cut off the head of the tree, and mangled several of the branches. The very boards and bricks of the rooms were torn up. I ran over the house with horror. I passed through three of the apartments, without meeting one consolatory object. I began to fear every vestige of humanity had been destroyed by these its *sworn exterminators*, when, coming to the broken stair-case, I heard a voice which had *often welcomed* me. I ascended, and saw the wretched remnants of this once-joyful family crouded into the only chamber that remained habitable—two half-grown boys, an old woman, and the young daughter who had spoken to me. On comparing their present with their past state, the latter opened on my mind *new ideas of human vicissitude*. I instantly called to my remembrance that the last time I had seen these very persons, the two first objects were sporting on the
green

green before their door, in all the glee of body and of soul. The old woman and her husband were sitting on a bench, environed with honey-suckles that twisted, self-bent, into a natural canopy, and the daughter was "leaning, half-raised," on the flowery ground, at the feet of her parents, and laughing at the antics of her two brothers.

Why should I paint to you the dire reverse? Alas! the reverse goes almost out of the reach even of *imagination*. It is not easy to suppose the ravages *could*, in so short a space of time, change *every happy circumstance to its bitterest opposite*; that they could turn, for instance, plenty into famine, health to disease, and a contented mind to an agonized, broken spirit! Yet all this had been done, *by the sons of liberty*, who too truly put their threat in execution, of *carrying misery and death* into every place they visited.

As to my poor nightingales and stockdove, though they had more cause than ever to lament that error, which, in conventional language, is *the order of the day*, had sent them to mourn prematurely in other lands:

"——— The very spot,

"Where many a time they carol'd, was forgot."

for the little thicket, which had been their leafy sanctuary was burnt up by these glorious *free-booters*—because, forsooth, the proprietor was wicked enough to attempt saving himself and family by flight, when he heard that a party of *patriots* were likely to invade his village, and the guilty wretch was another *traitor*, who had unfortunately distinguished himself, on a former occasion, as a lover of his country. Nothing, in short, remained of the various innocent and interesting objects my heart had appreciated, but a fragment of the brook, part of which had been destroyed in the fury of extirpating the thicket; and from the broken gaps the water had worked its way into an opposite current to the left, where, in forming a junction of founts, it seemed to lament the general ruin. But, God knows,

knows, the surrounding calamities required no aids from fancy. On the contrary, in this poor suffering little town, and its environs, there *actually* happened such horrors as Fancy, when *most* disposed to excite terror, her strongest attribute, never formed. Dreadful *beyond* imagination was a fact which these inhuman republicans perpetrated on the sucking infant of the hapless fugitive last mentioned. He had information that the enemy would be at Kreutznach in a few hours, and being told that he would certainly be amongst the *proscribed*, on account of the active part he had taken, when a party of peasants bravely defended their all against a former horde, he followed the impulse of a panic-struck moment, and filled his two carts, the one with his family, the other with his moveable effects, in order to send them away to a brother farmer's, where they could find a promised protection. He followed his little household with an aching, yet comforted heart, but hearing the sound of the enemy's guns in the road they were to take, and supposing the route had been changed, he returned to his cottage, and had hope that the plunderers would pursue another plan. Alas, this was a flattering expectation. The patriots had heard that a detachment of Prussians were still in Kreutznach, but learning soon after, from a scout, that they had marched out of the village the preceding evening, the patriots silently made their way into the heart of the town before it was suspected they were in the neighbourhood; for it was late in the night, or rather early in the morning, and the peaceful, harmless inhabitants were in their beds. You will better judge of the confusion than I can describe it. The peasant sacrificed the dead to save the living, and taking his wife in one hand, and his children, linked arm in arm, in the other, the suckling lying on its mother's breast, he left his dwelling with a hope of still gaining the asylum. A patriot *countryman* and neighbour, however, with whom he had often disputed on the subject of his principles, noticed his departure, and conducted

ed the sanguine enemy into the path he had taken. They lingered about till the dawn, which, alas, broke too soon for the fugitives; who, on hearing the voice of their menacing pursuers, had plunged into a wood to the left; but the crying of their own child betrayed them. The barbarians rushed into the wood, where, spreading themselves, they overtook the female part of the wanderers; whom the poor peasant had quitted for the moment, to explore a track that he conceived might lead them to a small hamlet on the left; and which, consisting only of a few scattered huts that stood on the skirts of the forest, might still preserve his family. Meantime, they were seated, as he thought, in so secure a recess, that the "dogs of war," though in full cry, could not harm them during his absence. He was mistaken. The blood-hounds discovered their haunt, and, seizing the trembling mother, they tore the babe from her breast and striking off its head, threw the bloody gift into her lap, as a *present to her husband*, dreadfully swearing, at the same time, that if she did not persuade him to return, and solicit pardon for his past offences against the *French Republic*, that her own head, and that of every other child, should answer it! They left her for other mischief. Cruel as it is, my friend, you are impatient for the sequel of this bloody adventure, which I received, nearly as I relate it, from the mouth of the desolate wife.

On the return of her husband, guess, if you can, his sensations—the bleeding head of his youngest infant, the lifeless trunk of its little body, the agonized mother, the no less shocking prospect of the remainder of them, all before him! Let your beating heart have rest however, as to the remainder of this poor family. After the Carmagnols had passed some hours in the ravage of Kreutznach, and, in raising such exactions as left famine to finish what the sword had begun, the approach of the Prussians compelled the enemy to evacuate the town, and the peasants returned

returned—they returned indeed to an heap of ruins :
where

“ Once the garden smil'd,”

and where I had so lately *seen*, with delighted eyes, all that
the sweetest poetry has ever fancied or described,

“ Those calm desires that ask but little room,

“ Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,

“ Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green.”

I generally walk with a small edition of the author of these verses, an author who was one of the earliest friends of my youth, and whom my youthful muse sincerely lamented, in my pocket. *His* exquisite poems, and the Seasons of Thomson are amongst the dearest of my travelling equipage. On my word of honour, I feel a gratitude, a respect, an affection, nay, a *passion of the heart* for every leaf; for with how many charming ideas have they filled it, when my own thoughts were comfortless and sad? and, during the summer months, though I know almost every passage by rote, I have one or the other of these *Glories of our ingenious isle*, in my hand, and

“ In all my wand'rings round this world of care,”

they appear to be partakers of my pilgrimage. I thus seem to be in the company of two of my most illustrious countrymen, and when I peruse their pages, I seem but to repeat their conversation.

But never did I think I should be a dweller upon earth, when almost every beauty and innocence of nature that each has so sweetly sung, should be cut down for so many leagues together, and left by the cruel spoilers to clot and wither in human gore! Still less did I suppose I should so often have occasion to *apply* or to *contrast* so many of their passages. Had the author of the “*Deserted Village*” lived in these times, and gleaned, like me, the places which the enemy of mankind have over-run, all the distress of that poem, which bewailed, in some measure, an
imaginary,

imaginary, or, at least, a partial evil, would quit its objects, to lament others, a thousand fold more to be deplored, To see

"The rural virtues leave the land,"

as an effect of that luxury, which

"Indignant spurns the cottage from the green."

And while

"Trade's unfeeling train

"Usurp the land and dispossess the swain."

And still further to observe

"Contented toil, and hospitable care,

"And kind connubial tenderness,——

"And piety, with wishes plac'd above,

"And steady loyalty, and faithful love,

"Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,"

is a melancholy sight, and worthy to be mourned by the muse of Goldsmith. But, while the poor exiles took with them many of their dearest consolations,

"The good old fire that first prepar'd to go,

"The lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears."

And while the fond mother could

"—Kiss her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

"And clasp them close, in sorrow doubly dear,"

their passage to

"New found worlds, beyond the western main,"

and all their destiny is bliss, compared with the execrable deeds, which have been heaped on the heads of the inhabitants of the countries, that border on, or rather comprehend, the theatre of the present war.

And, in fine, when I left one desolated place in the hope of gaining more repose, and seeing less sorrow in another, it was generally speaking, but going from bad to worse! An irregular and still disappointed tour which included

included most of the towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the Saar, the Sambre, the Mozelle, the Zorn, the Meuse, and the Lower Rhine, (in those branches which stretch along the frontiers, in different directions;) comprehending, one way, an excursion from Coblentz to the Duchy of Deux Ponts—from Louvain to Givet another, from Binche to Bouchain a third, and so on, (till I returned, like an hunted hare, to the place from whence I set out) presenting me with nothing but

“ A bitter change, seyerer for severe! ”

I have followed the *victorious* in their burning pursuit of the flying enemy, even when my way has been sometimes impeded by the bleeding bodies, and mangled limbs of the *vanquished*! Unable from wounded feelings to proceed, I have returned to the spots where the action began, and there seen the horror, desolation, and famine by which even *conquest* has been gained. Even on the day when such conquest has filled the dismantled, and half depopulated streets of the rescued town with the shout of victors—when solemn *Te Deums* have been appointed to be sung in all places of public worship, I have beheld that mass of private misery which is frequently no less the companion of victory than the attendant of defeat—the shriek of the widow, the orphan, and the childless parent were still nearly the same.

Had my poor friend Goldsmith survived to witness them, how much more reason would he have had to exclaim, while on *one day* he heard or saw in *several* villages, not inferior to his Auburn:

“ The swain responsive as the milk maid sung,
 “ The sober herd that low’d to meet their young.
 “ The noisy geese that gabbled o’er the pool,
 “ The playful children just let loose from school,
 “ The watch-dog’s voice that bay’d the whispering wind,
 “ And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.”

What

* Young.

What additions I say, my dear friend, would have been given to his reasons of complaint, were he to have been an auditor and spectator of these objects on one day, and, on perhaps, the very next, to find the swain ruined or murdered, the milk-maid violated, the head driven into the enemy's camp, the children deprived of a father, and the whole country destroyed! Had the subject of his pen been only the sanguinary annals of a *few hours* depredation, in the village of Dudelange*, a small place in the disastrous province of Luxembourg, where decrepid old men, sick persons, women labouring with child, babes at the breast or in the cradle, became the indiscriminate victims of these monsters, had he seen the lives of those miserable beings taken away, by absolute *innovations in cruelty*, and attested the wanton iniquity of tearing up the young and tender crops which their industry had sown, he would *indeed* have had reason to exclaim

" Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,

" Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;

" Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

" And desolation saddens all thy green,

" And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand;

" Far, far away thy children leave the land!

But it is far beyond the reach even of † Goldsmith's poetry

* Or of Chimay, a sweet little village upon the beautiful river Blanch, between the picturesque forests of Thierach and Fagne, in the fine county of Hainault. But, for many ages, the demon of war has ravaged the charms of Chimay.—Wholly however to extirpate them, to turn the town and the environs into the tomb of their harmless inhabitants, of the proprietors, and their property, was reserved for the French Republicans!

† Enthusiast as I am to the energy of his muse, and dearly as I love the memory of the man, with whom I have passed so many happy hours, when life and poetry were young to me, and consequently when both were more full of charms, I must acknowledge that even when I have, in the course of this last journey amongst the ruins of humanity, applied the choicest language from the muse of my deceased friend to deplore that I saw so many proofs of a tyrant's power, I have felt that language too feeble for the occasion,

And

to offer an adequate description of atrocities, of plunder, sword, and fire, which throw into shadow the utmost barbarity of the Goths and Vandals.

And the evil is still growing, still extending its horrors. Though I have at length turned from them, the memory of the past is never to be erased; the present is full of apprehension; and the miseries of the future cannot be calculated. Remote as is now this peaceful place from the immediate scenes of action, it shields me not from a thousand dreadful sights of the wounded and the desolate. Two waggons loaded with the former this morning passed my window, and an equal number are expected to-morrow. If you ask me why I threw myself so much in the way

And when in surveying the wreck of some spot that once realised the sights of his happiest fancy, I have exclaimed:

"Here as I take my solitary rounds,
 "Amidst the tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 "And *not a year elapsed*, return to view,
 "Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 "Here as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
 "Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
 "Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 "Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

Even this have I found a faint though beautiful picture of the facts.—I do not recommend any man to make the same experiment, but if the sober headed or cold hearted reasoner who has read the effusions of a warm imagination, and given to human calamities a stronger pathos, and a deeper colour than the critic in his elbow chair supposes *can* belong thereto, a journey to these scenes of private grief and public misery would soon convince him, that we live in a world in some parts of which there are daily, perhaps, hourly, happening distresses far too poignant for the pen or the pencil, though Rubens were to hold the one, and Shakspeare the other; and, indeed, that much of what has been condemned as romance, is but an underwritten or underpainted history of circumstances in real life. But, after all, it is wrong in me to set down such condemnation to a cold heart or head.—These will never be amongst the defects imputed to the Gleaner, and yet had he not been an eye-witness to the different calamities described in these volumes, he must have attributed some of these calamities, had they been represented by any other person, to the work of fiction.

way of scenes like these, so foreign, so repugnant to every feeling of my soul? why I remained in their view so long? I can only answer that, in the first instance, I went to revisit places and people which had once given me pleasure, and I desired to share their pain, in reverse of fortune; secondly, when once involved, it was not easy to disentangle my steps; and lastly, I lost myself in the bloody mazes!

LETTER LXX.

TO THE SAME.

Valenciennes.

HOW often, in surveying these horrible wrecks of human affairs, have I reiterated that apostrophe, which you did me honour so much to approve on the first publication of a work, whose chief design was to paint the miseries of war in general, and of civil war in particular. You will accept one passage, which came to my mind many times in the course of these military Gleanings amongst surrounding scenes of death, of ruin and of havoc.

“ *Ah earth, thou common parent—thou whose nourishing bosom furnishes to all the children of content that will cultivate thy kindness; how art thou made the object of sanguinary ambition! Into what ridiculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out, quarrelled and contended for! How often does the bounteous sun that shines upon thy

thy surface to expand the grain and to cherish thy various productions, leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore?

“O peace, thou image of divinity itself—descend upon that earth from whence the mistakes of altercating relations have so long affrighted thee. Subdue, gentle power, the fierce soul of rebellion. I call upon thee in the names of nature, reason, humanity and justice.—I call upon thee in the name of Nature’s God!”

But lest, my loved friend, you should deem this in some measure the rhapsody of a poetical mind, strongly moved by the sad scenery that environs it at this moment, when I am in the midst of the horrors that have been produced by conflagration, famine, sorrow, desolation, despair, and all the evils of war, suffer me to call in the support of one, who, though he was writing in a well secured city, in times of profound peace and public prosperity, at least when the rumours of war could reach him, but by a medium long after the mischief apprehended, and who, though he reasoned as a politician and philosopher, felt as a man. “War,” says he, “is the last of all remedies, *cuncta prius tentanda*: all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. ’Tis wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds (much more those, let me add, that write as I do now on the polluted spots where those evils have just happened) consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, they allow must perish, perhaps, some of their dearest friends, in the most successful field, but then they died upon the bed of honour, resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and filled with glory, smile in death.

“But war has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and tens of thousands that have perished in the late contests, a
very

very small part ever felt the stroke of the enemy; the rest languished in tents and towns, or places of refuge amidst damps and putrefaction: pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning; unpitied amongst men, made obdurate by the continuance of hopeless misery, and many of which must, at last, die without notice and without remembrance. Of that number are multitudes now lingering or agonizing in the hospitals which I have visited with a very aching heart. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might shew even his gains without envy; but at the conclusion of a ten years war how wart we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors, and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations."

All this is unquestionably true of war in general, and no less certainly founded in fact is the exception which has been made; that as there are diseases in animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove, so there is, by the depravation of human passions, sometimes a gangrene in human societies for which fire and sword are the necessary remedies. That the force collected against France is of this sort, I think there are few, even of those who wished a reform, and silently approved the primary measures taken towards it, but must acknowledge; at the same time that they must applaud the caution that withheld the British empire from joining in the dreadful operations while there was yet room for gentler methods. Never, perhaps, in the annals of history was there a crisis at which Bolingbroke's remark could be so apposite, as that at which we have now arrived; "If ever, says he, a test for the trial of spirits can be necessary, it is *now*: if ever those of real liberty and clamorous faction ought to be distinguished from each other, it is *now*; if ever it is incum-

bent

bent on nations to know what truth is, and to follow it, it is *now*. If we do not take advantage of the standing water of faction, the tide will soon turn one way or the other, and carry *all before it*." "A people, says his lordship, who will maintain their liberties, far from jogging on silently and tamely like the ass between two burthens, must preserve some of the fierceness of the lion, and even make their roar to be heard like his, whenever they are injured, or so much as threatened; but to shew that he does not in this observation mean to recommend that disloyal seditious spirit which creates a perpetual scene of tumult and disorder, and exposes the state to dangerous and often fatal convulsions, he confesses that a spirit of faction may destroy a free constitution, though founded on

"The noblest basis

"Our rights, our natural inheritance."

But that a spirit of real liberty never can, and lest we should imagine that such a spirit is inconsistent with the loyalty we owe our sovereign, or chief ruler, by what ever name his supremacy is distinguished, he remarks, "that in every kind of government some powers *must* be lodged in particular men, for the good order and preservation of the whole community. Nothing can be more clear than that the lines which circumscribe the powers, are the bounds of separation between the prerogatives of the Prince, or other magistrate, and the privileges of the people. We hence infer that every step which the prince or magistrate makes beyond these bounds is an encroachment on liberty, and every attempt towards making such a step is a danger on liberty; but if it is righteous to draw the sword against tyrants who endanger this liberty, it is not less so to unsheath it against traitors who cover the crimes of rebellion and regicide under the mask of patriotism."

Notwithstanding which we must deeply regret the dire necessity of man thus preying upon man, and shudder to

reflect there are really those amongst us meriting the censure which an excellent writer has passed on them—Wretches who without virtue, labour, or hazard, while incommodious encampments, and unwholsome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprize is impracticable, are silently dispeopling fleets and sluggishly melting away armies, are growing rich as their country is impoverished, who rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation; who laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract for a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest.

The fighting fanatics are not much more praise worthy, either as to their precepts or practice; nor the blind mob who follow their doctrine, and who talk of liberty because it is a better name for idleness. I never hear this clamour for freedom without calling to mind those lines of Milton, which so justly characterise the present innovators and their adherents. See how they apply :

- " A barbarous noise environs me,
- " Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs,
- " They bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
- " And still revolt when truth would set them free,
- " Licence they mean when they cry liberty;
- " For who loves that must first be wise and good :
- " But from that mark how far they are we see,
- " *For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood !*"

L E T T E R LXXI.

TO THE SAME.

LIBERTY, says my Lord Bolingbroke, is a tender plant which will not flourish unless the genius of the soil be proper for it. Notwithstanding it has been watered with human blood, and manured by human bodies, great must be the reform of the present system, ere I can be persuaded, my friend, that France is that genial soil. The state of and the late transactions in that miserable country, cannot be thought of, without lessening the *dignity of the human species; for comparing what once was that kingdom, with what it is, one cannot help associating with the godlike attributes of man, a capacity of exhibiting and triumphing in qualities † so Satanic that the arch foe of mankind might blush to avow them as parts of his nature.

Yet a day is to come when the historian must detail the particulars of the French Revolution. The fugitive accounts of the temporary, or diurnal writers,—those “*brief* chroniclers of the times,” must be collected by some great and impartial pen for the information of posterity. What a soul-affrighting mass of materials. If to his literary endowments, the biographer of these horrible facts should possess the milder and more compassionate feelings of the heart, what agonizing martyrs must those feelings be to

2 A 2

the

* At the all-devouring moment in which this letter was written.

† The Gleaner speaks here of the reign of Robespierre, *now* abhorred alike by the English and French nations.

the truth ! How must his page be stained with the blood of innocents ! In every leaf the crimes of an age committed in a day are to be recorded ! Where shall be found the man whose soul, whatever be his talents, is firm enough to detail them ? And after all, he can scarce hope Posterity should give him credit. The closer he advances to the truth, the less is the probability of his being believed. We are at the present day so accustomed, so familiarised to the history of horrors,—to the massacre of infants in the first, and children in the second state of human beings, then onward to the assassination of bed-ridden age, and to the violation of all places which used once to be most holy,—mothers, offspring, and swaddled babes,—sanctuaries, churches, and sacred altars,—that the tales, which, in the beginning of their atrocities, *literally*

- “ Did harrow up the soul, froze the young blood,
- “ Made the two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
- “ The knotty and combined locks to part,
- “ And each particular hair to stand on end,
- “ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine : ”

make now a weaker impression even on the breast where pity has a throne.

I heard one of the most tender-hearted of men declare, that the sight of mangled human bodies in the field of battle was disregarded after a month's custom ; and we know, that the appearance of an open grave, or of a diseased person carried to it, are almost imperceptible, at least unheeded, objects in a populous city, where funerals are amongst the ordinary occurrences of the day ; whereas, in a small village, a coffin, and a tomb, retain their power of interesting and of affecting the mind, even of the gay and dissolute.

Thus it is in the story of France, polluted as it is with abominations : but when more than a century of interval from these shall arrive, (and such a period must come) the

most

most candid reader will impute some part of the narrative to prejudice, to passion, or to fancy.

Indeed, how can the historian himself expect or wish succeeding generations should suppose there had ever entered into the heads, or hearts of their ancestors, those *innovations* in cruelty, as I have before called them,—those *original sins* in the *old age* of a wicked world, that, even *now*, we could not believe but that we *know* them to be facts?

It will, nevertheless, be the melancholy, though faithful, office of the biographer of the French Republic, to state, that whatever is most repugnant to reason and nature,—most offensive to the laws of man and of God, were the means to bring about the best end in the French nation,—a nation long celebrated for its manly gentleness and polished urbanity, and which was so universally allowed to merit the character given of it by one of its best poets,

“ Where men adore their wives, and woman’s power

“ Draws reverence from a polish’d people’s softness,

“ Their husband’s equals, and their lovers queens.”

He must reverse this picture, and shew this very people embrueing themselves in the life-blood of the sex they idolized,—extending their ferocity towards it beyond the practices of the common murderer. He must instruct children yet unborn, that their parents were capable of violating that* religion, the very hem of whose garment had been sacred. For proof of which tremendous assertion, he must enumerate those plundered churches, demolished altars, and sainted images, which for so many ages were deemed

* You may probably remember the prophane spirit of that Letter which Chaumet, one of the members of the convention, read, after his long speech on the liberty of religious worship: If so, you will particularly bear in mind that passage which mentions, that at Nanci every kind of religious worship was abolished; and that every object that could recall religion to the *imagination* was destroyed! This letter was distinguished by the *loudest applauses* of the people!

deemed hallowed, even by the most reprobate of tyrants, and most abandoned of the people. To which enormities must be added, the pillage of coffins, and turning out of them the very bones of their forefathers, to convert the materials, with which filial piety had guarded them, into the instruments of a bloody war *upon each other*. To these must succeed the shuddering annals of prisons forced, and their contents, amounting to thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, murdered with more than Druidical barbarity, for refusing to become apostates to their King, their Country, and their God.

In fine, the tissue which such an historian must weave for his readers, would consist of all that is vile and incredible,—of slaughters, continued many days and nights without remission of a moment; till one * of the magistrates avowed, that though the number of butchers amounted to an † hundred, daily contracted for, in the single city of Paris, they declared themselves so fatigued, that in pity to themselves, though with acknowledged regret, they were obliged to give their exhausted arms a *little*

* Pethion.

† It is well known that these day labourers in murder were hired by the National Convention, at so much a day, or so much per head or per hundred; and that there was frequently an horrid emulation amongst the assassins with respect to the number of victims immolated; many wagers were laid by these competitors for the bloody wreath as to the quantum of blood shed in the same given space of time: each became jealous of the other's prowess, deeming a murder more than he or she had committed as a drawback on glory. But one of the long summer days, that the republicans commemorate by an annual festival, and which humanity, and nature, and nature's God, join to expunge from the history of time, was distinguished by a victor, who put in his claim to the sanguinary palm, on the merit of having beheaded with his single arm two hundred of his fellow citizens!

Quis talia fando

Mirmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Uliissi
Temperet à lachrymis?

the rest : after which, they returned to their bloody business with renovated vigour, till one of the most populous capitals in the world was inundated with the blood of its best and bravest inhabitants.

He who shall "these unhappy deeds relate," must describe monsters whose appetite for murder every hour "increased by what it fed on," and which,

"Rav'ning first the lamb,
"Seized then the garbage".

Wretches, who exhausted all the *modes* of cruelty that a wanton and wicked imagination could suggest :—of victims stuck on spits, which pierced through the scull and entered the brain,—or hewn limb from limb, were tossed into the air, or dragged along the earth, yet quivering with life, or pounded to atoms, and then hurled into the water, or the flames :—Of holy men, like poor Joseph de Villette, torn from their retreats where they had

"pass'd a life of piety and praise,"

as ignorant of the revolutions as of the vices of the world, and of the world itself: of shameless women, mad with the infection of enthusiasm, who forgetting their sex, forgetting their nature, seated themselves upon the dead bodies of their victims, and with more than savage ferocity throwing the mangled members in horrid pastime from murderers to murderers, or compressing the blood from the yet palpitating heart—drink it in execration of the murdered !—or devoting their *own* off-spring to death, with a mockery of Roman barbarity, for deeds that the *worst* of the Roman matrons would have deemed worthy of a triumph, even in times of pagan obscurity ; or turning the costly furniture of the royal palaces, and the sacred offerings of gold and silver of their altars, with the altars themselves, into a *feu de joie*,—(a bonfire,)—sing and dance around the flames ;—of mothers initiating their own children in the mysteries of blood,—the blood of babes !
—and,

—and, more merciless than Herod, of men, who not contented with the massacre of five little ones—in the sight of *her who bore them*, who hacked off the maternal arms, even while holding to her bosom, and kissing the bleeding head of the * suckling at her breast! and, for some time after, refusing the compassion, implored upon her knees, of dispatching the parent.—of devoting a noble * lady and her blooming daughters to the consuming fire, but first anointing their naked bodies with oil that they might suffer a more excruciating death,†—but the tender-hearted reader must not be left to suppose the tyrants were guilty of

* The sentiment of Lady Macbeth has been thought by many human persons to exceed the bounds of possibility. But do not the above facts prove the profound knowledge of the Poet, in the vices as well as virtues of the heart:

“ I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me—
I could, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out.”

* The Countess of Chevre.

† The murder of Madame de Perignac was attended by the following terrible circumstance: her eldest daughter who suffered with her, unable to bear the torture of deliberate death, supplicated the executioner appointed to nurse and feed the flames, and enforced her request on her knees then half-consumed, to shorten her misery by the sword, by a fiercer fire, or any other means of speedier dissolution.—The murderer either from fear, or cruelty refused; when a youth who had been a spectator, and had struggled with his distress, (being indeed the young lady's lover,) ran to the place where the beloved of his soul was burning, and dispatched her with a pistol, which he had indeed reserved for himself; at this the surrounding mob were so exasperated that they made a circle round the blaze to prevent the young man's escape, and exclaimed that it was a pity to part lovers! Amongst the persons most offended at this action, (I mean of the youth) were four young *women*!

In truth, the female sex when they have once passed a certain bound of cruelty, are cruel indeed, and such as caught the spirit of French patriotism, seem to have adopted the whole shuddering doctrine of the evil genius, which Lady Macbeth invoked;

Come,

of the *mercy* of a *rapid* destruction, like that of quick lime; no!—he is to be told that these innocent sacrifices were to be consumed *à petit feu*, by a slow fire, and lascivious songs, and impious hymns, were to chorus the piercing groans of the victims. Lives there, in the round of a very cruel world,—roams there a savage along the famishing sands of Africa; lies there in the dungeons a criminal, expecting and *deserving* death, so lost to the innocence that attended him in his cradled hours, as to suppose any act of an hellish nature could be added to the horror of this unquestionable fact? And yet the historian is to be told, that six unhappy priests who were next to be thrust into the flames, were constrained to eat of the flesh of these martyr'd *women*, as it dropped blacken'd and piece-meal from their bones! Alas! the climax is not yet wound up!—a blameless man in his extremest age, was the first sacrificed of the six

Ecclesiastics

Come, all ye spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose!—

Come to my woman's breasts ye, *murdering* ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
Ye wait on nature's mischief.
Come, thick night,
And pall me in the dunnest smoke of hell!

How sublimely terrible!—Would I could add,—what long I thought,—how *finely imagined*! But could a spirit less fell than this make females stab those who were but suspected of loyalty to their king, and honour of their god, tear off the flesh with their teeth, and fastened with pins to their dress, wear it as a mark of *Revolutionary virtue*!

Shall not the Gleaner, shall not even every lover of liberty, execrate means like these to attain a reform of abuses, however great and manifold? Reader, of whatever party thou art, consult thy bosom counsellor, and if there be as much of compassion, as would bestow a sigh on human sufferance, it would induce thee to reprobate such measures, even though they led thee to perfect freedom.

Ecclesiastics abovementioned, no sooner was he roasted by these surely more than demoniacs, than the five others were commanded to inform the *French Republic* whether the body of a Parson or of a Countess was the most to their taste!

Well might the banished brothers of the insulted, dethroned, imprisoned, and since beheaded Louis the sixteenth, in their pathetic and justificatory address to commiserating Europe, exclaim, “ who is there that would
“ not be affected to see that once flourishing kingdom, to
“ which nature has been lavish in the means of making it
“ such,—so rich in population, so fruitful in its produc-
“ tions, and which once abounded in money; so opulent
“ from its resources and commerce, from the industry of
“ its inhabitants, and the advantages of its colonies,—that
“ kingdom provided with so many useful institutions, and
“ whose happy abodes have been so universally courted,—
“ presenting at this moment nothing but the appearance
“ of a barbarous country; given up to rapine; stained with
“ bloody ruins; and deserted by its principal inhabitants;
“ an unorganized empire, torn with intestine distraction
“ stripped of all its riches, threatened with every species of
“ scarcity, enervated from four years of internal disorder;
“ and on the brink of dissolution, from pestilence and
“ famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden
“ death!”—Mad wickedness, my friend, has swept all
away! Were there ever seen, ever recorded, such inquisito-
rial examinations, so many oppressive shackles, so many
violations of the most sacred places, so many massacres
of citizens?—No—France is itself alone!

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH the enormities committed by these would-be-Republicans upon the species in general, absorb any acts of cruelty exercised on individuals, it is, I feel, impossible to pass over the fate of Madame de Lamballe, one of their most illustrious victims, without a particular mark of my attention,—the rather as she was even before the miserable revolution one of those sacrifices which the ribbald pamphleteers of France mangled without any just cause.

Besides a personal acquaintance with her myself, from which I am able to assure you of her claim to your respect, on the basis of many very generous actions; I am, also, in friendship with many who were in the habits of intimacy with her both before and since her unfortunate visit to the court of France: and although I cannot say with the Thane of Cawdor, that,

“ She has bought

“ *Golden* opinions from all sorts of people”,

I can very truly assert that by many of the wise and good in her own country, and in England, during her residence there, her graceful manners, her general charity, in France, and in many other virtues which are held in reverence by the common consent of mankind, will make her death bewailed and her memory respected. Of the private failings which some have been so sedulous to impute to her, since her alliance with her royal and unhappy friend, I cannot pretend to speak; but it may at least be as fair to set all this down to the score of envy, malice,

malice, or uncharitableness, as to that of truth. She has often been denied the virtues, of which she was known to be in possession by all those who knew herself; and it is reasonable to suspect such vices may have been attributed, (by those who knew her not,) the dark shadows of which never passed her fancy or her mind. To be the favourite lady of a Court and of a Queen, of whose favor so many courtiers were jealous; to be pre-eminent for beauty, grace and talents, are in themselves frequent objects of malice and ill-report, and not less productive of hatred and envy, than of love and admiration; nor less dangerous to the possessor, than to be the favourite minister of a king,—a title to whose kindness, though made out by high and meritorious qualities, with respect to the sovereign who distinguishes and rewards them, must always become the subject of secret malignancy, or open detraction, with respect to that part of the public, whose vanity suggests to them, at least an equal share of the same qualities, and who therefore make pretensions to at least equal recompense; and being disappointed, become slanderers of course; and slanderers not only of the said favourites, but of the said kings and queens: for it is a rule in defamation not only to abuse those whose merit is better rewarded, than the defamer's, but to involve the persons rewarding it in the like censure. And I have often wondered that you, my friend, who have so many attractions, and so many friends ready to acknowledge it, should have had so few enemies, covert or avowed, to dispute your claims. I must confess I am amongst the number of those who regard persons whom "*every body is said to speak well of,*" as suspicious characters; and I have, on nearer approaches, generally found them over-rated, especially for the virtues; most lavishly *bepraised*: And by the same principle I always believe, and have as frequently found those people, who have a contrary report from this very officious Mr. Everybody, who paints his angels and monsters larger than

than the life, have few vices but what have been given to them, and that the particular vice most insisted on, is the very one from which the party accused is most exempt. Perhaps the truth of a character is between that partial one given by a friend, that inveterate one imputed by a foe, and that insipid neutral one furnished by an indifferent person, that has no interest to abuse, nor any passion or affection to praise you. It floats on my memory that I am repeating an observation sent you in a former Letter; if so, accept this renewal of the remark, as an evidence of its being a truism. But then where, you will say, shall we look for, where find such a dispassionate reporter, neither influenced by fondness, enmity nor languor? And if we could find him, would his portraits be agreeable?—even if they were strong likenesses, they would be without the essentials to render them touching. We had better I believe yield up the pencil, and ourselves, to friends and enemies,—if the latter give the shades too dark, the former can throw in lights to relieve them,—and if the deadly colouring of the one is too violent and too sombrous, the lovely tinting of the other, and even the flattering touches, which fondness works into the features, will soften away whatever appears too harsh and too heavy.

Applying this to the unhappy lady, who drew forth the remark, I am persuaded she deserves what has been said of her virtues, by her friends, as much as she *could* do what has been asserted of her by her enemies; while both must surely join in lamenting her fate; the particulars of which, blended with some account of her character, are as follow.

Her maiden name was Maria Teresa Louisa of Savoy Carignan; she married Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislaus, of Bourbon, Prince of Lamballe, President of the Council, and a Prince of the Blood. The Princess, who had formed her attachment to the Queen of France in the day of royal prosperity, resolved not to forsake her in the day

day of distress. A series of invitations from some of the first families in England, who laid a regular siege for her company, yet at last obtained it almost by storm, took her from her friend for a short time. Her reception in London, in the best circles, and at court, reached her affections, and won her gratitude, and pointed out a safe protection from the tempest that began to roll over the house of Bourbon: but none of these had power to hold her from taking her share of peril and distress at Paris; to which city she returned, where a slight summer friendship would have trembled to approach. She found the unhappy Antoinette, as she expected to find her, surrounded by many insults, many dangers, and hourly in expectation of more. And that such previous knowledge of her august friend's situation was the superior magnet that drew her from the admiration of St. James's, cannot be doubted; since to be partaker of such dangers and insults, she quitted such admiration. In a word, she returned to Paris, while every body else of character, or of no character, were flying from it by stratagem, and by every means possible. The friendship of courts has been a faithful, and a favourite theme of poets, who echo the aspersions of ignorance from one to another. Let that of the Princess de Lamballe for the Queen of France stand on record as a proof that such censures, even if they were admitted to be generally true, have their happy and honourable exceptions. And surely no vicious feeling could have, at such a moment, drawn the one Princess to the other; since there is in guilt that sort of dastardly which induces us to leave and escape from its accomplice in the searching hour of calamity, rather than hasten to receive our share; and, were any wanting, I should add this circumstance as a weighty one, in evidence of the purity of the principles which united Madame de Lamballe to the Queen.

But

But even in her prison-house she not only performed the gentle offices of a friend to the Queen;—the general duties of a friend to the indigent were not forgotten. Poverty and sorrow were never sent empty or weeping from this amiable Princess: and her benevolence was, even more than her beauty, the subject of admiration: the people of Paris, in a more especial manner, were the objects of it; and it was by the hands of that very people, in that very city, this illustrious visitor was to die; in a manner that would have been thought by justice itself, too cruel, too shocking, for the vilest criminal that ever disgraced human life, or the laws that protect it.

On the third of that September (1792) which will ever be enrolled in the history of the world, amongst the days that have most disgraced and stained it, this unfortunate and exalted woman, who had long been imprisoned in the Hotel de la Force, was disturbed by the ruffians of the Republic while she was yet on her bed of straw, to leave that dreadful place for another. On her telling them she had no fault to find with her present place of confinement, they rudely answered she must be transferred to the prison of the Abbey, and that she must go without delay; adding that her life depended on her obedience. She then begged of the leader of these ruffians, who was one of the national guard, to step aside with his myrmidons, while she dressed, and that she would attend him. In a few minutes she recalled the officer, who conducted her through the dungeon to the light, the least rays of which that dreadful place excluded. They reached the prison-doors, the other side of which they had scarce gained, when the unhappy Princess found reason for preferring the darkness of her subterraneous cell to long-lost day light, which presented her with nothing but an

“ Assembly

“ All made up of villains,”

whose

whose faces, hands, and garments were embrued in blood. The murderers were pursuing their desolations under her eyes. In short, it was in the middle of that tremendous day on which assassination was the most rapacious. Some of the fiercest of these executioners paused from blood to interrogate her, to abuse and menace. "Alas (replied the "Princess) I have nothing to say: whether I die a few "days sooner or later, Sirs, is a matter of indifference to "me, since I perceive that I am devoted; and I am prepared for death." She was then hurried to the tribunal, where the president, being told she refused to answer questions, exclaimed, "Away with her to the Abbey." This was a signal for all that was to follow, and her executioners did not suffer it to escape. Scarce had she passed the first street ere they struck their august victim several times on the back part of the head, with a sabre, which was covered with blood—the blood of so many kings and heroes. Two wretches then took her arms, and obliged her to walk over the dead bodies. She fainted at almost every step. In this situation they stripped her, insulted her, forced her to stoop down, embrace, and kiss the carcasses of the murdered citizens. Shocking to say, they then mangled her beautiful bosom, and, refusing to shew her the indulgence of a speedy release, stabbed her first in every part they knew not to be vital. Unable to bear up any longer, she sunk on the earth, when the wanton villainy of the rabble proceeded to the worst and basest extremities. After which, being asked whether she would yet save herself by cursing the French Queen and family, she struggled even with death to exclaim with energy, "No, never!—bless them now and ever!" After which, turning to her persecutors, she said, "Behold I am ready." Then, dropping on her knees, she cried, "O God all puissant, preserve my friends, and receive my soul." It was in this pious moment the butchers cut off her head, from which hung those most beautiful tresses, to receive the

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the blood. It was then stuck upon a pike, and carried by one of the wretches, while another followed with her lovely hands, and generous heart, a third bearing her bowels folded round his brutal arms, in a wreath of triumph, while a fourth fastened her other members to a hurdle, and drew them after him. It was in this manner they paraded the streets of Paris, pausing at every place, which contained those who were known most to love and honour this unhappy Princess. They first stopped under the windows of the Duke of Penthièvre, whom they compelled to survey the mutilated limbs of his daughter-in-law; and then proceeding to the temple, they forced the royal prisoners to gaze upon their friend and favourite, defiled with blood, and dishonoured in the dust, and when the Queen fainted at the sight, the heartless monsters mocked at her anguish, and aggravated it by every insult, which the sacred reliques of her friend could receive. As the horrible procession returned, they obliged the passengers, whether on foot or in carriages, to kiss the head of the Princess, and one of the abandoned creatures, with a loud voice exclaimed, that he had feasted like an emperor, having dined on the heart of a beautiful Princess.

But all these terrors were alas! in the infancy of their crimes, or, to use the language of patriotism, in the dawn of that *indivisible and immaculate* Republic, which has since reached the summit of its virtues, in the extirpation of the King, Queen, Princesses, and nobles of the land.

In the melancholy annals of the world, there certainly have been periods of time sufficiently on the memory to leave an afflicting impression. That of the Goths and Vandals, when they came to take vengeance on the Roman empire, or roving from their forest homes, when they sallied, like trooping wolves, in quest of plunder, or of new settlements, was a dreadful æra. The cruelty of Maximin, when by a single act of authority, the whole mass of wealth, we are told, was at once confiscated for

the use of the Imperial treasury, and the soldiers, hardened as they were in in acts of violence, blushed as the sacrilegious plunder was distributed amongst them—this was another crisis, when, according to the historians, a general cry of indignation was heard, imploring vengeance on the common enemy of humankind. Ancient tradition but too well authenticated, multiplies the examples by hundreds, and were we to carry the survey to modern times, they would extend to thousands: amongst the latter must ever be enumerated the disaffection and dismemberment of the blooming States of America! But neither these, nor any other in the crimson registers of tremendous occurrences, equal the enormities which have been long practised by the French UPON EACH OTHER: and taking history * from the beginning of the world to the present hour, the aggregate of offences, perpetrated against God and man would justify our pronouncing that the *most* calamitous condition of the human race is to be dated from the æra of the *French Republic, during the absolute monarchy of the tyrant Robespierre!*

When we reflect that these are the times *before us*, that we *live in them*, that fresh reports, and experience of fresh horrors, reach our eyes, ears and hearts every day,—that the now † *sworn* enemy of the affrighted globe, is every hour
either

“* What history never related, cried Robespierre, what romance never dared to imagine, we have done.”

That is very true indeed, Mr. Robespierre: You and your indefatigable coadjutors have out-heroded Herod with a vengeance: and to prove further that your famous expression, (in your famous manifesto of murder! your solemn proclamation of blood delivered to your fellow citizens, November the seventeenth, one thousand seven hundred and ninety three, by way of Sunday discourse,)—“we have heaped up ages within the limits of one single year”—to prove—great leader of the *unfaithful!* that this is also a truism, you have contrived to turn one of the most extensive nations of the inhabited earth into a butchery!

† Liberty, reason, and humanity, all France, all nations, and all nature triumph that he is now no more.

either multiplying mischiefs abroad, or at home, and that he does all that in him lies to deal destruction through the land; threatening to involve all nations, to overturn all governments, laws, liberties, and religions, and in fine, that the growing evil scarce gives more assurance of tranquillity to *you* that are remote, than to those who are nearer even than I am now to the immediate scenes of action, what hope have we but in *Him* whom the moralist beautifully describes, as “holding the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and who moderates them in such a manner, that it is impossible *for one to break loose upon another* without his knowledge and permission.”

Thrice happy he, who, in a general disaster like that which now desolates so large a portion of the globe, and from the spreading misery of which no security can be derived from riches, honours, poverty or innocence, happy is he who can say with the man who exemplified at his death the precepts of his life.—“In such cases, I know but one way of fortifying the soul; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep I recommend myself to his care; when I awake I give myself up to his devotion. Amidst all the evils that threaten me I will look up to him for help, and question not but that he will either avert them or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.”

May sentiments like these soothe every misfortune that my friends, my readers, and my countrymen may be called upon to bear!—And may peace revisit the world!—

a peace founded on real liberty, but not upon frantic licentiousness.

Such has all along been the private prayer, such shall now be the public wish of your ever affectionate friend and servant,

THE GLEANER.

P. S.—How far the Divine Power, in the wisdom of his sublime and inexplicable dispensations, may suffer these instruments of vengeance to proceed, it is not for mortals to determine: In the mean time one cannot but notice the apparent connection betwixt the late events and certain prophetic parts of the sacred writings.*

Voluminous

* In a book called *Liber Mirabilis*, written by the Bishop of Arles, who died in 543, there are a number of things foretold which seem to warrant our considering the Author, not only as a divine but a prophet. Amongst other singular predictions respecting his devoted country are the following.

“ The nobles shall be stripped of their dignities and their riches.

“ The proper defenders and protectors of the kingdom shall be constrained to leave it.

“ There shall be as great an effusion of blood as in the time of the Gentiles.

“ The church universal, and the universe itself, shall bewail the destruction and the pillage of one of the most celebrated cities of the earth.

“ The holy men shall be driven from their sanctuaries.

“ The virgins shall be polluted, and fly from their monasteries.

“ The church shall be despoiled of its temporals.

“ The very heads of the nation and the holy temples shall be defiled. The mistress of France shall be left desolate.

“ But the black eagle shall appear, and the lion shall come roaring from a far country.

“ Woe unto thee, once opulent city! Thou that enjoyest all things in proud abundance, thy fated hour will come! Woe unto thee, city of philosophy! Thou wilt see thyself brought low!”

The above is given as a literal translation. I have not seen the original, and offer it you by a German medium. How far the prophecy is fulfilled,

Voluminous have been the reflections made in the rise and progress of these horrible, these unparalleled events. The most obvious, yet the most perplexing to all reasoning and all order, is the consideration that such events happened under the eyes of those who created to themselves new laws, new authorities, and a new constitution:—That, at the time when these massacres began, the self-erected Republican governors were in the full origin of their power; and that, to have put an end to such disorders, in the first instance, it would have been a very trifling exertion of such power to have prevented, if not, the bloody effusions of the tenth of August, at least those of the second, third, fourth, and fifth of September, in the tremendous year of one thousand seven hundred and ninety two; for, in each of the places where the lives of the citizens were taken away, the executioners,—or if they better like the term—the patriots—butchers—did not, I am instructed from the best authorities, exceed more than between thirty and forty, and these

“Made up of wretches

“That look’d as if all hell had drawn them into league:”

mercenary robbers, condemned highwaymen, hired assassins, fellows escaped from the galleys, girls of the town, and fish women. Such were the original active disturbers of the public peace, who might have been brought to order with a slight effort of any one of the protectors of the
new-

fulfilled, the above faithful accounts, and others which must have reached you will testify: And well knowing the gentle virtues of your heart, I may exclaim

“Tant d’horreur vous surprend! mais de leur barbarie

“Je ne vous conte que le moindre partie!

“Tout unite Paris; la mort sans resistance

“Couvrit en un moment la face de la France.”

If this was true, in the days of blood which the *Henriade* has sung, it is more eminently so at this sanguinary period.

new-rai'd republic: And to the blush of all those who assumed a share in the infant commonwealth, glorious in its design, but villainously mangled in its cradle, it is to be remembered, as an eternal monument of their disgrace, that there existed at that crisis, even on those bloody days, an Executive Power, a minister of justice, a minister of the interior, a mayor, a municipality, a department, a legislative assembly, a natural guard, a commander in chief of that guard—in short, the forty-eight sections. There does not seem the shadow of an excuse to be made, either as men or magistrates for any one of them. If the carnage had been perpetrated in an hour, they might have said, we wanted time, for we could not under an hour have put our authorities in force. But that carnage continued three days, and three nights successively! Had the assassins been composed of an army formidable by their numbers, the legislative bodies might have said, we wanted strength to repel such a force of insurgents; but those assassins consisted of an handful of men and women: and during the whole time of their assassinations, the forty-eight sections were assembled and constantly sitting. The National Assembly had power to save two of their own members, M. M. Jancourt and Jonneau; why did they not extend their generosity or their justice to the rest? These their friends were rescued amidst the outrages of the populace who had proscribed them.

With respect to Revolutions in general it may be a curious speculation to trace their merits and their progress.

A reform in governments may be absolutely necessary, and a revolution has sometimes set out well,† as unquestionably

† There is an instance, which is at the same time an example, and a very rare one, of a revolution *continuing* under those principles: and if ever there was one act of dire oppression more infamous than another, it is to be found in the *System of Tyranny*, under which that injured country has long, and is still, labouring. We talk loudly of Asiatic slavery, of the hard fate

tionably did that of France, under the sanctions of reason, honour, public good, and the cause of religion. But, nine times

fate of the sable race, and pitying Europe, no less than the Gleaner, seems to take the alarm on *their* affecting subject; but against the property, liberty and lives of these poor people, (who certainly *have* undeniable and everlasting rights to their own country, and the fruits of their own industry and inheritance, while they trespass not on the inheritance and industry of other nations,) against these often, and still mark'd victims of *despotism* there is form'd a cruel combination, headed by two of the most powerful *despots*, both of whom by the bye are amongst the loudest declaimers against the *French* Revolution, and by way of supporting this *illustrious inconsistency*, one of these powers has one grand army in Brabant to assist in destroying tyrants, and another grand army elsewhere to exterminate a free and generous people! And his IMPERIOUS colleague in this celebrated *bucchanneering*, orders, and joins in, public prayers, fasts and festivals to beg of the God of equity to turn the hearts of the French; and then, at the tag end of this mockery, hitches in, endways, another prayer for the success of her arms against these Unfortunates. The first prayer is hypocritical, and the last is sincere; but the sincerity has, if possible, less "relish of salvation" in it than the hypocrisy, in the degree that it is a greater turpitude to be earnest in a vile cause than simply to *affect* compassion in a good one. In this matter, however, the affection is intended to give a colour to the earnestness. When a plunderer wants an apology, (in a case of self-interest,) pity, (I mean a piteous prayer, which is extremely cheap) about the interest of others—Pity, has a mighty convenient mantle to throw over the shoulders, and accordingly the plunderer always makes a spoil of it (amongst the rest of the pillage) to cover himself, and his real designs. Unluckily, however, in the present business, the mantle is too thin: The noble personage in question has, in the course of a long life and reign, had so many occasions to put it on and throw it off, just as it became commodious or troublesome, that it is thread-bare in some places, and torn in others; and though the sublime wearer is dressed in it at this very moment, all the world can see through it.

I have been at some pains to *glean* the great personage above mentioned, and have picked up some curious anecdotes. And not a few on this very subject, an *hypocrisy in benevolence*; the public and private instances of which will amuse you when we meet; and the whole of which delectable Gleaning is calculated to prove that "*all which glitters is not gold*;" and that when a foreign trumpeter (whose breath belongs to the power who paid for the trumpet, or commanded it to be blown) sounds a volley—I can by no means call it a *voluntary*—about magnificent presents, jewel boxes, picture in brilliants, &c. each of immense value, it ought to be told at the same time, that in certain parts of the world there are mines of sparkling
trumpery

times out of ten, it degenerates into a mere personal quarrel, in which public good, and every other generous motive is forgotten, to make way for the gratification of private ambition, avarice, and hatred. The original cause in the absorbing ferment of party is speedily swallowed up: what

trumpery which the *slave* digs, and the *tyrant* gives away, just as any would-be-thought generous person in our own country might bestow Bristol stones and pass them off for diamonds! In doing which there seems to be no great danger, as the receiver, conceiving the gift a mark of honour, must starve rather than dispose of it. But some men there are who do not choose to carry the point of honour quite so far; and who maintain that the laws of self-preservation are stronger and more binding than those of delicacy. On this right of nature, it has come to the ears of the Gleaner, that certain persons have, in the last extremity, parted with their superb keep-fakes and love-tokens received from the graciously imperial hands in question, and found like the juggler's trick:

"Shake but the bag, and all seems fair,

"The fingers spread—and *nothing's there*."

We know that in some hands both abroad and at home, this juggling art has

"Rais'd both fortune and renown."

And that vice personified in a *female* character was the best juggler after all. In a story that I know, of a sword set, or *said* to be set, with brilliants of the first water, according to court-arithmetic worth 5000 florins, the ever honoured receiver *wanting bread*, could, with difficulty, get enough to purchase five and twenty loaves! and a splendid ring from the same everhonoured giver, estimated at 2600l. sterling, was pronounced by a famous jeweller to have cost about 200l. In short, the Gleaner has, with very few variations, had occasion to apply every instance of Sleight in the fable, and thinks that the illustrious juggler above-mentioned might exclaim with better pretensions than Gay's trickster:

"Who dares with me dispute the prize,

"*In juggling I submit to none!*"

But then this personage has the reason to give which triumphant vice herself made use of, and every subordinate trickster, crown'd or uncrown'd, might observe

"How practice has improv'd her hand,

"But now and then *we* cheat the throng!

"*She* every day, and all day long."

But it is a tempting theme, and I am breaking into my Corps de Reserve.

what was principle becomes passion. Or what at the commencement was a brave and daring contest betwixt the governors, for prerogative and the governed for privilege, —a determined assertion of real or supposed rights on the one hand, and of natural claims on the other at length settles into a mere party madness. And the insanity is contagious. Every body catches it. Men, women, and children rave about it. The time of reasoning is past, consequently the time of entering on its causes. It is then the business of the individual whatever be his party to follow where that leads, to defeat or victory, to life or death. In the feverish paroxysm of indignation, each person easily persuades himself his quarrel is just; every angry man imagines he has a good reason to be so; and the more we are wandering from the right, the more violently and inveterately we insist that the objects of our displeasure and enmity are in the wrong: and in public as well as private contention the transition from generous strife to illiberal rancour is almost immediate, the slightest wound soon turns into a gangrene. Each person becomes odious to one party and honoured by the other, as he gives proof of steadiness to his own cause. The massacre is called patriotism on the one hand, and loyalty on the other, and very frequently the object first in contention, like the squabble betwixt the two dogs and the shadow, is not worth having: but, meantime, it is fought for as fiercely as if it was the one thing necessary to our comfort in this world, and our salvation in the next. In the end, the point is given up, and when accounts are cool enough to be reduced to rules of arithmetic, it usually turns out, that, in point of damages, each party has suffered in blood and money from thousands up to millions, and on the credit side we have nothing to shew for them but cyphers.

On fair calculation, therefore, my friend, whatever advantage may be derived to posterity, little is to be gained by the present generation: Since, after every ten years war,

war, (I mean a civil war of course) so much havoc has been done to property in general, and the passions of hatred have so rankled in the heart, privately speaking, against friends, neighbours, and families (even in the miserable septennial squabble about elections, this is manifest) that I question much whether there is a being on the face of the earth, (except the stock-jobbers, forestallers, agents, and other vultures in society, who thrive in time of public calamity,) can expect to be the better for it. The ravages usually drain the best blood, fortunes, and feelings of the country, for, at least, half a century : and supposing there is then a regeneration, with some few benefits that were not before enjoyed, we shall probably have lost many that were better before the reform began. Besides the melancholy consideration that our posterity will look upon the party and personal love and hate, that has descended to them, as part of their inheritance, our immediate offspring will have been educated in all the prejudices of our own particular party, and the next age will lose little or nothing of hereditary attachment to one side, and ill-will to another, while remoter generations will trace the history of their forefathers, and make what the politics or fashion of the day set down as rights and wrongs, the cause of new murmurs, new exactions, new rebellions, new patriotisms, and, in fine, the sparks that will be found in stirring up the embers and ashes of the old world, shall serve as a match to burn down the new. And, knowing, my friend, what we know of the discontented, repining, spirit of man, (knowing that even if God himself does not dispense his sunshine and his showers, exactly in proportion to our fancied good, we rebel) have we not the experience of several thousand years that these fires will be kindled up in human society till the coming of that conflagration which

"Lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,

"And darted downward set the globe on fire."

Far,

Far, however, am I from wishing to "check the genial current of the soul" that aspires to liberty. 'Tis the true state of nature, the genuine spirit of life, the health, beauty and support of society. We cannot even extend our ideas beyond the sphere of this world, and raise them to another without supposing that *perfect freedom* is the basis of immortal felicity. A despotic heaven is a contradiction in terms; indeed the generous struggles of human beings for liberty, when wanton cruelty no longer debases her cause, are but assertions of the divine part of our nature. Those jarring atoms which shake a nation, and which are, perhaps, inseparable from revolutions, give way to wise, wholesome, and humane arrangements; and when order is called out of that political chaos, though humanity must ever shudder at the dire effect of those convulsions which have preceded such arrangements, as tyrants seldom long survive their victims, we must venerate the "end while we never cease to deplore some of the means by which it has been brought about."

In fine, applying these general observations to the particular instance before us of the French people:

"— When the dread thirst of blood is o'er,

" And RUTHLESS RAGE SHALL STAIN THEIR CAUSE NO MORE!

" With honest joy ALL nations shall embrace,

" Th ei Gallic foes and own them of a kindred race."

" FIRM AND IMMOVEABLE ON NATURE'S BASE,

" STANDS THE GRAND CHARTER OF THE HUMAN RACE,

" AND HE WHO GAVE US LIFE, MADE LIFE BE FREE!"

a sacred truth, and which, not only in the* work from whence these lines are copied, but in every other work of his hand, and movement of his heart, has and will ever influence the thoughts, conversation, or composition, however imperfect in other respects, of one who is equally a foe to tyranny and cruelty, whether in monarchs or multitudes, and a friend to liberty. Farewell.

* Humanity.

HUMANITY,

HUMANITY,

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE,

A

P O E M;

IN TWO BOOKS.

A NEW EDITION:

CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Y. C. A. N. U.

THE YOUTH OF AMERICA

Y. C. A. N. U.

Y. C. A. N. U.

Y. C. A. N. U.

Y. C. A. N. U.

Y. C. A. N. U.

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Y. C. A. N. U.

P R E F A C E.

WHAT I ventured abroad many years since under the title of SYMPATHY—a poem, which on account of the interests created in the heart, by the subject itself, was received by the public with so much generous warmth—was INTENDED to serve as a preliminary to what I had farther to observe on SOCIETY, or a prospect of the HUMAN RACE, under the combined influences of CLIME and GOVERNMENT, RELIGIONS, LAWS, and LIBERTIES—From these, the transition to TYRANNY was natural and strongly in connection; and from TYRANNY, I felt myself called upon by all the awakened emotions of HUMANITY, to consider SLAVERY; but not only that species of it which consists in buying and selling our *Fellow-Creatures* in Africa—BUT EVERY OTHER KIND, IN EVERY OTHER PLACE. Views, therefore, of FREEDOM and BONDAGE, throughout the different

ferent parts of the globe, have been taken, as well from experience, as the best historical evidence.

How far the *entire Abolition*, so warmly contended for by the supporters of this measure, may be consistent with human policy, it is not my purpose particularly to enquire. It is not the *name* of Slave in *itself*, which produces the great mischief. An hired servant in Europe may be as little at his own command, and destined to as hard labour as a purchased Negro in Africa; but the essential difference consists in the one being guarded by the laws of the land, which spread before his person and his property a shield that defends him from every *abuse of power*; and the other is left naked and defenceless to the "insolence of office."

HUMANITY requires that the RIGHTS OF NATURE should be enjoyed by every *Human Being*. It is therefore against the shocking barbarity,* the unquestionable cruelty,

* I am glad, however, to have it in my power to observe, that we have not suffered the HUMANITY of the French and other nations to surpass our own, at least in *one* of our islands, as the following authentic extract from the Jamaica Councils will attest, dated *November 29th, 1787*.

"This day the House of Assembly went into a Committee on the Consolidated Slave Bill, and continued sitting upwards of three hours; we understand,

cruelty, and the too well attested horror, growing out of these, that I still contend.—An abolition of *these enormities* is absolutely necessary. For the rest, whether the commerce flourishes or falls, is a matter of no moment to the Philanthropist: without engaging in the heats of political controversy; without attending to the pleas of interest on the one side, or the fallies of enthusiastic zeal (though generous in its excesses) on the other, it is sufficient to Him that the happiness of the *species* in general, is made independent on the tyranny of *particular individuals*,—that the laws of *subordination*, in the different classes of SOCIETY, should not violate the laws of *humanity*,—and that so much of *liberty* should be allowed to every man, as to feeling a consciousness of his being a link in the great chain of the community; and that till by some act of his own it is necessary for the *good of the whole* that he should be considered as an outcast of society, he is, by the Rights of Nature and of Reason, entitled to protection from insult, misery and death.—So far as the *wealth* can be reconciled to the *happiness* of nations, and the Establishments

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understand, that by this Bill the whole system of the law respecting negroes, is entirely changed, a Council of Protection is established in each parish, and many humane provisions are introduced for rendering their condition easy and happy; it is also made felony, without benefit of clergy, to murder a Slave; a clause, which, to the great honour of the House, passed without a single dissenting voice."

of *Civil Society* to the Rights of Nature, every lover of his country must subscribe: at the same time, as the *wealth of worlds* cannot justify the least wanton infraction of the *laws of Humanity*, whoever vainly attempts to support an argument for the one, at the expence of the other, erects a building which hath its foundation in the sands, and which must tumble into ruins at the slightest touch of Reason and of Truth.

HUMANITY.

HUMANITY.

B O O K I.

FROM vernal blooms and many a fragrant bow'r,
The red'ning blossom and unfolding flower,
From breezy mountains and the covert vale,
The gliding water and the whispering gale,
From gayer scenes where careless Fancy stray'd,
Bask'd in the sun, or frolick'd in the shade,
Ambitious grown, and touch'd by generous praise,
Now turns the MUSE to more advent'rous lays ;
No more she paints the tints of blushing morn,
Nor hangs the dew-drop on the trembling thorn ;
No more the brook runs murmuring in her line,
No more, fair Spring, her florid verse is thine ;
Farewell, a long farewell, to founts and flow'rs,
Far loftier themes demand her thoughtful powers.

Sublime Society ! where'er expands,
By art or nature form'd, thy potent bands,
Thro' realms of heat, where faints th' expiring breeze,
Or piercing climes, where the sun seems to freeze ;
In darksome caverns, on tremendous sleeps,
In bowery forests, or in billowy deeps ;
Where roars the gulph, or where the streamlets flow,
Or dazzling mountains rise of endless snow,
Soon shall she dare to wing the vast domain,
THY awful power the subject of her strain.

But, ah ! first kneeling at Compassion's shrine,
Her opening lay, HUMANITY, be thine !

Thee she invokes, oh ! soother of distress,
 Who with our kindness wove our happiness ;
 For as thy circling virtues round us move,
 From our best *deeds* thy brightest *joys* we prove ;
 Oft as our neighbour sinks in sudden grief,
 Thou wak'st as sudden to afford relief.
 Oft as the stranger's bosom heaves with sighs,
 The soft responses in our bosoms rise :
 The cries of terror and the throes of care,
 The groan of misery, and distraction's glare,
 Sickn^{ess} that droops, disease that gasps for breath,
 The howl of madness, and the shrieks of death,
 Deep sounds of agony that most affright,
 Dread views of horror that most blast the sight,
 Dire as they are, like wond'rous magnets draw,
 And own, HUMANITY, thy sacred law.

And oh ! 'tis THINE, when vital breath seems fled,
 To seek the awful confines of the dead ;
 Beneath the billow, tho' the victim lies,
 Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies :
 Inspir'd by HIM, whose hallow'd touch restor'd
 The darling son the widow's soul deplor'd,
 Her matron bosom eas'd of dire alarms,
 And gave the youth to her despairing arms,
 'Tis THINE to plunge into the bloating flood,
 Clasp the swol'n frame and thaw the frozen blood ;
 Breathe in the lips reanimating fire,
 Till warm'd to SECOND LIFE, the DROWN'D respire.

Hark ! as those lips once more begin to move,
 What sounds ascend of gratitude and love !
 Now with the GREAT REDEEMER's praise they glow,
 Then bless the * agents of his power below ;
 New sprung to life, the renovated band,
 Joyful before their second Saviours stand ;
 And oh far sweeter than the breathing spring,
 Fairer, than Paradise, the wreaths they bring !

The

* Promoters of that glorious Institution the HUMANE SOCIETY.

The blissful homage rescu'd friends impart ;
 Th' enraptur'd incense of a parent's heart,
 O'er-aw'd, and wond'ring at themselves, they see
 The magic power of soft HUMANITY !

When sovereign Reason from her throne is hur'd,
 And with her all the subject senses whirl'd,
 From sweet HUMANITY, the nurse of grief,
 Even *thy* deep woes, O PHRENZY ! find relief ;
 For tho' the tresses loose and bosom bare,
 And maniac glance thy hapless state declare,
 With gentle hand *she* still supports thy head,
 Beguiles thy wand'ring wit, and smooths thy bed ;
 Assists thy roving fancy in its flight,
 To crown thy airy sallies with delight ;
 An healing balm to thy warp'd sense she brings,
 Till from her sympathy some comfort springs,
 And joys which reason with a frown denies,
 Her tender pity with a smile supplies ;
 In thy lone prison-house she bids thee draw
 From the rush sceptre, and the crown of straw,
 The mimic truncheon, and the love-knot true,
 Full many a transport Reason never knew ;
 Ev'n at thy grated cell she oft appears,
 She culls thee flowers, and bathes them with her tears ;
 The perfum'd violet or the blooming rose,
 On thy hurt mind a transient bliss bestows ;
 Into a thousand shapes the garlands change,
 As fairy fancy takes its antic range ;
 Then while thy brows the fragrant wreaths adorn,
 The roses seem to bloom without a thorn.

Yet not to woes confin'd, fair PLEASURE's song,
 The reckless frolics of the village throng ;
 Ev'n as we pass them by in distant lands,
 THOU mak'st our own, and oft we join the bands ;
 The sudden sounds of happiness we hail,
 And swell the chorus echoing in the gale :

Gladly

Gladly we pause, then blythe pursue our way,
 While brighter sunshine seems to gild the day ;
 Slow from the jovial groupe as we depart,
 Thy richer sunshine beams upon the heart ;
 Thus bliss is doubled, and thus pain can warm,
 From thee, HUMANITY, both boast a charm ;
 We cheer, are cheer'd, now grant and now receive,
 And need, in turn, the comfort which we give.
 Thus thy fair streams spread plenty where they run,
 Yet bless the fountains whence those streams began ;
 Although a thousand channels they supply,
 Like the rich NILE their source shall never dry.

But Thou from whom these bosom'd comforts flow,
 Thou equal Friend of happiness and woe,
 Hast still ordain'd grief shall to crimes belong,
 And keen affliction wait on ev'ry wrong ;
 Pride, hate, revenge, and tyranny, and strife,
 As they mix poisons in the bowl of life,
 Dash their *own* cup, and impotently try
 To break, *unpunish'd*, nature's *social tie* :
 Good is of good productive, ill, of ill,
 Conscience o'er both exerts her empire still,
 And this great truth, shall ev'ry tyrant know,
 THE WOE HE GIVES, SHALL BE REPAID BY WOE.

Is there a land where echoing Fame extends,
 From her proud cliff to earth's remotest ends,
 Where gently slop'd the teeming vales are seen,
 Adorn'd like Eden's with eternal green,
 Where ev'ry village glows with every wealth,
 The showers are riches, and the breezes health ;
 Where sun serene bestows the genial ray,
 But never scourges with excessive day ;
 Where female beauty sheds her fairest blooms,
 And loveliest feature, loveliest grace assumes ;
 Darts strongest magic from the potent eye,
 Adorns the blush, and arms the conqu'ring sigh ;

Where

Where ev'ry scene is prodigal of charms,
 True courage kindles, and true glory warms,
 Where rear'd to Virtue, Christian temples tow'r,
 And melting Charity chastises pow'r,
 Conducts the naked stranger to her dome,
 And grants the houseless wanderer an home,
 Where equal laws their social mildness shew,
 Till mercy beams upon the captive foe?

O native Britons ! here assert your claim,
 Boast of your ISLE and justify her fame !
 Tell, how her youth, by sacred science led,
 To all the soft'ning charities are bred ;
 How second childhood, like the first, receives,
 From *her* the cradle which compassion gives !
 Tell, how her palaces of mercy rise,
 Large tho' the wants still larger the supplies ;
 How, her kind * GILBERT frames protective laws,
 A faithful champion in the poor man's cause ;
 How, even now, intent on god-like deeds,
 Thy wants and woes, O ! POVERTY, he pleads :
 Earnest thy oft-invaded rights to spare,
 From the hard hand that would thy pittance tear,
 E'en from thy lip, nor heed thy tear-dimm'd eye,
 Thy spectre form, and pity-moving cry :
 Tell how her † BIRCH, whose heart is form'd to bless,
 The sad to succour, and the wrong'd redress ;
 The ravish'd morsel of the poor to save,
 The work to crown her warm assistance gave.
 Tell how her ‡ POTTER aids the generous plan,
 As bard her pride, her nobler boast as man :
 Tell, how her HOWARD's sympathizing soul,
 The Saviour-arm outstretch'd from pole to pole,

Crutch

* Vide his Bill for the Relief of the Poor.

† This Lady is Author of a Benevolent Project on the same subject !
 and of innumerable other good works.

‡ Prebendary of Norwich, who took an active Part on the instituting
 and regulating an House of Industry in his own County.

Crutch to the lame, and vision to the blind,
 Tell, how she sooths the ills that scourge mankind;
 All this proclaim, till nations bless the zone,
 And happy Britons mark it for their own!

The boast is just! yet why to *home* confin'd
 Are the soft mercies of Britannia's mind?
 Why, at her bidding, rolls the crimson flood,
 To deluge other lands in kindred blood?
 Why are fires torn from children and from wife,
 Dragg'd at the Car of Trade, and chain'd for life;
 And why do human hecatombs expire,
 Smote by her mangling whip and murderous fire?
 Those stripes, and killing shrieks that rend the air,
 Ill fated AFRICA, thy wrongs declare?

O! that my Muse could mount on Nature's wing,
 Soar like her "darling," her lov'd Shakspeare, sing!
 Then ev'ry word should "harrow up the soul,"
 And Afric's wrongs resound from pole to pole!
 Thrice humble HOWARD, ah! do *thou* inspire
 And breathe thy Godlike spirit in my lyre,
 For, all accusom'd as thou art, to see
 Heart-rending scenes of human misery,
 Ne'er did thy eyes such marks of horror trace,
 As hourly agonize the *Negro race*!
 Prove then the prisoner and the mourner's friend,
 And once again thy virtuous influence lend;
 "So raptur'd notes, as if by Angels giv'n,
 "Once more shall peal the harmonies of Heaven".*

Unfeeling INT'REST! dark, insidious power,
 Whose sanction'd arts waste nations in an hour;
 Whose mining frauds, more fatal still, destroy
 Hope's tender blossom, and the fruits of joy;
 Thou, to whom all the coward flights belong,
 Thy heart too cruel for each generous wrong,

For

* Triumph of Benevolence.

For fierce Revenge, that tyrant of the soul,
 Hate that defies, and Love that spurns controul,
 Or mad'ning Jealousy when Reason bends,
 Or Zeal, extravagant to liberal ends,
 Thou, who, for noble faults like these, too cold,
 Whose vices ne'er aspire, but stoop to gold,
 That groveling passion of the sordid breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent swallowing up the rest ;
 Theft, rapine, plunder, fraud, and murder, stand,
 Fell ministers ! to wait thy dire command.
 Yes thou, the founder of this impious trade,
 Mad'st *him* a slave, that nature never made,
 Tore the poor Indian from his native soil,
 And chain'd him down to never-ending toil.

Say, MUSE, from whence th' unnatural mart began,
 This sordid merchandise, this sale of man ?
 From Egypt first the Ethiop traffic came,
 But mild its dawn, then slavery was not shame ;
 While nature yet preserv'd some generous right,
 The yoke was easy and the burden light ;
 Soon o'er th' Ægean waves the trade was brought,
 And Greece receiv'd, and ROME th' infection caught ;
 Yet temperate still, no tyranny arose,
 Till baneful LUXURY marshall'd all her woes ;
 Conquerors their captives, with a smile receiv'd,
 And whom the brave embrac'd they ne'er deceiv'd ;
 The battle o'er, they bade contention cease,
 And foes in war were humble friends in peace,
 The pledge was solemn, and the vow sincere,
 The union sacred and the compact dear.

But oh ! fair ATHENS, when the commerce drew
 To thy lov'd shore, the bonds yet gentler grew,
 In rosy fetters were thy pris'ners bound,
 And e'en the captive was with freedom crown'd ;
 Wisdom in peace, or valour in the war,
 The faithful counsel, or the glorious scar,

Attachment

Attachment prov'd, or servitude sustain'd
 With manly zeal, his liberty regain'd :
 With his own hand the master loos'd the yoke,
 And scarce perceiv'd the slave his bonds were broke ;
 Captive no more, he still pursu'd his toil,
 And grateful vow'd allegiance to the soil.
 Yes, classic ATHENS, nurse of generous arts,
 Thine was the throb HUMANITY imparts ;
 While shameless SPARTA butchering half HER slaves,
 Convulsive shook, and dug untimely graves ;
 To all a tyrant's guilt and fears a prey,
 Despis'd, abhor'd, and dreaded was her sway.
 Thou too, lost ROME, how galling was thy chain
 In the dire times, when mercy su'd in vain ;
 When cut to atoms was the debtor's heart,
 That each hard creditor might claim his part !
 And thou ! degraded GREECE, how fall'n thy state,
 Once like thy splendid rival wife and great ;
 How dimm'd thy orb, when *Sages* could ordain,
 The sanguine whip, and vindicate the chain :
 When thy grave PLUTARCH, wise, discreet, and brave,
 In stern philosophy could stab his slave ;
 And thy DEMOSTHENES, in thunder's urge,
 The sovereign virtues of the mangling scourge ;
 O blind to think, where smiles and kindness fail
 That frowns and stripes, and cruelties prevail !

Hail, * tender ADRIAN, first on Rome's record,
 Who drew distinct the line 'twixt slave and lord ;
 Who with sweet mercy temper'd awful power,
 While pity's angel hail'd th' auspicious hour !

Thou

* It must be confess'd there were strong shades as well as lights in the character of Adrian ; his Historians all agreeing that he wanted strength of mind to preserve his general rectitude without violation ; he seems nevertheless intitled to the epithet (*tender*) here given him, on the testimony of those very Historians, who pronounced him affable to friends, and gentle to persons of meaner stations ; relieving them in their wants, and visiting them in their sickness ; in short, an Emperor, according to his own constant maxim, not for his own good, but for the benefit of mankind.

Thou too, † just CONSTANTINE, with gentle sway,
 Badg all be free and all that God obey;
 The fire from Heav'n a general lustre shed,
 And the foul mists of superstition fled;
 Fair Truth was crown'd, Dissimulation fail'd,
 Sunk was the crossier and the cross prevail'd.

But ah! once more to stain the bloody shrine
 And sell mankind, O PORTUGAL, was thine;
 To thee ill-fated Afric owes her pain,
 The scourge fresh-pointed, and the new-forg'd chain;
 Thine the base arts the sons of gold applaud,
 The smile deceptive, and the snare of fraud,
 Th' extended hand that chases fear away,
 Th' embrace that wins affection to betray,
 The league of peace, in policy devis'd,
 The compact broken, and the oath despis'd,
 To lure the heart all smooth seductions try'd,
 And the heart gain'd, disguise is thrown aside:
 The plot avow'd, the promise boldly broke,
 By the harsh driver and the galling yoke.

Accurs'd GONZALES taught thee first the art,
 To fix this stigma on his country's heart;
 The dire example spread with barbarous rage,
 Thrift was the vice, and spar'd nor sex nor age;
 At length the traffic into *system* came,
 Th' infection spread, till Britain caught the flame;
 Detested HAWKINS arm'd his pirate host,
 And wolf-like prowld on Guinea's fated coast;

Force

† The Justice of Constantine may be impeached, in some strong instances, for his character was certainly composed of a mixture of great vices and virtues; but the Page of History has declared that after a public avowal of the Christian Faith, he was just and indulgent to all Christians; and although he pursued a scheme of Politicks that destroyed the Empire, he established a Religion that continues to be the blessing of mankind.

Force, fraud, and flattery, were by turns employ'd,
 O shame ! till twice ten millions were destroy'd.
 Christians taught savages new modes of strife,
 And burst asunder all the ties of life ;
 Christians taught savages to worship gold, -
 Till, for their idol, sons and fires were sold :
 Till sleeping tribes at midnight's hour were caught,
 And seiz'd as prey, to *public market* brought ;
 Till from the breast the babe was snatch'd away,
 And children kidnapp'd in the face of day.

Next tawny SPAIN the shameful trade pursu'd,
 Theft grew familiar, tyranny ensued ;
 Commerce, like this, might well command *thy* zeal,
 O patron of the agonizing WHEEL !
 Engine abhorr'd ! from where with deafning sound
 The fatal Biscay throws its foam around,
 Ev'n to the steeps where Pyrenees ascend,
 And like a rocky chain their links extend,
 The nations shudder'd as it sprang to birth,
 And throes unwonted shook the lab'ring Earth.
 Curs'd Torquemada ! who couldst calmly bear
 To hear the notes of anguish and despair ;
 With horrid joy, behold the flame devour
 The hapless victims of thy torturing power ;
 Deck them for sacrifice in rich attire,
 Then dance like Satan round thy feast of fire.
 Behold where fated FLORIDA extends,
 His blood-track'd course the fell VELASQUEZ bends,
 See, as he gains the chain-devoted land,
 The sable natives hurry to the strand,
 His sailing castle on the waves they view,
 And gaz'd with wonder as it nearer drew ;
 But on the deck when *human* forms appear'd,
 And peaceful signals smil'd, their hearts were chear'd ;
 'Twas MEN they trusted, MEN who seem'd so fair,
 Cajol'd their faith, and lur'd them to the snare !
 For now as guests they land, as guests are led,
 Tho' palmy groves to every Indian shed ;

The Spaniards there their glitt'ring stores unfold,
 The shining mirrour, and the toy of gold ;
 Each gaudy bauble cheats the Indian's eyes,
 And tricks his passions into fond surprize,
 Suggests, alas, a want before unknown,
 Till Europe's vanity becomes his own ;
 The useless ornaments his senses fire,
 And each fresh gewgaw kindles fresh desire.

To purchase these what impious frauds were taught !
 With their own blood was every trinket bought.
 For, in their turn, as guests the Indian bands
 Fated, alas ! to quit their native lands,
 No fraud suspecting, mount the treacherous ship,
 Where, as in ambush, lie the chains and whip,
 Like nested snakes whose poisons are enroll'd
 'Midst wreaths of flowers, in many a shining fold ;
 The faithless Spaniard leaves the plunder'd shore,
 The fraud succeeds, and freedom is no more.
 Then o'er th' affrighted waves is heard the yell
 Of mingled thousands in their wat'ry Hell,
 In the dark caverns of the bark they lie,
 Live to fresh horrors, or by piece-meal die ;
 Thus shoot from light, unknowing yet their doom,
 The vessel proves a dungeon and a tomb :
 While the base tyrant glorying in his snare,
 Mocks at the loud rebuke and dumb despair.

Soon as the vessel bears the tribes away,
 What horrors seize upon the trembling prey !
 Ah ! hear the shrieks of kindred left behind,
 Roll to the wave and gather in the wind !
 Matrons with orphans, sons with fires appear,
 But vain the orphans shriek, the parents tear :
 The Spanish robber ploughs the wat'ry plains,
 And plants his cannon at the thin remains ;
 The flaming balls the wailing natives reach,
 And added slaughter stains the crimson beach ;

All,

All, all is lost, yet still with generous pride,
Slaves spurn at life, when freedom is deny'd :

“ Free, still be free,” loud echoes to the sky,

“ Dare not to live in bonds, but dare to die !”

Then oh ! ye Christian savages, declare

On what unknown prerogative *ye* dare ?

Peaceful and blest, where rich Bananas grew,

And nature freshen'd as the sea-breeze blew,

Where harvests smil'd without the aid of toil,

And verdure gladden'd the exuberant soil,

Where summer held so bountiful a sway,

Scarce claim'd their year the culture of a day,

The plants at twilight trusted to the earth,

The following morn sprang blooming into birth :

Grac'd with the bow, the Indians harmless ran,

And undisturb'd enjoy'd the rights of man :

The rights of man by nature still are due,

To men of ev'ry clime and every hue ;

Their arrows sought the monsters of the wood,

The chase at once their pastime and their food,

Bower'd by th' umbrageous vine, they thought no wrong,

Now wreath'd the dance and caroll'd now the song.

And oft some fable mistress of the soul,

Prepar'd the banquet, and partook the bowl :

Love's captive only wore fair beauty's chain,

And pleas'd submitted to the blissful pain.

If giant POWER confers this wanton sway,

Subdues the strong, and makes the weak obey,

Does Power give RIGHT ? beware that dangerous plea,

Perchance, such power may spread its right to thee.

The slave once stronger than thyself, shall stand,

And seize the sceptre of usurp'd command ;

Arm'd with thy iron scourge shall bid thee toil,

Scar thy white skin, and chain thee to the soil :

Thy spirit fainting in the glare of day,

Shall bid the enaked brave the Syrian ray,

Thy

Thy scorn retort, retaliate all thy rage,
 Wear out thy youth, and murder thee in age;
 Tear from thy fetter'd arms thy child and wife,
 And blast the budding promises of life;
 Repay, in turn, each stroke thy baseness gave,
 And make THEE feel what 'tis to be a Slave.

Ah! false as fatal! to the Weak and Strong,
 Th' inherent rights of nature still belong:
 No partial principles the just impel
 To thinking wisely, or to acting well;
 And liberty, of all mankind the cause,
 Becomes a forfeit *only* to the laws,
 Those sacred compacts which like links sustain,
 Connecting parts of the great social chain:
 And while, with these, no member is at strife,
 As full the right to liberty as life:
 Avaunt assertors of *superior* right,
 And vain distinctions betwixt *black* and *white*.
 Firm and immoveable on nature's base,
 Stands the grand charter of the human race;
 And HE who gave the blessing gave it free:
 Life were a curse if robb'd of Liberty!

Whence then this wond'rous difference in our race?
 Come, crested Pride, and thy distinction trace:
 Lo, from th' Equator to the northern pole,
 Tho' colours change, unchangeable the soul!
 If justly bought the man of *deepest* die,
 By equal laws the *next in shade* we buy;
 So, soft'ning on, till scarce a tint between
 The haughty lord and humble slave is seen;
 Springs the vain boast from thy superior *WHITE*,
 Vain prepossession of thy partial sight?
 Beware, fallacious reas'ner, lest the North
 His *whiter* rival sends indignant forth!
 Ah! rather, blushing *hide* thy snowy skin,
 For know thy slave paints white the fire of *sin*;

But

But darker than *himself* he draws the Pow'r,
 The sovereign *good* his fable race adore ;
 Thy cruelty has taught him to despise,
 Like hell, *thy* hue, his *own*, like heav'n to prize.

NATURE and HABIT, human kind controul,
 The needle one, and one th' attractive pole ;
 And what, in Europe, we a grace may call,
 Is found in Africa no grace at all ;
 And what abhor'd deformity we name,
 In many a climate dignifies with fame.

Survey the various globe from shore to shore,
 Weigh MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and be proud no more :
 Observe how all to fix'd opinion bow,
 Or fond caprices, which no standards know ;
 Thou, who would'st fix her to thy pallid face,
 Behold her beauty shift the ever changeful grace :
 Here BEAUTY proudly boasts the length'ning head,
 There on the shoulders bids it broadly spread :
 Here smallest gems must grace the fair one's ear,
 And there the pendants large as logs appear ;
 Here see her ask the locks of snowy white,
 Yet beg the charm of teeth more dark than night ;
 Here must the broaden'd eye-brow shade the face,
 There softly curv'd the crescent arch must grace :
 While here again, the crescent arch must part,
 Ev'n from the root and yield to brows of art :
 Here, BEAUTY loves the cheek supremely fair,
 There boasts the gash and cherishes the scar.
 In Britain, rose and lilly must unite,
 While Damian's Isthmus, claims the milky white :
 The beard must here e'en to the girdle flow,
 There not a bristle must presume to grow ;
 Here the swell'd body, there the slender waist,
 This wrap'd in silk, and that in dog-skin grac'd :

Here

Here BEAUTY triumphs in her woolly hair,
 But waves in wreaths her auburn tresses there :
 To grace the dames of Europe, fair they flow,
 Long and profuse upon a neck of snow,
 In ev'ry curl a Cupid seems to lie,
 To aid the conquests of the sparkling eye.
 The thickest lip here Beauty makes her care,
 More softly swell'd, like dewy rose-buds there ;
 The dazzling white is in this clime admir'd,
 The glossy black in that is more desir'd.

Feel humbly then, nor deem all grace thy own,
 Nor think that *Nature* charms in thee alone ;
 The poorest native of the poorest coast,
 Hath still his beauty, still his good to boast ;
 From earth's beginning to its utmost ends,
 Proportion'd charm, proportion'd bliss she sends;
 Exact division, but adapted still,
 To what in different climes her children feel,
 To what, when undebauch'd by man's desires,
 Or fancied wants, necessity requires ;
 Nor sparing, nor yet prodigal her plan,
 With pois'd equality she blesses man :
 On the worst soil some heartfelt joy bestows,
 Which the glad son, she there has station'd knows,
 And what from us extorts the taunting sneer,
 May to his sense an happiness appear,
 And the fond gifts which we indulgent deem,
 To him an aggravated curse may seem.

Thus kind is Nature in her zone serene,
 But not more kind than in her torrid scene ;
 Not less a parent where the frozen Power
 Resides for centuries in his icy tower,
 Where the hoar monarch in his vest of snow,
 Ascends the hills where suns refuse to glow.

Vain all dispute of colour, form or size,
 * In pride, in pride alone the difference lies ;
 Whence, then, presumptuous man, deriv'd thy right,
 And by what law does olive yield to white ?
 Their nature, origin, and end, the same,
 Why has not brown, black, copper, equal claim ?
 Tho' shifting colours like their parent earth,
 Alike their species and alike their birth.

If not in *colour* then, perchance in *sense*,
 In the *soul's* power, may lie the proud pretence,
 Ah no ! from Nature's hand all equal came,
 Thro' ev'ry clime an helpless babe's the same,
 The same frail emblem of our state appears,
 A weak and helpless being born in tears !
 If cultur'd climes refine on nature's plan,
 They change the mode, but never change the man.
 The human passions strongly are impress'd,
 In the untutor'd, as the polish'd breast ;
 In the swarth African that's bought and sold,
 As the fair plunderer that steals his gold,
 Heav'n form'd his eyes to love his native hue,
 And pointed all his appetites as true,
 Those sable tints, at which with fear we start,
 Are the lov'd colours that attract his heart :
 Our polish'd arts, refinement may bestow,
 But oft enfeeble nature's genuine glow.

In polish'd arts unnumber'd virtues lie,
 But ah ! unnumber'd vices they supply ;
 Here, if they bloom with ev'ry gentler good,
 There are they steep'd with more than savage blood ;
 Here, with Refinement, if sweet Pity stands,
 There, Luxury round them musters all her bands ;

'Tis

*“ In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies.”

POPE.

'Tis not enough that daily slaughter feeds,
 That the fish leaves its stream, the lamb its meads,
 That the reluctant ox is dragg'd along,
 And the bird ravish'd from its tender song,
 That in reward of all her music giv'n,
 The lark is murder'd as she soars to Heaven :
 'Tis not enough, our appetites require
 That on their altars hecatombs expire ;
 But cruel man, with more than bestial power,
 Must heap fresh horrors on life's parting hour :
 Full many a being that bestows its breath,
 Must prove the pang that waits a *ling'ring* death,
 Here, close pent up, must gorge unwholesome food,
 There, render drop by drop the smoking blood ;
 The quiv'ring flesh improves as slow it dies,
 And Lux'ry sees th' augmented whiteness rise ;
 Some gash'd and mangled feel the torturer's art,
 Writhe in their wounds, tho' sav'd each vital part.
 Ask you the cause ? the *food more tender grows*,
 And callous Lux'ry triumphs in the blows :
 For this, are some to raging flames consign'd
 While yet alive, to sooth our taste refin'd !

O power of mercy, that suspends the rod !
 O shame to man, impiety to God !
 Thou polish'd Christian, in th' untutor'd see,
 The sacred rights of sweet HUMANITY.
 Thine is the World, thy crimson spoils enjoy,
 But let no *wanton* arts thy soul employ,
 Live, tho' thou do'st on blood, ah ! still refrain
 To load thy victims with *superfluous* pain ;
 Ev'n the gaunt tyger, tho' no life he saves,
 In generous *haste* devours what famine craves ;
 The bestial paw may check thy human hands,
 And teach *dispatch* to what thy want demands,
 Abridge thy sacrifice, and bid thy knife,
 FOR HUNGER KILL, BUT NEVER SPORT WITH LIFE.

Relief appears as the Muse shifts her place,
 To where pure manners bless the gentlest race;
 Lo, where the BRAMINS pass their blameless life
 Free from proud culture, free from polish'd strife,
 To man, brute, insect, nature's constant friends,
 The heart embraces and the hand extends;
 See the meek tribe refuse the worm to kill,
 No murder feeds them, and no blood they spill;
 But crop the living herbage as it grows,
 And quaff the living water as it flows,
 From the full herds, the milky banquet bear,
 And the kind herds repay with pastures fair;
 From sanguine man, they drive the game away,
 From sanguine man they save the sinny prey,
 The copious grain they scatter o'er the mead,
 The bird to nourish and the beast to feed,
 The flowers their couch, their roof the arching trees,
 And peaceful nights succeed to days of ease.

O! thou proud Christian, aid fair nature's grace,
 And catch compassion from the Bramin race:
 Their kind extremes, and vegetable fare,
 Their tender maxims, all that breathes to spare,
 Suit not thy cukur'd state, but *thou* shouldst know,
 Like them to save unnecessary woe;
 Like them to give each generous feeling birth,
 And prove the *friend* not *tyrant* of the earth.

O sweet HUMANITY! might pity sway,
 All, all like Bramins would thy voice obey;
 All need, alas! thy tender help below,
 To heighten rapture and to solace woe.
One leans on all, for aid, not all on one,
 What worm so feeble as proud man alone?
 The veriest giant, by himself is found,
 Frail as the reed that every breeze can wound,
 But even the pigmy with associates join'd,
 Strong as the oak, can brave the rudest wind;

The SOCIAL PASSION opens with our breath,
Pursues thro' life, and follows us to-death.

See, as yon infant lull'd in slumber lies,
How the fond mother to its cradle flies,
Soft on her faithful breast reclines its head,
Her faithful breast its banquet and its bed :
Tho' many a suffering for its sake she bore,
They all but serve to make her love it more,
For soon a *kindred* passion *equal* burns,
The parent's tenderness the child returns,
Runs by her side, or struggles to her knee,
And owns the touch of fair HUMANITY :
The child arrived at man, the parent lies,
Sick'ning at life, in haste her offspring flies,
And when, at length, the mother yields to fate,
Stretch'd round her breathless form the affections wait ;
In mute distress, and with uplifted hands,
The child she cradled, at her coffin stands,
Invokes her spirit to assuage the woe,
And teach him patience to endure the blow ;
Blesses the holy shade which gave him birth,
Moves to the grave, and views the opening earth ;
A filial shudder thro' his frame he proves,
As the dust falls upon the dust he loves :
Then, as the time steals on with thief-like power,
And brings to *him* the all-subduing hour,
Himself, ere this a parent, soon shall prove
The soft'ning offices of *filial* love ;
Soon those who owe *him* life shall weeping bend,
And his attracting couch as fondly tend,
Watch his dim'd eye, observe his changing cheek,
And drink his dying breath to hear him speak,
As faintest sounds of oracles divine,
His latest accents in their hearts enshrine ;
Thus shall he *feel* the tenderness he *gave*,
And equal tears fall fast upon his grave.

Tyrants o'er brutes with ease extend the plan,
 And rise in cruelty from beast to man ;
 Their sordid policy each crime allows,
 The flesh that quivers and the blood that flows,
 The furious stripes that murder in a day,
 Or torturing arts that kill by dire delay :
 The fainting spirit, and the bursting vein,
 All, all are reconcil'd to Christian gain.

In cold barbarian apathy behold,
 Sits the slave-agent bending o'er his gold ;
 That base contractor for the chain and rod,
 Who buys and sells the image of his God.
 Callous to ev'ry touch that nature lends,
 The bond that ties him to his kind he rends,
 Robber at once and butcher of his slaves,
 Nor grief, nor sickness, age, nor sex he saves,
 But plung'd in traffic, coldly can debate,
 The parent's destiny, the infant's fate ;
 The teeming mother of her hope despoil,
 And poise the gains of child-birth or of toil ;
 The sighs and groans which spring from both he spurns,
 For life or death 'tis gold the balance turns.

* O ! Pride and Avarice of deluded fools,
 Despotic maxims taught in foreign schools !
 Where late the science of a slave was taught,
 To check the growth of every generous thought ;
 Where one proud mortal own'd the subjects breath,
 Whispers were treason, and a word was death,

Tenets

* Although in conformity to the change in the *time*, the Author has chang'd the *tense* in this Apostrophe, he trusts he shall not be understood as intimating that the late good and unhappy Louis XVI. was a tyrant. The tyranny was then in the Constitution, and fatally for him the public Indignation broke out during his mild, and perhaps too merciful reign.

Tenets like these to polish'd † France belong,
 For all she licens'd was the dance and song !
 The hands were fetter'd though the feet were free,
 And clos'd the lips in dread of tyranny ;
 The poor, proud subject, still was idly gay,
 Skipp'd off his thoughts, and humm'd his cares away ;
 As the cag'd bird tho' pris'ner till it die,
 Will sometimes sing altho' it may not fly.
 Thy tree, O LIBERTY ! forbade to taste,
 A Frenchman's richest genius ran to waste :
 Oft were the seeds of freedom in his soul,
 But none could spring amid such hard controul :
 In life's fresh morn if chance they dar'd to shoot,
 The bud scarce peep'd ere Power destroy'd the root.
 Ah what can prosper in a slavish soil,
 Save stunted shrubs unworthy of the toil,
 Like pallid sweets of ineffectual May,
 That faintly bloom and wither in a day !
 Not so the plants which LIBERTY bestows,
 That in our Albion's favor'd garden grows ;
 There lifts the oak its top into the skies,
 While with glad heart the Briton sees it rise,
 Uninjur'd there, for ages shall it stand,
 Nor ever quit it but to guard the land :
 Then on the deep in gallant pomp it moves,
 To serve that freedom which its country loves.

Oh ! ever sail, fair Bark, upon thy waves,
 Still guard thy England, from a realm of slaves ;
 Oh ! ever flow, fair Sea, to guide our coast,
 Still to divide us from yon abject host ;
 And swell ye Cliffs that canopy our strand,
 To frown indignant on that servile land ;
 That land of mutes, of one proud Lord the prey,
 A clime where to be dumb is to obey,
 Unheard, unseen, where wretches meet their dooms,
 For whom no tear must dare to bathe their tombs,

Conceal'd

† See the Note inserted at the close of this, and the next apostrophe.

Conceal'd the parent's pang, the lover's sighs,
 Bastiles for ever frown before their eyes ;
 Like those they mourn, down precipices thrown
 Are all that venture nature's laws to own ;
 Buried alive, from youth to age they lie,
 And ev'n, at last, in agonies they die.*

Oh ! hail'd by men and angels, be the hour,
 Which clipp'd my Country's wing when stretch'd for power !
 Which taught the monarch where his rights should end,
 And to what point the subjects should extend :
 Bade the encroacher know his proper sphere,
 Or for each wrong the monarch subject fear.
 Once Kings controul'd the law, in infant times,
 Plunder'd at will, nor answer'd for their crimes,
 Freedom's fair system snaps the tyrant's chains,
 Corrects his nature, and his rage restrains.

As the small acorn to a forest grows,
 By gradual steps Britannia's glory rose,
 Mark by what stern varieties of fate,
 Terrors of war, and anarchies of state,
 What direful griefs by foreign fury bred,
 Rivers of blood, and mountains of the dead,
 She pass'd, advent'rous, ere her wrongs were o'er,
 Complete her triumphs, and confirm'd her pow'r.

Behold the painted natives of our isle,
 Rough as the coast, uncultur'd as the soil ;
 Half-naked and half-cover'd see them go.
 For sport or war accouter'd with the bow,
 The plummy helmet nodding on the head,
 And the loose skin across the shoulders spread,

A rude

* Such was the Character of France in the *old*, and though it is not applicable to the *new*, EXCESS, either extreme, the Author considers as *equally fatal* to that Rational Liberty he wishes to see established amongst Human Beings.

A rude SOCIETY without a plan,
 Above the brute, yet scarce arriv'd at man;
 But then, e'en then was felt the patriot flame,
 And from these sparks our noon-tide radiance came;
 To guard the huts that stretch along the strand,
 Arm'd with the scythe, and wicker shield they stand,
 The chariot mount, or leap upon the ground,
 And shout victorious to the trumpet's sound.
 The hardy Chiefs e'en Rome's proud Host defy,
 For Britain conquer, or for Britain die.

Thus, in the earliest hour of England's morn,
 A Briton's hate of tyranny was born!
 Abhorrence sacred, to repel the hand,
 That dar'd to wrong the charter of the land.
 Hence rose our liberties, and hence our laws,
 The Good was common, common was the Cause,
 Yet, conflicts, murders, massacres ensu'd,
 And many a Saxon, Danish sword embrued
 In English blood, and many a monarch's life,
 And many a Monk's, submitted to the strife,
 Ere Laws were fix'd, as *now* sublime they stand,
 The shield, the spear, and buckler of the land.

At length bloom'd forth, diffusing all their charms,
 The arts of peace more strong than those of arms;
 Like mists dispersing at the dawn of day,
 Barbaric Ignorance refin'd away.
 The sword was sheath'd, the trumpet heard no more,
 And the Lyre tried its humanizing power,
 Religion came the Idol to explode,
 And rear'd her Altar to the Living God.
 In place of Deities with frowns pourtray'd,
 Cherubs appear'd with heaven-born smiles array'd.
 Hence wise, and potent, awful, and humane,
 The Christian System holds the guiding rein;

Prop of HUMANITY, and seen from far,
Bright as the lustre of the morning star.

Thrice hail ! thou *hero of the Saxon line,
Britannia's LAWS, Britannia's FREEDOM's thine !
Enrich'd by Nature, and adorn'd by art,
Thine were the varied powers of head and heart,
Thine, by a kind felicity of fate,
The reconcil'd extremes of *Good* and *Great*,
Conduct with Courage, thought with action join'd,
And all the Virtues temper'd and combin'd ;
Ardent in war, in gentle peace serene,
Wife in the public, as the private scene ;
Coolness to plan, and vigour to pursue,
And born to mould a rugged state anew,
Whate'er Philosophy has drawn sublime,
Or poets sung, in all the pride of rhyme ;
Whatever history of good has giv'n,
The Boast of nature and the smile of Heav'n,
Adorn'd thy youth, and to complete the plan,
And give the perfect model of a man,
Nature bestow'd each fascinating grace,
The princely stature and attracting face,
Then, in the noblest light her work to bring,
In times of trial, stamp'd thee for a King !
Scarce shone the crown upon thy princely head,
Ere rapine paus'd, and foul disorder fled ;
And when compell'd to quit the regal seat,
Still, like thyself, was sought the soft retreat ;
Veil'd by the shepherd cot and clown's attire,
Still glow'd within thee all the patriot's fire ;
Dismiss'd the regal pomp, its train resign'd,
No fate could sink the *monarch in thy mind* ;
The kingly glories *there* their state maintain'd.
There, unsubdu'd, majestic Virtue reign'd ;
Expiring LIBERTY engag'd thy care,
For her to heav'n still breath'd thy fervent prayer :

Beneath

* Alfred.

Beneath the humblest shed she fill'd thy breast,
The humblest shed, ennobled by the guest.
There, while th' unconscious neat-herd toil'd and sung,
The dart was pointed and the bow was strung;
Then, while thy country's foes repos'd supine,
Again in arms the Foe beheld thee shine.
Th' Invaders soon a Conqueror allow'd,
And every haughty Lord to ALFRED bow'd!
To Arts as Arms thy Genius led the way,
And the glad Olive mingled with the bay;
Of social Life, too, thine the faultless plan,
Foes warm'd to friends, and man acknowledg'd man,
Fair Times! when monarchy was happiness,
When Rule was Freedom, and when Power could bless!
'Twas thine to call where'er the atoms lay
The Rights of honest Nature into day;
'Twas thine, O royal architect! at length,
To give her Charter, beauty, softness, strength;
Till on a firm foundation Freedom stood,
And Reason saw that all was fair and good.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HUMANITY.

B O O K II.

PROUD of the contrast, with indignant lay,
Once more, O Muse, to Gallia bend thy way ;
Explore you Cavern, frowning on the sight,
Where one faint lamp sends forth a sickly light !
Through folds of darkness where yon wicket glooms,
Perfidious POWER has scoop'd the living tombs,
Along the filth that oozes from the walls
The slimy snail, with track abhorrent crawls,
And oft, augmenting poisons, from the top,
With sullen sound, falls slow the withering drop.
The pestilential toad that squats below
Gathers fresh venom as those poisons flow ;
* Here, many a fathom down, despotic rage
Hung human victims in the dreadful cage ;
Here the poor Captive, torn from child and wife,
From youth to age, groan'd out detested life :
Nor nature's sun, nor arts supplying blaze,
E'er stole one beam of comfort on his days,
Nor human form, nor human hand was nigh,
To sooth the grief that gather'd in his eye,
Save one brief glance of man, as thro' the hole,
His daily bread, the silent goaler stole,
No human voice beguil'd the endless night
That cruel shut him from creation's light !
To sooth a mistress wanton Louis gave,
To one who dar'd be just, this lingering grave,
To one who dar'd a prostitute pourtray,
And bring his honest Satire into day ;

How

* How does HUMANITY triumph in the annihilation of this impious mansion of despotism ! on the first suggestion of these thoughts, how little did the Author imagine the Triumph was so near !

How sinks the heart to pace this gloomy round,
How pants the Muse to leave this tyrant ground !

But ere she turn, to Afric let her fly,
Where slav'ry groans beneath the fairest sky ;
To desolated ASIA, once the blest,
In every charm of lavish nature dress'd,
The holy spot by many a prophet trod,
Seat of the saints, and sojourn of the God,
Where FAITH her Christian temples rear'd around,
And blood of Martyrs sanctified the ground.
Where ev'n REDEMPTION like a Cherub came,
And REVELATION spread th' enlight'ning flame.

But oh ! thou Land, of Heav'n itself belov'd
What dire events, what changes hast thou prov'd ?
How has time alter'd ev'ry charm of youth,
Since first thou heard'st the oracles of truth !
Disgrac'd the truths, which all th' Apostles gave,
Thy Prince a tyrant, and Thyself a slave !
Forgot the Heavenly claims that once were thine,
Forgot the precepts breath'd from lips divine :
Vain all the fathers, all a Saviour taught,
And God expell'd for what th' Impostor brought.

Ah ! what avail thy medicinal floods,
Thy citron breezes, and thy palmy woods,
What tho' the Cassia breathes along thy shore,
And trickling manna adds its essenc'd store ;
Tho' gums balsamic in thy vallies grow,
And both the Indias in thy region glow,
Thine, tho' Olympus, dear from classic fame,
And honour'd Hermon, a more holy name :
Tho' the tall Cedar decks thy fragrant shrine,
And lofty Lebanon himself be thine,
From fair Euphrates ev'n to Jordan's wave,
Tho' thy rich Coast the hallow'd waters lave,
And tho' thy fruits, voluptuously dispense
A keener-relish to th' invited sense,

Tho'

Tho' on thy flowers, a bolder bloom prevail,
Which sends more piercing odours to the gale,
And tho' thy skies, yet salient and serene,
Call fair Hygeia to the tempting scene,
All, all these blessings a strong balance find
In one broad curse that seizes on thy kind ;
Nor this the Pest that oft has thin'd thy plains,
O'er thy devoted land a TYRANT reigns.

More fell, more fatal, than thy torrid sun,
Fierce thro' the East see DESPOTISM run,
Frantic before him move a sanguine band,
The ruthless agents of his murd'rous hand ;
Crouching behind, in dumb allegiance wait,
Nurs'd up in blood, his various tools of fate,
In varied shapes of cruelty they rise,
To torture life, or hideous deaths devise :
Dey, Sultan, Signior, Emperor and King,
Chief, Visier, Calif, each inferior Thing.
Some, do his bidding in the noon of day,
And some, at midnight, seize upon his prey ;
Submission, terror, chastisement, combine,
To sink the abject vassal to the swine,
Below degraded instinct Reason falls,
And Man is bound like herds within the stalls,
His spirit dies, subdued by hard controul,
The useless body moves without a soul ;
No spark of heav'nly fire the mass can warm,
Nor public virtue touch, nor private charm,
But general cowardice, by horror bred,
Courage unstrong, and manly honour dead :
For oh ! the dart, the gibbet, and the wheel
Are the least terrors that a slave can feel,
Of these the anguish scarce can rage its hour
Ere Death appears in soft relief of power,
Death, a kind refuge in the last despair,
But long a LIFE of SLAVERY who can bear ?

Lo PERSIA's tyrant, with unnatural strife,
 To please a minion robs a child of life,
 With savage rage can blind the first-born son,
 And partial lift a second to the throne;
 When the proud Sophy has consign'd to death,
 'Tis treason but to beg a parent's breath,
 The sentence pass'd, the ~~look~~ that aims to save,
 Condemns to equal fate the pitying slave;
 Sensual religion aids the tyrant's will,
 And blood for ever reeks along the steel;
 In dire suspense, like Damocles's sword,
 By a slight thread hangs life—a TYRANT's word,
 Imposts and Edicts vex the groaning land,
 And ev'n the fountain flows but at command.

Oh hapless Asia, while such horror reigns
 What British Muse will rest upon thy plains?
 Yet should she steer again to ARAB's sand,
 There too, she sees Oppression lift his hand,
 Within the tropics fiercer than the blaze,
 That fires the earth, with iron rod he sways,
 Ev'n from the fertile Nile to Niger's waves,
 'Tis but a change of tyrants and of slaves.

O pride enormous! impudence of man!
 But let not Britons imitate the plan,
 Frame no false systems and then call them wise,
 Or make distinctions where no difference lies;
 Alas! full oft the fair European face,
 Masks a mind darker than the darkest race;
 The Negro's heart may be a purer shrine,
 For thoughts devout O! haughty White, than thine,
 Acceptance find more gracious from its God,
 Than the proud master who uplifts the rod,
 His prayer to holy KANNO more prevail
 To the great SPIRIT whispering in the gale,
 His pious vows to QUOJA 'midst the trees
 Or high BASSEFO walking in the breeze,

These

These may more virtues and more truth impart,
 Than Christian incense from a savage heart,
 And the wild Tambour beat to idol shouts,
 To heav'n ascend before the organ's notes ;
 Say, what the pomps of science or of prayer,
 If the poor Indian's *fervor* glows not there ?
 In different forms tho' men the God adore,
 Shap'd as the brute or painted as the flow'r,
 As marble here, and there as feathers seen,
 There the birds bone, and here the fishes fin,
 Each, as it marks *sincerity*, shall rise,
 And welcome find in the recording skies ;
 Shall more be cherish'd by the powers of Heav'n
 Than less true worship where more aids are giv'n,
 Than the mock homage of th' enlighten'd train,
 For whom a Saviour liv'd, and died in vain.

A doctrine this too harsh for human pride ;
 Resort to facts and be the doctrine try'd,
 With faithful hand, cull'd from th' historic page,
 Proofs throng to proofs might vanquish Christian rage ;
 Oh ! tyrant WHITE, forget alike thy gold,
 And every virtue in thy BLACK behold,
 All that is honour'd, lov'd, or priz'd by thee,
 In thy scourg'd Negro, blushing, shalt thou see.

Lo, as the Muse to Anticosta steers,
 'Midst the wild waves HUMANITY appears !
 Escap'd the wreck, although their barks were lost,
 Whole crews were dash'd upon a savage coast ;
 The coast, tho' savage, there the Christians find,
 Each God-like feeling in an Indian mind,
 For touch'd by cries that pierc'd the piny wood,
 The natives sought the margin of the flood,
 Then as th' expiring Christians caught their view,
 To human grief the generous Indians flew,
 The social passion glowing in his face,
 Thus spoke a Chieftain of the fable race :

" Haste, children, haste, behold where brothers lie,—
 " Rise, strangers, rise, the hand of help is nigh :
 " Men, like ourselves, throughout the globe command
 " The shelt'ring bosom, and the aiding hand,
 " All, all are kinsmen of a different hue,
 " Our faces vary, but our hearts are true ;
 " Ye poor white wanderers on our bounty thrown,
 " Your griefs are sacred and your wants our own."

This said, he gently to his Cottage led,
 Smil'd on his guests and yielded up his bed ;
 Then watch'd till morn, a guardian at the door
 Bless'd and was blessed—*could a Christian more ?*

To trace each VIRTUE thro' the sultry Sands,
 Next Negro HONOUR all thy praise demands ;
 In CUJOE's generous soul it meets the view,
 And darts a glory thro' his tawny hue.
 A band of Christian pirates sought the shore,
 And many an Indian from their forests bore,
 To CUJOE's cot a Foe was seen to fly,
 Pierc'd by a dart, and begg'd, in peace, to die,
 But soon the Tribes pursue, demand their prey,
 " Scalp, scalp that wretch, they cry, in open day !
 " CUJOE conceals the Man whose blood is ours,
 " 'Tis not our rage, 'tis justice that devours."
 Mean time th' exhausted Christian gasp'd for breath,
 As Cujoe rose, and stopp'd th' impending death :
 " My Friends, forbear, the guilty seek and slay,
 " Pursue the race that stole our tribes away,
 " May Ocean whelm then in the deepest wave,
 " The guilty punish, but the blameless save !
 " Lo, this sick Christian on my faith relies,
 " Of Guest and friend, ah ! reverence the ties !
 " Here, in the rights of Friendship shall he rest,
 " This arm his buckler, and his shield this breast,
 " This Cot his Citadel, and ere he die
 " Here must your hatchets fall, your arrows fly !"

Honour

Honour prevail'd, their vengeance dy'd away,
And safe in CUJOE's hut the Christian lay.

Next, let us speed to yonder fainted plains,
By mountains screen'd, and crown'd, with dulcet canes,
Where the mad Ouragan in phrenzy roars,
Affrights the Isle, and desolates the shores,
While many a rill and flow'ry vale between,
Smile in the storm and reconcile the scene :
There see a Hero of the Negro line,
Boasts an high FEELING, Briton, proud as thine.

The faithful QUA-SHI, with his master bred,
The same their mansion and the same their bed,
Together us'd in infant times to play,
Their friendship strengthen'd in life's riper day ;
The slave was trusty and the lord was kind,
To QUA-SHI's care the property assign'd,
His labours clos'd, he took the transient rest,
Then chid the Sun yet loit'ring in the East ;
Ere peep'd the dawn his daily toils he sought,
And daily wealth to his lov'd lord he brought.

Envy, at length, a poison'd arrow drew,
Which wing'd with mischief to the master flew,
Of dire neglect the accusation came,
And lo, the sentence pass'd for QUA-SHI's shame ;
A public punishment was now decreed,
And the next Morn was QUA-SHI doom'd to bleed !
The injur'd Slave with shudd'ring terror heard,
And at deep midnight sought his barbarous Lord,
Then wrought to agony, these words address'd,
The poignard trembling at his Master's breast :
" O Thou, whom no remembrance can now move,
" Nor cradled tenderness, nor manly love,
" Dare not to think that QUA-SHI's soul will bear
" The public Insults which thy hands prepare,

" Think not the bloody Morn these eyes shall view,
 " Nor think for pardon that these lips shall sue,
 " No, Monster, no, my soul's above my fate,
 " Scorns thy proud mercy as it braves thy hate;
 " Thus, Tyrant, thus, thy fury I defy,
 " Live Thou to Shame, while I in honour die."
 He spoke—the Poignard sluic'd the the crimson flood,
 And bath'd the Master in the Servant's blood.

If thou would'st Negro TENDERNESS behold,
 Seek with the Muse the coast where broods the gold;
 A * Briton there—immortal be his name,
 By pity's Angel mark'd with endless fame!
 A Briton there an Indian Infant found,
 For savage rites by superstition bound,
 The Negro King amidst the crowd he sought,
 And at the Sacrifice the victim bought,
 Then to the Ship his trembling Charge convey'd,
 While all the sable train with awe survey'd;
 But scarce the Babe was plac'd upon the deck,
 Than loud was heard a female's piercing shriek,
 " 'Tis he! 'tis he! it is the babe I bore,
 " Whom savage Acqua from this bosom tore,
 " Ah! come my own—resume thy couch of rest,
 " And cling once more to this maternal breast,
 " Blest be the hand, by EGHO form'd to save,
 " Thrice blest the Hand that led me here a slave,
 " Blest be the Author of these transports wild,
 " And blest the power which has restor'd my Child!"
 She could no more, but still the speaking eye,
 Own'd the rich gift of sweet HUMANITY!

But when she heard her infant had been bought,
 Ev'n as the flame its tender limbs had caught,
 " O Indian God, Oh! God-like White," she said,
 While o'er her sable cheek the crimson spread,
 " All that a parent, all a slave can give,
 " O God-like White, O Indian God receive!"

Kneeling

* Snelgrave.

Kneeling she wept, then kiss'd her rescu'd Child,
 While in her jetty arms the Infant smil'd ;
 Dances and Songs of Praise now struck the waves,
 And one strong charm like magic touch'd the slaves,
 Thro' the long voyage obedient they remain,
 Nor sounding whip is heard, nor clanking chain.

Touch'd is thy heart, O Merchant of thy kind,
 Does human Softness steal into thy mind ?
 Rous'd is the spark, too long repress'd by Gold ?
 Then bend thy heart to what we next unfold :
 Now, while perchance the human passions move,
 O view the force of friendship and of Love,
 In Negro bosoms see those powers at strife,
 Which form the bliss and agony of life.

ZEBRON and ZABOR of the jetty race,
 Were first in feature and proportion'd grace,
 Bright as the Antelope their radiant eyes,
 As the proud Palm-tree tow'r'd their equal size,
 Both wore alike the Tyger's speckled spoil,
 Brothers in dress, in pastime and in toil ;
 Slaves tho' they were, ev'n Slav'ry had its
 For ZEBRON's comfort was in ZABOR's arms,
 And ZABOR fainting on the arid sand,
 Was rear'd to Joy by gentle ZEBRON's hand,
 By bliss united much, by sorrow more,
 A Negro's Fate they soften'd while they bore ;
 But Love, at last, a keener pang imparts,
 For fable ZELIA triumph'd o'er their hearts ;
 Her skin of Ebony bestow'd a grace,
 That far outshone an alabaster face,
 So thought the youths, with equal truth inspir'd,
 With all their passion, all their climate fir'd ;
 Each scorn'd to ravish, each refus'd to yield,
 And Love and Friendship both maintain'd the field ;
 Devouring torments spread the mutual flame,
 But still their friendship, still their love the same ;

When

When beauteous ZELIA in their view appears,
 ZEBRON and ZABOR melt in mutual tears,
 Oft, both embracing, to renounce her swear,
 And Friendship seems to link them in despair ;
 At length their conflicts, big with every grief,
 And ev'ry passion, fought a dire relief.
 At close of day as ZELIA trac'd the wood,
 The Lovers follow'd and before her stood,
 The wand'ring Maid, too fatal in her charms,
 Now snatch'd to ZEBRON's now to ZABOR's arms ;
 The fondest vows that ever Lovers swore,
 The deepest groans that ever heav'd they pour,
 Then, with clos'd eyes, and heads declin'd they dart,
 The mutual daggers in her bounding heart ;
 Speechless she fell, her sobs their shrieks confound,
 They clasp the victim, and they kiss the wound,
 Then raise the poignards streaming in her blood,
 And with their own augment the crimson flood.

Thus Negro Virtues, Negro Frailties shine,
 Say, *fairer* Savage, do they yield to thine !
 Their ardent virtues emulate thy own,
 Their errors are the errors of their zone ;
 And art thou still Supreme of human race,
 Still boasts thy Nature the imperial grace ?
 Ah no ! without the aid of borrow'd arts,
 Worth, greatness, goodness, elevate *their* hearts,
 The tow'ring spirits in their bosoms move,
 They hate with vigour, as with force they love,
 Together leagu'd, till death they faithful toil,
 And smooth the wrong that chains them to the soil ;
 Still hand in hand their direful loads they bear,
 Divide each joy and mitigate despair :
 Vivid as Thine the sense of joy and pain,
 Thrills in each pulse, and vibrates in each vein ;
 When hope inspires, behold, as bright a ray,
 Illumes their eyes and o'er their features play ;
 When grief assails, the tears as copious flow,
 To mark the soft or agonizing woe ;

When

When the lash scourges, or the pincers rend,
 A shriek as piercing from the heart they send ;
 Ere the brave spirit of the man is broke,
 Ev'n with a Briton's scorn they spurn the yoke,
 Love of their native Land, that magic charm !
 Against a host hath made a bandful arm,
 They love like Thee the soil that gave them birth,
 And treasure up each particle of earth
 Fondly embosom'd, ere they leave the shore,
 And kiss the sacred relique o'er and o'er,

Musicians, Poets, too, by nature taught,
 A song spontaneous bursting from a thought,
 Swift into measure subjects seem to fly,
 As transient objects transient themes supply,
 Each nerve extatic springs to the rebound,
 And every motion seems to paint a sound ;
 The sweet enthusiasm ev'ry grief beguiles,
 And the scourg'd Captive even in anguish smiles,
 With thrilling passion ev'ry feature glows,
 So strong the charm it cheats awhile their woes.

Yet, who the Negro's *sufferings* can relate,
 Or mark the varied horrors of their fate ;
 Where, blushing Truth ! shall we their griefs begin,
 Or how commence the catalogue of Sin ?
 Demons of torture ! ye who mock at woe,
 And smile to see the crimson blood-track flow,
 In horrid triumph rise from central Hell,
 Th' inventive pangs of Christian growth to tell,
 Oh ! aid the shuddering Muse to paint the grief,
 Which calls on death for pity and relief ;
 Oh ! powers of Merey, loose that massy yoke,
 Oh ! hold that Arm, for murder's in the stroke !
 Behold that axe the quivering limb assails,
 Behold that body weltering in its wails !
 Ah ! hear that Bludgeon fall, that lash resound,
 And see those wretches writhing on the ground !

See

See yonder mangled mass of Atoms lie,
Behold that Christian's hands the flames apply,
At the bare feet is laid that sulphurous train,
It climbs the heart and burns into the brain.

Survey the triple horrors of their state,
Doom'd in each change to be the sport of fate ;
Torn from their native land at first they come,
And then are thrown into the sailing tomb,
In wat'ry dens like coupled beasts they lie,
And beg the mournful privilege to die ;
But Death, more kind than Man, oft brings relief,
Releases one, while one survives to grief ;
The living wretch his dead associate sees,
The body clasps and drinks the putrid breeze.
Chain'd to the noxious corpse, till rudely thrown,
In the vex'd sea, then left a slave alone.
Ah ! wretch forlorn ! thy lot the most severe,
Assassination would be mercy here !
Methinks I hear thee cry, " Ah ! give me death,
" Give the last blow and stop this hated breath,
" Oh ! for a sword to waft me to the shore,
" Where never Christian White may torture more,
" Curse, curse me not with Being, instant throw
" This loathsome body to the waves below !"
His prayer deny'd, condemn'd 'midst slaves to groan,
The cruel Merchant " marks him for his own,"
The scar by Christian cruelty impress,
Smoaks on his arm, or blackens on his breast,
The wattled oziers form his rugged bed,
And daily anguish earns his daily bread ;
Short food, and shorter rest, and endless toil,
Above the scourge, below the burning soil.

Soon with his fable Brothers must he go,
" Doom'd to a sad variety of woe,"
Like harness'd Mules o'er Afric's dreadful sand,
In slow procession move the mournful band,

The

The length'ning files begin their circuit wide,
 While on their limbs are galling braces ty'd ;
 Fraught with coarse viands, see the straining throng,
 Drag the oppressive caravan along,
 The massy iron and the direful log,
 Their naked bodies ev'n in slumber clog,
 An iron collar o'er each neck is past,
 And iron rivets hold the collar fast ;
 A tighten'd chain across each shoulder goes,
 While the dark driver takes his own repose ;
 At length arriv'd, the miserable band
 Like the stall'd oxen pass from hand to hand.

Ye friends of Man ! whose souls with mercy glow,
 Throb not your breasts with sympathizing woe ?
 Fires not the social blood within your veins,
 To make the White Man feel the Negro's pains ?
 Beat not your hearts the miscreant arms to bind,
 Of the proud Christian with a savage mind ?
 Dost thou not pant to snap the impious chain,
 And rush to succour the insulted train ?
 From servile bonds, to free the hapless race,
 And fix the haughty tyrants in their place ?
 Make *them* the weight of Slav'ry to know,
 Till their hard natures melt at social woe,
 Nor till they humanize to social men,
 Would ye restore them to their rights again !

Oh ! FREEDOM, sacred Goddess ! who inspires
 Th' untutor'd Savage with sublimest fires,
 Oft have the Chiefs o'er lifted troops prevail'd,
 And Nature's warriors sped where armies fail'd ;
 While the bought soldier in his trade of death,
 With sordid contracts bargains for his breath,
 While the brave Indian from his fetters broke
 Ev'n Famine braves to feel no more the yoke.

What

What will not FREEDOM's Heav'n-descended fire,
 In cultur'd, or untutor'd Souls inspire ?
 The RIGHTS OF NATURE and of GOD to save,
 Men scoop the rock and build upon the wave,
 Explore the barren sand, the marshes drear,
 And the free Cottage in the desert rear,
 Delight in hollow of some cave to dwell,
 Or dig thro' Earth the independent cell.

See where MARINO lifts her craggy brow,
 Half hid in clouds, and cover'd half with snow,
 Beyond the Appenines, there Freedom reigns,
 And scorns the thralldom of Italian plains ;
 There see untax'd the proud republic grow,
 And spurn the bondage of the vales below,
 Close on the liberal Heav'n behold it stands,
 And looking scorn on tributary lands,
 What, tho' those tributary lands display
 The bloomy fragrance of perpetual May,
 Like the coy sensitive each lovely flower,
 Still seems to tremble at the touch of power.
 Blest be the good Dalmatian's generous earth,
 Which boasts, Oh ! Rome, than thine a nobler birth,
 Thou, but the refuge of a robber band,
 To his devotion rais'd the folded hand,
 And many a century his little state
 Has stood the storms of Fortune and of Fate,
 Whilst thy sunk cities, once the boast of Fame,
 Are mark'd by Ruins, and an empty name :
 What tho' no streams here lave the scant domain
 But melting snows and reservoirs of rain ;
 Tho' hillocks scatter'd round the parent hill,
 At once thy pride and penury reveal,
 A narrow circuit, and a labour'd foil,
 Which yields subsistence but to endless toil,
 Dear is the grain that decks the mountain's side,
 Beyond the harvest of Italia's pride.

In this small spot behold one path alone,
 Where jealous Freedom guides us to the town,
 There, entering, arts and arms and trade we view,
 For ev'ry Citizen's a Soldier too ;
 There laws are form'd on patriot Wisdom's plan,
 For each enjoys the honest rights of Man ;
 There all for general happiness combine,
 To that great aim, with hands and hearts they join.
 Oh ! fainted founder of this virtuous land,
 Sublimely rais'd, I see thy statue stand,
 Ev'n where the Virgin consecrates the place,
 It fills with holy zeal thy generous race,
 With free-born men thy Mount is cover'd o'er,
 While lost CAMPANIA glooms a desert shore.

Say, what but FREEDOM cheer'd the Savage bands,
 That once o'erspread CANADA's conquer'd lands ?
 Wild as their woods behold uncheck'd they go,
 For sport or food accouter'd with the bow,
 They ask'd no bounty from the sullen soil,
 The casual chace their banquet and their toil,
 And when at eve the warm pursuit was o'er,
 Nor twang'd the bow nor sped the arrow more,
 They sprung from light repose ere peep of day,
 And thro' the humid defarts took their way ;
 Active, ferocious, bold, unaw'd they stood,
 Troops of the lake and armies of the wood,
 Vers'd in no science, lesson'd in no art,
 They breath'd the eloquence that reach'd the heart ;
 Unknown the classic pomp of pedant schools,
 Above th' ungenial check of colder rules,
 It beam'd defiance in the flashing eye,
 Storm'd in the shout and melted in the sigh ;
 In tranquil hours it gave the smile serene,
 In public tumults shew'd th' indignant mien,
 While every vivid tone and glance express'd
 All the strong passions of the warrior's breast.

When

When the rude Chief his brave harangue began,
 The Savage rose to Hero and to Man,
 And when th' invader tore him from the soil,
 Dear scene of all his pride, of all his toil,
 No artificial mockeries of woe,
 E'er taught his cheek to change, his tears to flow ;
 With pious awe he kneel'd to kiss the ground,
 And fondly press'd his sorrowing friends around,
 " Oh ! weeping Brothers ! this our place of birth,
 " Our fathers Ashes consecrate the earth ;
 " Should the foe drag us to a foreign shore,
 " Those sacred ashes we can guard no more,
 " Leave, leave not thus our Sires to Christian rage,
 " But ah ! with filial wrath the conflict wage."

Thus thro' the globe in Nature's earliest dawn,
 For FREEDOM only was the arrow drawn,
 The plain rough ancient at his threshold stood,
 And held that freedom dearer than his blood ;
 Whate'er the forest or the lakes bestow,
 Fruits of his lance, his angle and his bow,
 The fur that warms him or the hut that shields,
 The scanty harvest which his culture yields,
 Earn'd by his strength, was by his strength maintain'd,
 And Freedom held what honest labour gain'd,
 Part of himself, the Swain his Freedom thought
 His reason sanction'd what his nature taught,
 Nor force of bribes nor frauds of gold he knew,
 For life and Liberty to arms he flew.
 For these, see smiling in their realms of frost,
 The sons of Labrador's inclement coast,
 Tho' darkness sheds deep night thro' half the year,
 And snow invests the clime,—that clime is dear,
 Where blows the arctic tempests icy gale,
 And famine seizes on the spermy whale,
 The bearded Esquimaux half robb'd of sight,
 Roves uncontroul'd content with FREEDOM's light,

To

To all the ills his Country knows conforms,
 Sports in her caverns and enjoys her storms;
 For the huge Sea-dog tugs the lab'ring oar,
 Nor sighs for blessings of a softer shore.

Such too, BRITANNIA, were THY savage Sons,
 Thro' all thy tribes the dread of Slav'ry runs,
 Tho' mild heroic, honest without laws,
 They brav'd each peril in fair Freedom's cause.
 But ah! full many an age in Gothic night,
 Was veil'd th' effulgence of their native right;
 Tho' like the rocky Barrier of their coast,
 That Freedom now is her sublimest boast,
 Full many an age dissension shook her Fane,
 From Rome's fierce Cæsar to the stormy Dane.
 In whelming tides pour'd in the Saxon clan,
 And Normans finish'd what their rage began;
 The savage Briton to his Mountains fled,
 Alternate triumph'd and alternate bled;
 War upon wars, on conquest conquests throng,
 Vandal drove Goth, and Goth urg'd Gaul along;
 On human flesh the savage Victors eat,
 And mystic Druids shar'd the sanguine treat;
 Impostor-priests before their Idols stood,
 And talk'd of Heav'n with hands embu'd in blood;
 Before their eyes imagin'd spectres glare,
 Spirits were heard, and fancy'd ghosts were there,
 Religion, Law, and Government their own,
 Bloody their Altars, bloody was their Throne;
 Thro' the vex'd Isle the sanguine edict spread
 'Twas Heav'n demanded mountains of the dead;
 In the dark grove which Superstition trod,
 Priests hid their spoils, yet commun'd with their God,
 And muttering rites within the fearful gloom,
 First stab a victim, then the feast resume;
 Unfelt as yet the soft'ning ties of life,
 Deep in the prisoner's breast the ruthless knife

The

The desperate Female plung'd—could man do more !
 Then idly prophesied as flow'd the gore ;
 A rage of slaughter then the Sex possess'd,
 Now with each grace of Love and Pity blest.

But soon the savage Tyrant was the Slave,
 For fell Invaders pierc'd the Druid cave ;
 Forth from the Baltic pour'd the deathful host,
 And train'd to havock, crimson'd all the coast,
 The Northern Hive swarm'd terrible around,
 And every altar smok'd upon the ground,
 Promiscuous carnage spotted every hand,
 Swell'd the gorg'd tomb and deluged all the land.
 Different in mind, and manners, as in face,
 The Normans came, an innovating race ;
 Their power, their passions, and their pride, they brought,
 Fierce, bold, and bloody, and with conquest fraught,
 From the forc'd mixture of a foreign breed,
 Unnatural customs, laws, and wars succeed ;
 The *Saxon* superstition, weak as dire,
 In two extremes of water and of fire,
 But these were lenient mercies to the strife,
 That *then* with horror hung a cloud on life,
 For then, the ties of social Good unbound,
 Assassination took its deathful round ;
 In every grove some lurking stabber lay,
 And human bloodshed clotted all the way,
 Frequent the mangled corpse obscene, appear'd,
 And mutual hate the sanguine standard rear'd ;
 In slavish homage to a haughty Lord,
 Each home-felt joy was broken at the board,
 From house to house the Tyrant's edict ran,
 And the Feast ended ere the Mirth began,
 At the eighth hour toll'd out by dread command,
 The dreary knell that darken'd all the land ;
 Friendship no more her magic could impart,
 Nor share the glad, nor raise the drooping heart,

The

The "blazing faggot" chear'd the hearth no more,
 And all the soft'ning blooms of life were o'er ;
 To ruin'd Juries the dire sword succeeds,
 And at each pore insulted Justice bleeds,
 The savage beasts, which Nature gave to all,
 To glut the rage of scepter'd pride must fall ;
 No more the chace, no more the woods were free,
 All, all was Hate,—for all was SLAVERY.
 The Lawyer-Clergy too, and *Baron* proud,
 Apeing their Prince, struck terror thro' the croud ;
 Next, bigot *Priests*, th' imposing mandate bring,
 And yoke the Neck of each succeeding King ;
 Fair truth in fetters was with reason bound,
 And dread Anathemas were peal'd around,
 Pontiff Hypocrisy, parade of prayer,
 Pardon, or curse, indulgence or despair :
 The heart was tainted, and the head confus'd,
 And all the attributes of God abus'd ;
 Kings, Priests and People in one chaos hurl'd,
 And Virtue left with Liberty the World !

Eventful BRITAIN ! should the Muse display,
 The bloody tracks which mark'd thy homeward way,
 Or trace the Deluges of Foreign Gore,
 That ran in purple torrents thro' thy shore,
 As Conquest oft her crimson pinion spread,
 And different victors different horrors bred ;
 Thy hardiest Sons would tremble but to view,
 The fearful picture that her pencil drew.

Last, and what greater proofs can now remain ?
 Touch we the border of SURINAM's plain,
 Lo, there the purchas'd NEGROES may'st thou see,
 Bursting their bonds, indignant to be free,
 From rocks and caves in daring Bands they come,
 And wrought to blood like warring Lions roam ;

Fire,

Fire, Plague, and Death th' untutor'd Bands defy,
 Resolv'd on Freedom or resolv'd to die.

Then blest the *man and worthy to be blest,
 Friend of the Wretched, Guardian of th' oppress'd,
 Blest be the Man—ye Negroes, bow the knee,
 And blest him, Thou, Oh ! sweet HUMANITY—
 Who, scorning interest, thus pourtray'd the plan,
 That gave to Men the awful rights of Man ;
 “ Oh ! Race dishonour'd, whose sad forms we tear,
 “ Nor heed our kindred, heed our Maker there,
 “ Too long on sordid Altars have ye bled,
 “ From Christian hearts too long has Mercy fled :
 “ At length return'd, behold she brings relief,
 “ From Heav'n she comes to sooth the Captive's grief ;
 “ My brethren, rise, the galling chains unbind,
 “ And give the generous Model to mankind ;
 “ What Avarice seiz'd let Justice now restore,
 “ Let Negroes serve, but serve as Slaves no more ;
 “ *Or if the NAME of Slave must yet remain,*
 “ *Strive not for words, so we remove the pain ;—*
 “ *Strive not for words, so we the rights supply,*
 “ *The ravish'd rights of sweet HUMANITY !”*

The good Man spake, applauding thousands bow'd,
 The Hero triumph'd, and the Christian glow'd,
 Unnumber'd Hearts, by great example fir'd,
 Bent to the Law HUMANITY requir'd ;
 Unnumber'd Manacles that moment broke,
 Unnumber'd Slaves were loosen'd from the yoke,
 Unnumber'd Hands were folded up in air,
 Unnumber'd Voices breath'd a grateful prayer,
 Unnumber'd Eyes, late bath'd in tears of woe,
 Ah blissful change ! with tears of joy o'erflow :
 From God the spark began, to Man it came,
 Till all perceiving, all partook the flame ;

Heav'n's

Heav'n's fire electric, as one touch'd the ball,
It struck a second till it spread to all.

And shall not generous England catch the flame,
And add the Wreath of Mercy to her fame?
Shall not HUMANITY assert her cause,
And Albion's Slave find *Justice in her Laws*?
Those equal Laws, whose amicable sway,
The rich and poor, the high and low obey.
Blest Land! where *Sovereigns* view their roofs ascend,
While LAW and LIBERTY their thrones defend,
Blest *Subjects* too, whose guarded mansions stand,
Too firm for Tyranny's rapacious Hand,
Where the poor *Peasant* knows his Cot secure,
Humble in size, but on foundations sure;
Where boldly fenc'd his little Garden grows,
And not a King DARES rob him of a Rose.
Thus in the crowded Hive, tho' all agree
To choose their Monarch, the proud Swarms are free
Plebeian Cells, as sacred as the Great,
And both contribute honey to the State.

Launch then the Bark, unfurl th' impatient Sails,
Swell ye kind Seas, and blow ye fostering Gales,
Oh haste some Angel thro' the realms of air
To Afric's Sons Britannia's tidings bear!
Thrice happy he who first shall reach the strand
To spread the joys of Freedom thro' the Land,
His the rich blifs to see "his fellows blest,"
His the glad welcome of some Heavenly guest.

And lo! methinks, on Fancy's wing convey'd,
The MUSE already gains the palmy shade,
Herself the messenger, to Afric's plains
Ardent she flies to break the tyrant-chains,
Her voice already hails the list'ning crowd,
'And thus she speaks her Embassy aloud,

" I come, I come to set the Captive free
 " Ye suffering Heirs of sweet HUMANITY.
 " Whose Minds can reason, and whose Hearts can move,
 " With all the joys and agonies of Love,
 " Sublime on Nature's scale again ye rise
 " Equals on Earth, as equals in the skies.
 " Where Freedom bids, now take your blithsome way
 " Yours the fair morn, and yours the closing day,
 " Yours is the jocund eve, its sports command
 " Or on the cooling wave or barren sand,
 " If in your breasts the Patriot passions burn
 " To your lov'd Country, to your Homes return,
 " Free, unconfind, where'er your course ye bend,
 " Still, still shall LIBERTY your steps attend !
 " Negroes are Men, and Men are Slaves no more,
 " Fair Freedom reigns, and Tyranny is o'er !"

And now they trace each scene of former love,
 Explore each favour'd haunt, hill, vale, and grove,
 And soon the well-remember'd huts they find,
 Where faithful Friends and Loves were left behind,
 Sudden before her fable lord appears,
 Th' enfranchis'd wife adorn'd with faithful tears,
 Mothers again their kidnapp'd babes behold,
 Sons clasp their Sires in slavery grown old,
 Here their own Niger rises to the fight,
 And there their Nile's prolific banks invite ;
 Far as extend these parent floods they range,
 Feel all at large and triumph in the change :
 And still in fond delight their triumphs rise,
 And this glad Truth re-echoes to the skies,
 NEGROES ARE MEN, AND MEN ARE SLAVES NO MORE,
 FAIR FREEDOM REIGNS, AND TYRANNY IS O'ER.*

* In the first Quarto Edition of this Work, published in 1788, the
 Poem contained several more pages, but, as these sketch'd the Author's
 design, and might, indeed, be considered as a poetical prospectus of the
 intended

intended poem of SOCIETY, the materials of which are lost, and with them, the probability of the Author's having leisure, courage, or life, to begin his labour again, with any well-founded hope of reaching the point of which he once cherish'd the ambition—for what cannot Youth and Poesy make us believe—? he has judg'd it better to end the present performance here; only observing, that, in this revision of it, he has avail'd himself of every criticism which, on reflection, he *felt to be just*, whether such criticism was public or private, expressed with mildness or with rigour.

THE
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DIALOGUE LETTERS;

CONTAINING

NECESSARY FIRST QUESTIONS & ENQUIRIES

IN

ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH,

AS

PROMISED BY THE GLEANER.

TO THE READER.

AS well to perform a promise, as from a thorough conviction of their GREAT UTILITY to travellers of all descriptions, these Letters are added; but as there is nothing in them which can be either profitable or amusing *on this side* of the Continent; and as *the other side* is, alas! still forbidden ground, without offering fruits or flowers, or gleanings of any kind for the head or heart, the Gleaner can neither expect or wish his Readers to lose the *present* time in such barren occupation; but when, long-wish'd for and long-wanted Peace shall *renew* the Earth, and *revive* wounded Humanity, he would as a Friend, advise all those who carry their gratulations on that joyful event abroad, to take these Dialogues along with them, even though they should refuse the other parts of the work that honour: not but that he would feel himself proud to be their Fellow Traveller, in a literary sense, *altogether*. And

☞ As it is *impossible* to write down the words exactly as they would sound, when pronounced to an English ear, the following observations may be of use: A, in the German, and Dutch Languages is pronounced as in the French, excepting when there are two strokes over it, as thus—ä—it is then the same as in English. The v', in both Dutch and German is always pronounced as an f.

TWO

DIALOGUE LETTERS.

IN

ENGLISH, GERMAN, & DUTCH.

LETTER I.

ENGLISH.

HOW late is it landlord? waiter? chamber-
maid?

GERMAN.

Wie spät ist es, wirth? aufwärter? kammermädchen?
As spoken, i. e. as it sounds to the ear. 'We späte ist es,
wurt? aufwerter? kammermädeyen?

DUTCH.

Hoe laat is het, kasselyn? oppasser? Kamer meid?

Is there a good fire?

GERMAN.

Ist ein gutus feur da? As f. Ist ein gootes fire da?

DUTCH.

Is 'er een goed vuur?

Bring

Bring breakfast, tea, coffee, both; below, above.

GERMAN.

Bring das frühstück, thee, caffè, von beyden, unten, oben. As f. Bring das freestück, téé, caffè, vom byden, oonten, oben.

DUTCH.

Brengt het ontbyt, thee, coffé, byde, boven; beneden.

Is water and towel in my chamber?

GERMAN.

Ist wasser und ein handtuch in meine kammer? As f. Ist wasser unt eyen handtooch in myne kammer?

DUTCH.

Is 'er water en een handdock in myn kammer?

Go for the hairdresser, barber, both.

GERMAN.

Hohlt dem friseur, barbier, beyde. As f. Holt dem friseur, barbeer, byde.

DUTCH.

Haalt de kapper, (prukmaker) barbier, byde.

Bring my boots, shoes.

GERMAN.

Bringt meine stiefeln, shue. As f. Brink myne steefeln, shue.

DUTCH.

Brengt myne laersfen, schoenen.

Brush my coat, hat.

GERMAN.

GERMAN.

Bürste meinen rock, huth. As f. Bürste mynen rok, hoot.

DUTCH.

Borstett myn rock, hoed at.

Are there any things which travellers go to see in this town, village, country?

GERMAN.

Ist etwas merkwürdigs, für reisende in dieser stadt zu besehen, dorf, gegende? As f. Ist etwas merk werdegas fear ryfende in deeser stadt zu besaen, dorf, gegende?

DUTCH.

Is 'er iets merkwaardigs voor ryzigers te seen, in deese stadt, dorp, land?

Get somebody to attend me to them.

GERMAN.

Shaffe mir jemand um mich darhin zu begleiten. As f. Shaffe meer yamaant um mich darhin zu beglyten.

DUTCH.

Beforgt my iemand om my daarheen te geleydden.

If there is a play, opera, concert to night, conduct me to it, at the proper hour.

GERMAN.

Is diesen abend eine comedie, opera, concert, begleite mir dahin, zur bestemten zeit. As f. Is deesen abend eyene comedie, opera, concert, beglyte meer dahin, zur bestimten zyt.

DUTCH.

Als 'er heeden avond comedie, opera, concert is, brengt my daarheen ter regten tyd.

What

What hour do you give the table d'hôte—one, two, half past, or three?

GERMAN.

Welch stunde geben sie die table d'hôte um ein, zwey, halber drey, oder drey uhr? As f. Welch stunde geben see dee table d'hôte um ine, zwy, halber dry oder dry oor?

DUTCH.

Wat uur geeft gy de table d'hôte ten een, twee, half drie, of drie uure?

I wish to dine in private to day, at one, two, three four; on fish, veal, beef, mutton, pork, lamb, venison, sausages, sallad, broth, peas.

GERMAN.

Ich werde heute allien essen, um ein, zwey, drey, vier uhr, fisch, kalbfleisch, rindfleisch, schafffleisch, schweinefleisch, lamfleisch, wildpret, würste, sallade, suppe, erbsen. As f. Ich werde hyte alline essen, um ine, zwy, dry, fear oor, fish, kalbflysh, rindflysh, shaaflysh, swineflysh, laamflysh, wildpret, werste, sallade, suppe, erpsen.

DUTCH.

Ik wenschte heyden voor my zelfs teeten, ten een, twee, drie, vier uuren, fisch, kalbsfleesch, rundfleesch, schapefleesch, spek, lamsfleesch, hartefleesch, worst, sallad, soup, erten.

I would take an airing this morning, afternoon, evening, to-morrow. Take care to get me a carriage.

GERMAN.

Ich volte diesen morgen spatzieren fahren, nachmittag, ahend, morgen. Sorgen sic fur eine kutsche, As f. Ich wolte deesen morgeü spatzeeren faaren, naacpmittag, aabend, morgen. Sorgen see fear ine kutsche.

DUTCH.

DUTCH.

Ik wilde deese morgen lugt scheppen, namidag, heden avond, morgen. Dezorgt my een hoets.

Let me have a supper ready on my return, eggs, cutlets, fallad, spinage, tarts.

GERMAN.

Lasset ein abend essen by meiner rückkunft fertig seyn. Eyer, carbonade, fallade, spinat, pasteten. As f. Laas ine abend essen by myner rickkunft fertig sine. Eyer, carbonaade, fallade, spenaat, pastéten.

DUTCH.

Laat teegen myn terugkomft souppe gereed syn. Eyer, en korteletten, fallaad, spinage, taarten.

I desire my sheets may be thoroughly dry, and hung by my own fire, till I order them on the bed, and I wish to have my bed warmed. I burn a light, Let there be a good fire made up.

GERMAN.

Ich verlange meine betlaaken durch und durch trocken, und bey meinen eigenen feuer zu hangen bis dafs ich selbige aufs, bette haben will, ich verlange mein bette gewärmet, ich brenne ein licht; lasß ein gutes feur gemacht werden. As f. Ich verlange myne betlaaken durg und durg trocken, und by minen eigenen fire zu haangen bis dafs ich selbege aufs, bette haaben will, ich ferlaange mine bette gewermet, ich brenne ine licht; lasse ine gootes fire gemaakt werden.

DUTCH.

Myn bedlaakens moeten door en door droog syn, en by myn eigen vuur hangen, tot dat ik deselve opt bed ordonneere, ik wensch myn bed géwarmt to hebben, ik brand een ligt; laat een goed vuur aanleggen.

Let

Let me see your printed list of wines and their prices.
Let me have a bottle of wine—half a bottle.

GERMAN.

Lasset mir eure gedrückte liste von weinen sehen, und deren preisen, gebt mir eine bouteille vom—wein, eine halbe bouteille. As f. Laasset meer ire gedrickte liste von winen sehen, unt deren prisen, gabet meer ine bouteille von—wine—ine haalbe bouteille.

DUTCH.

Laat my een gedruckte leyfste van wynen sien ende preisen, geeft my een fles—wyn—een halve fles.

I shall not want a fire in the morning; or let me have a fire in my chamber early. I shall go after breakfast. I shall go before breakfast. To-morrow; the day after; in three days; four, five—in a week. Call me at four, five, six, seven, eight, nine o'clock.

GERMAN.

Ich werde des morgens kein feuer nöttig haben; or lasß ein feuer in meinen zimmer früh anlegen; Ich reise nach frühstück ab. Ich werde vor frühstück abreisen. Morgen, den folgenden tag, innerhalb drei tagen, vier Funf, in einer woche. Rufe mir um 4, 5, sechs, sieben, Acht, neun uhr. As f. Ich werde des morgens kine fire natig haaben; or laas ine fire in minen zimmer free anlegen. Ich rise nach freestick aap. Ich werde fore freestick a aprisen. Morgen, den folgenden tag, innerhalb dry tagen, fear finf, sex, seeben acht, nine oor.

DUTCH.

Ik zals' smorgens geenvuur nodig hebben; or laat my vroeg een vuur in myn kamer hebben. Ik sal fertrekken voor't ontbeit. Ik sal fertrekken naar't ontbeit. Morgen, de volgende dag, in drie, dagen, vier, fife, in een week; wekt my own vier, fife, ses, seven, agt, neegen uur.

Take

Take me a place, two, three places, in the post wagon, for to night, to morrow, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; *or* bespeak me a private carriage; saddle and bring out my horse; he wants shoeing; he is lame; this bridle, girth, strap is broke, let it be mended; bring my bill.

GERMAN.

Nehmet mir einen platz, zwey, drey platze auf dem post-wagen für die nacht, für Morgen, Montag, Dienstag, Mittwochen, Donnerstag, Freytag, Sonnabend, Sontag. Oder, bestellt mir extra post; sattelt, und bringt mir mein pferd; er mus beschlagen werden; er ist lahm, dieser zaum, gürtel, riem, ist gebrochen; laßt es wieder zurechte machen. Bringt meine rechnung. As f. Namet meer eynen plaatz, zwey, dry pletze ouf dem post-waagen, fear dee nacht, fear morgen, moantag, dinstag, mittwochen, donnerstag, frytag, sonnaabend, Sontag, oder bestellt meer extra post; saattelt, unt brinkt meer mine ferd; are mus beschlagen warden; are ist laam; deefer zaum, girtel, reem, ist gebrochen, laast es weeder zu rechte machen; brinkt mine rehcnung.

DUTCH.

Neemt een plaats voor my, twee, drie plaatfent in de post-wagen, voor vanavond, voor morgen, maandag, dingſdag, woensdag, donderdag, vrydag, zaterdag, zondag, of bespreekt my een aparte Reytuyg; zaald en brengt myn Paah beyten, het moet beslagen werden; het is laam; deeze Toom, buykreim, strop is gebrooken; laat het gemaaket werden; brengt meyn reckning.

Let these things go to the washerwoman.

GERMAN.

Nehmet diese sachen zu der wäſherin. As f. Namet deese sachen zu dare wäſherin.

DUTCH.

DUTCH.

Zend dit goed naer de waschvrouw.

I am no judge of your charges, but shall keep your bill and shew it to those who are, and if I find it reasonable, I shall recommend your house.

GERMAN.

Ich kann ihne berechnung nicht beurtheilen, werde aber die rechnung behalten, und es denen zeigen, welche es können; finde ich dann das es billig ist, will ich ihr haus recommandiren. As f. Ich kann ihre berechnung nicht beurtilen, warde aaber die rechnung behaalten unt es danen zigen, welche es kennen, finde ich dann das es billig ist will ich ear house recommandiren.

DUTCH.

Ik kan over u reekening niet oordeelen, maer sal u reekening houden en laeten sien ann die het kon nen, en als ik dezelve reedlyk vinde, zal ik u huys recommendeeren.

These sentences, which I have rather thrown into commands than questions, comprehend all the usual points of accommodation at an inn, where a traveller intends to stop only for a day,—night,—or four and twenty hours. The second shall prepare you for a longer stop,—although, in places where as a stranger you can be *induced* to make this,—unless like me you love to walk

“ Along the cool sequester'd vale of life.”

You will find the popular languages of France, Italy, or that of your own country spoken in common. I therefore begin with a question which will decide this necessary *first* point—and indeed it would be well to make it a preliminary interrogation every where; because, when answered in the affirmative, your business is done,—as I
must

must pre-suppose you possess'd of a knowledge of the two first of these,—or at least one of them, in case your company should be at fault to find you or any person conversant in the third—although the English tongue is getting popularity and extending fast. So ends your first lesson, and I will bid you *farewell*.

LETTER II.

DO you or any of your people speak French, Italian, or English, or any body near you?

GERMAN.

Sprechen sie oder einige von thre leute, Fransösch, Italienisch, oder English, oder jemand hier in der nähe? As f. Sprechen see oder eynege son eare lyte Fransa-sich, Italianisch, oder English, oder yemand here in der nayne?

DUTCH.

Verstaat gy of iemand van u volk Fransch, Italianisch, of Engelsch, of iemand in de buurt?

I wish to stay some time, look out some private lodgings, and shew me to them, if possible, where one of those languages are spoken, I want two, three, four beds, rooms, a suite of apartments, in the best part of the town, a little out of town.

GERMAN.

Ich wünsch hier einige zeit zu bleiben, sucht aus ein privat logis, und zeigt mir dahin, wo möglich allwo man
eine

eine von diese sprachen spricht, ich verlange, zwey, drey, vier, betten, zimmers, eine reihe von zimmern, in den besten Theil der stadt,—etwas aus der stadt. As f. Ich winshe here inege zite zu blyben, fucht aus ine privat logis, unt zygt nieer daahin, wo mäglic allwo maan ine fon deese spraachen spricht, ich ferlaange zwey, dry, fear betten; zimmers, iyne ryee fon zimmern, in den besten, Tile der stadt,—etwas aus der stadt.

DUTCH.

Ik will wat blyven, nae eene a parte wooning uytzeen, en wyft my zulke aan, zoo't mooglykis, daar een van deeze taalen gesproken werd. Ik moet twee, drie, vier bedden hebben; kamers gevoegelyke vertrekken, int best van de stad; iets buyten de stad.

I shall find my own plate and linen, and victuals: you must find me plate, &c. and in short every thing but wines; how much must you have per week? month? for one, two, three, four, five, or six persons, but do not ask unreasonably, I cannot afford extravagance, if you cannot yourself find me in diet, &c. I must arrange with a traiteur, shew me one; or with the master of the hotel where I put up.

GERMAN.

Ich bin mit silberzeng & linewand versehen, besorge mein eigenes essen;—ihr must mir mit zilberzeng versehen, und kurtz mit alles, außer wein; wieviel verlangt ihr per woche? monath? sür ein, zwey, drey, vier, fünffe, sechs personen, aber fördert nicht unbillig, ich darff nicht verschwenderish thun. Wenn ihr selbst mich nicht bekostigen könt, muß ich mit einen trateur sprechen, zeigt mir einen, oder mit dem wirth bey dem ich abstieg, As f. Ich bin mit silberzyg unt linewand versehen, besorge mine eygenes essen; eer must meer mit zilberzyg ferfaen, unt kurtz mit alles, außer wine, we feel ferlangt
cer

eer per woche ? monaat ? fear ine, zwy, drey, fear, fin-
fsee, sex personen, Aaber fördert nicht unbillig, ich daarf
nicht ferswenderish toon. Wenn ear selbst mich nicht
bekostigen kent, mufs ich mit inen trateur sprechen, zygt
mir inen —oder mit dem wurt by dem ich aapftyg.

DUTCH.

Ik zal myn eygen bord & tafelgoed houden en eeten,—
gy moet my met bord en tafelgoed voorzien, en in't kort
van alles behalven wynen. Hoe veel moet gy per week
hebben ? per maand ? voor een, twee, drie, vier, vyf, ses
perfoonen, maan vraagt niet onreedelyk. Ik kan niet veel
besteeden,—als gy zelfs my niet in de kost neemen kan,
moet ik my by en ordeenaar besteeden,—wyft my een—
of by de casteleyn van't logement daar ik aangekomen
ben.

Agreed—I shall come to-morrow, prepare them—
Next day—Day after.

GERMAN.

Accordirt—Ich werde morgen kommen, macht es fer-
tig—Übermorgen—Über zwey tage. As f. Accordirt—
Ich werde morgen kommen, macht es fertig—ebermor-
gen—eber zy tage.

DUTCH.

Gedaan—Ik zal morgen komen, Maakt het gereed—
over morgen—over twee dagen.

SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS.

How many hours to—by water, by post waggon—by
private carriage—with two—three—four horfes—I will
go there by water at—hour—post-waggon—private. Call
me at—hour—bring my bill—take my baggage.

GERMAN.

Wieviel stunden nach—zu wasser—im postwaagen,—mit extra post, mit zwey, drey, vier pferde. Ich will den zu wasser gehen um—stunde, im postwaagen, mit extra post. Ruft mir um—stunde—bringt meine rechnung—nehm't meine baggage. As f. Weseel stunden nach—zu wasser—Im postwaagen,—mit extra post—mit zy, dry, fear ferde. Ich will den zu wasser gain um—stunde—im postwaagen—mit extra post. Rooft mir um—stunde. Brinkt mine rechnung. Namet mine baggage.

DUTCH.

Hoeveel uren is het naar—met de schuyt, met de postwaagen, met particulier rytuyg,—met twee, drie, vier paarden. Ik sal den te waater gaan ten—uuren—met de postwagen—particulier. Wekt my ten—uuren. Brengt myn reckening. Neemt myn goed, baggage.

F I N I S.

